THE BOOKMAN

JANUARY 1930

FAREWELL TO ACHILLES
by Alan Reynolds Thompson

THE LITTLE MAGAZINES
by William Troy

HUMANISM AND IMPUDENCE
by Robert Shafer

ALSO:

Edgar Wallace, David Cort, David Frederick McCord
Hamlin Garland, Rebecca West, H. W. Hanemann
Sherlock Bronson Gass, Stoyan Christowe

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THE BOOKMAN is published monthly by the Bookman Publishing Co., Inc., 50c a copy; $5 a year (Canada $5.50, foreign $6). Publication office, 19th & Federal Sts., Camden, N. J. Editorial and general office, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Camden, N. J.
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(but, yes)

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POETRY AND PROPAGANDA *by* T. S. ELIOT

Mr. Eliot is led by a quotation from Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World* to investigate two questions: Can poetry be cited to prove anything? And to what extent can it even be cited to illustrate anything? The result is a profound and original study of the relation of poetry to philosophy.

JOHN JASPER—STRANGLER *by* HOWARD DUFFIELD

Lovers of mystery and lovers of Dickens meet here upon common ground: a new, ingenious and plausible solution of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.*

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NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

The Social Sciences

THIS UGLY CIVILIZATION *by Ralph Borsodi* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $3.00)

IN THE person of Mr. Borsodi, we have, on one hand, a militant crusader against that nasty social institution, the factory; on the other hand, we find in him an evangelist of well-restrained passion with a gospel (along lines from *Thus Spake Zarathustra*) which should rescue the "quality-minded individual" from this age of mechanized ugliness. The factory, he says, deserves a place even in his reconstructed society because of the desirable products which it makes, but it has mechanized man, it has taken him from truly creative work, it has crystallized the problem of capital against labor, it has robbed the worker of self-reliance in his work, it has taken him and his family from contact with the soil and has herded him in the factory slum, where he loses sight of the world's beauty. Mr. Borsodi has a solution to the problem: the acquisition of a homestead, which need not be an estate, but simply a parcel of land on which one can raise enough vegetables for the members of the homestead group, keep a cow (or milch goats), a few fowl and a pig or two. The homestead, as Mr. Borsodi sees it, will become the stronghold of the entrenched domestic machine, run by purchased power, and engaged in combat to the death with the factory and its commercial machinery.

THE STORY OF WALL STREET *by Robert Irving Warshow* (GREENBERG. $5.00)

MR. WARSHOW has left the compilation of capital, earnings, trends, turnover and whatnot to the statistician; he has focused his attention upon the men whose manipulations have made Wall Street—and their own fortunes. His account begins with the Street at the close of the eighteenth century, when Hamilton sought to have the struggling new government redeem its securities at par and assume the debts of the thirteen States. It moves forward to chronicle the activities of Jacob Little, first big manipulator of the stock market; it pauses for some time to review the parts played by Drew and Vanderbilt in financing the Erie Railroad. Then it sweeps on to the story of the gold conspiracy in Grant's administration, to the story of the rise and fall of Travers, Jerome, Morse, Marston and other early millionaires for a few months; it takes the evolution of big business in its stride and comes to rest upon the legends of John D. and oil, Hill and Harriman and rails, Carnegie and steel. Toward its conclusion, the book dwells upon the rise of Ford and the Morgans, as well as upon the arrival and come-back of William Durant. *The Story of Wall Street,* by virtue of its title alone, should engage the attention of both winners and losers in the market.

STERILIZATION FOR HUMAN BETTERMENT *by E. S. Gosney and Paul Popenoe* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)

THIS slim volume contains a summary of the development, at home and abroad, of legislation supporting the sterilization of hereditary defectives and an excellent study of the six thousand sterilizations performed in the state of California. The study reveals that sterilization does not affect desire, potency, sensitivity or activity in any way. For its thoroughness, wholesomeness and impartiality, this book is to be recommended highly.

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING *by Alfred Adler* (GREENBERG. $3.50)

THIS BOOK from the pen of the eminent Dr. Adler is, for the greater part, an echo of his previous work, *Understanding Human Nature,* which met with much success a short while ago and set the minds of many people working.

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Once more, he holds forth upon the complexes of inferiority and superiority; once more he interprets dreams; once more he contemplates the question of love, sex and marriage. He includes two chapters on the education of problem children and the individual's adjustment to a changing social environment. These suffer in the comparison which they invite with such recent publications as *The Child in America, The Processes of Human Behavior,* and *The Child and Society*. Dr. Adler has scattered snatches of case material through his book to ensure the attention of his readers. They are interesting but rather unconvincing in their brevity. *The Science of Living* holds nothing new for Dr. Adler's old friends; perhaps it will make new ones for him.

Miscellaneous

IDOLS BEHIND ALTARS *by Anita Brenner* (PAYSON & CLARKE. $5.00)

MISS BRENNER'S Mexico, like D. H. Lawrence's, shows every sign of being essentially a country of the writer's imagination. I do not say this disparagingly, for her country is very splendid, but simply for the sake of definition. The two writers of course differ extremely. To go no further, the former is a traveller, whereas the latter's knowledge of Mexico is nearly native —the instinctive gift of understanding and participation so manifest in *Mornings in Mexico*. But in both interpretations our interest lies less in Mexico than in the shape of the author's desires. To Miss Brenner the Mexican masses, the descendants of the Aztecs and their predecessors, approximate a perfectly adapted race. Natural, persistent, subtle, good and bad, paradoxical—as is also her writing—they always remain the beginning of an ideal state. In this respect they resemble the sombre, savage peons of Orozco less than the prodigious compositions of Rivera. She does not so much see men as anticipate a revolution of an undecayed culture into a strong communal state once more. What relation this prospect bears to the actual Mexico I cannot say; but it seems to bear the same relation that her brilliant picture of the Aztec kingdom under Montezuma bears to the few, cynical records of the Spanish conquest.

SCULPTURE *by A. M. Rindge* (PAYSON & CLARKE. $6.00)

OVERFLOWING with citations from the writings of such art critics as Bernhard Berenson, Clive Bell, Forbes Watson, Henry McBride, Thomas Craven, and Sheldon Cheney, this volume gives a well-rounded view of the art of sculpture in its present as well as in its past. Miss Rindge emphasizes the unity between sculpture and architecture, particularly as exemplified in the Romanesque period, with which she deals at length. Realism in sculpture merits her concern, as does the significance of subject matter. In the concluding section on "The Contemporary Creed" Miss Rindge deals both fairly and competently with diverse schools of sculpture. Although the later sections are much more readable than the introductory chapters, which are weighted down by theories, the entire book evinces honesty, tolerance and sound criticism. Some two hundred well-chosen illustrations point up Miss Rindge's arguments.

A FRONTIER DOCTOR *by Henry F. Hoyt* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $3.50)

IN his preface Dr. Hoyt proposes to lay his cards face-up on the table. "I have tried," he says, "to demonstrate that a young man can travel along the different highways—and byways—of life surrounded by all kinds of temptations, yet, if he has will power, a sense of right and wrong, and does not forget the early teachings of his parents, he will, in the vast majority of cases, come out all right." Before long, however, his cards do not look that way.

Most of the time he appears less as a boy who made good than as a resourceful and lucky adventurer. The main part of his book is composed of his recollections of the wild and woolly days of Texas and New Mexico. Like a picaresque novel, like a Wild West thriller, his narrative is full of travels, prospecting, Indians, bad men, shootings, hangings, coincidences and hairbreadth escapes. He seems to be an old hand at telling stories, and often tells them well. Writing as a friend of Billy the Kid, he gives the most reasonable account of him that I have seen.

In the latter part of the book Dr. Hoyt relates his experiences in the Philippine Islands. He was a Chief Surgeon in the American Army there,

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and saw about two years of the war against the insurgents. He sketches in a vivid enough history of the subjugation of the Islands, of the fine shooting by the Americans and the primitive defence made by the "natives". Quite unintentionally, he makes the defeated people admirable, and the conquerors obnoxious. Though he enjoyed the war, he cannot recall it so heartily as he does his adventures in the old West.

THE ITALIAN COMEDY *by Pierre Louis Duchartre* (JOHN DAY. $10.00)

THIS work, which is attractively bound and printed, with particular care exercised in the illustrations, carries, as a subtitle, "The Improvisation, Scenarios, Lives, Attributes, Portraits and Masks of the Illustrious Characters of the *Commedia dell' Arte*".

Being a scrupulously studious work, and a sympathetic one, though not "inspirational" in style, it comes as an added valuable source-book, treating of one of the few most engaging and important features of dramatic history. The actors of the *Commedia dell' Arte* contributed far more than is generally known to the richness of the later theatre, though a great part of their own work, and probably the best of it, remains unrecorded. Pierrot, Harlequin and Columbine as we know them today, to name only three of a redoubtable gallery, are shadowy corruptions of characters who in their original state of robust and ribald health, in the days of the ascendancy of the *Commedia dell' Arte,* the theatre in which talent and virtuosity concentrated on improvisation, were creatively great figures personifying the elemental emotions of all human beings, and applauded not only in Italy but in France, Spain and elsewhere.

The book has more than two hundred illustrations, including many of the incomparably spirited drawings of Callot. A few are in color.

THEATRES *by Joseph Urban* (THEATRE ARTS. $7.50)

HERE is something of a picture book, with a foreword, by one of the best known of America's theatre architects and stage designers. The pictures, which are the primary motive for the volume, are reproductions of the architect's drawings for the Ziegfeld Theatre, Jewish Art Theatre, Reinhardt Theatre and Paramount (Palm Beach) Theatre and for a Music Center and a new Metropolitan Opera House. Together with these reproductions are details of interior decoration and construction, besides floor and stage plans.

In his foreword Mr. Urban writes briefly of the history of theatre architecture, from the time of the classic Athenian theatre to the present day, touching on the significance of the abandonment of the open for the wing stage, mainly in its bearing on the relationship between audience and actor. He also describes briefly the problems presented by each of the foregoing theatres, with reference both to the exterior surroundings and the technical demands growing out of the various types of entertainment involved.

WHY JANET SHOULD READ SHAKSPERE *by Norman Hapgood* (CENTURY. $2.50)

SUCH a book as this is important if only because it has not been done for such a long time. The author, purporting to persuade a sixteen-year-old girl to read Shakespeare, has written a popular appreciation for this generation. Mr. Hapgood has very little that is original to say but he collects the old and new opinions of players and critics into an interesting readable book. It is by no means a short-cut to culture and nowhere is Shakespeare called "the Bard". It should send every reader back to the plays with fresh enthusiasm.

GENUINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE *by Arthur de Bles* (CROWELL. $6.00)

EVERY antique enthusiast should read this book before rushing out to buy apparently rare pieces of furniture. Colonel de Bles is an authority on the subject and gives his readers the benefit of years of careful study. He includes all the various styles from Gothic to Early American, never forgetting the close connection between architecture and furniture and the influence of history on both. It is rather technical but contains much useful information for the amateur collector, and is filled with pictures and sketches to illustrate the author's points more helpfully.

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PRIVATE PRESSES AND THEIR BOOKS *by Will Ransom* (BOWKER. $15.00)

MR. RANSOM delves into the past in search of typographic treasures for display in his review of the craft. The fifteenth century yields William Caxton's *The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye;* the eighteenth century, the outstanding Strawberry Hill Press conducted by Sir Horace Walpole; the eighteen-nineties, the Kelmscott Press with which William Morris created a new era in typography. With the enthusiasm of a true craftsman—for the author maintains his own private press in Chicago—Mr. Ransom displays the nineteenth- and twentieth-century gems, turning the smaller ones so they may be seen to best advantage, lingering over the more important ones from both sides of the Atlantic.

ON BEING A FATHER *by K. M. and E. M. Walker* (NORTON. $2.00)

THE title of this book is a misnomer. The volume is not given over to the facts which every father should know, as distinguished from those facts which mothers, or the younger element should learn about. It discusses briefly the events and circumstances preceding, attending and following pregnancy. It reviews heredity and the Mendelian laws; it considers the rôle of the parent toward the child, preferring to call the parent father, rather than mother or uncle (who may stand in *loco parentis*). Indeed, the Walkers might have called their joint effort "On Being a Child" or "On Being an Adult" with complete justification. The text of their work is embellished by occasional sketches which recall, faintly, the marginal and end-pieces of the old *Smart Set* and *Young's Magazine.*

THE SEA DEVIL'S FO'C'SLE *by Lowell Thomas* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

COUNT LUCKNER, whose daring exploits as a raider during the World War provided a story surpassing that of Blackbeard, relates to Mr. Thomas more of his adventures before the mast. A rover from the early days of his youth, he knows the fo'c'sle as well as the bridge, and has collected a group of choice yarns from old sea-dogs which carry the tang of the sea, and are alike amusing and grotesque.

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WHEN THE U-BOATS CAME TO AMERICA *by William Bell Clark* (LITTLE, BROWN. $3.00)

DUE to the rigid censorship of the U. S. Navy Department, little was known of the German U-Boat raids on the Atlantic seacoast. Mr. Clark's book lacks the salt flavor of Lowell Thomas's *Raiders of the Deep,* being confined almost entirely to excerpts from U. S. Navy reports, but the significance of Germany's intention, to terrorize shipping and cause the withdrawal of armed American vessels from European waters to protect our own coast as well as its abject failure, is obvious throughout. America's response to these raids was an increased hate of Germany which stimulated enlistments in both the Army and Navy.

THE MYSTERY AND ART OF THE APOTHECARY *by C. J. S. Thompson* (LIPPINCOTT. $4.00)

MR. JOHNSON'S book possesses an odd and musty fascination for the reader. He finds himself peering over the shoulders of early Asiatic medicine mixers, into the cauldrons of Greek healers, the kettles of Hebrew housewives, the stewing potion-pots of medieval crones. He is present in the distilling and compounding rooms of early English drugmakers; he attends ailing patients and supervises their treatment; he comes to know the nature of certain remedies, their originators and popularizers. The reader discovers, by a surreptitious peep into account-books, that healing was a very profitable profession in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England.

DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS *by Joan Manning-Sanders* (RUDGE. $9.00)

AT THE age of sixteen, Joan Manning-Sanders, has had a second picture hung in exhibition at the Royal Academy. In book form is shown the progress of a child who, with no more formal education than a discerning governess could give, has already reached an amazingly mature craftsmanship. R. H. Wilenski supplies a guide to the reproductions, starting with the first pastel done at the age of eight, through the six water colors commissioned for St. Hilary's Church in Cornwall when Joan was twelve, and ending with the five-figure oil painting completed before her sixteenth birthday and exhibited at the Royal Academy this past year.

THE BIG AMERICAN PARADE *by E. Haldeman-Julius* (STRATFORD. $3.00)

"AN incisive, serious review of the pageant of American life as it passes by before the eyes of the thinker." The panorama covers considerable ground. It embraces an attempt to portray the social and political background of modern American life; it includes discussion of the materialism of present-day society, which is often held as a dark spot on America's escutcheon but which Mr. Haldeman-Julius considers to be a subject upon which this country should be congratulated; it emphasizes society's "lost sense of sin", its new liberalism in moral codes, its new tempo of living, and so forth.

THE SOVIET UNION AND PEACE *edited by H. Barbusse* (INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS. $2.25)

FOR the purpose of "acquainting wide circles in this country" with the attitude of the Soviet Government of Russia toward the question of Universal peace, this collection of authoritative documents has been compiled. It includes transcriptions of speeches made in Soviet committees, diplomatic communications to other countries and minutes of the proceedings of many Russian governmental bodies. It should be a valuable source book to the student of Russian affairs.

THE MAKING OF NEW GERMANY: THE MEMOIRS OF PHILIPP SCHEIDEMANN (APPLETON. TWO VOLS. $10.00)

FROM experience and observation, Herr Scheidemann has taken significant episodes in the development of his native country and has incorporated them in a brilliant account of the making over of Germany, in which he has played so important a part. As leader of the Opposition during the early years of the War, as the man who leaned from a window of the Reichstag to proclaim the German Republic, as President of the Provisional Government, he saw history while he helped to make it. In his Memoirs, he

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Dean Gray, University of Chicago, says

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tells much (if not all) that he saw. He outlines the position of the Socialist party before, during and since the War in such a way that its support of the conflict even while it advocated peace becomes understandable. He gives his own impression of the influence exerted by the German Revolution upon the making of peace between the opposing forces on the Western front; his discussion of the meeting of the powers at Versailles to frame the treaty which closed the War is illuminating, for it reveals not only his personal reaction to the situation but the attitude of the country he represented. Herr Scheidemann's Memoirs should become a valuable document for students of international relationships; it is a vivid picture of a stout-hearted man serving the interests of his land as he sees them.

MOROCCO BOUND *by Edwin Valentine Mitchell* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.50)

MR. MITCHELL, whose shop in Hartford is now famous, has written a book that will undoubtedly stampede hordes of enthusiasts into bookselling. His garrulous good-humor makes even the Christmas rush fascinating when he writes about it. For it is an intensely personal book, beginning with an account of his own shop and all the personalities, including Sinclair Lewis and a kleptomaniac, who have passed through it. The later chapters are devoted to general remarks on the condition of publishing today, book-shops abroad, and "collecting" everywhere. In fact, it is the book you like to think your book-seller would write.

Poetry

WALL OF WEEPING *by Edmond Fleg* (DUTTON. $12.00)

IN TRANSLATING Edmond Fleg's poem *Wall of Weeping,* Mr. Humbert Wolfe has obviously undertaken a sympathetic task. These lyric episodes are smoothly turned into a variety of English metres. Here is poetry in the grand manner. It is saturated with Old-Testament phrasing and, while it has passages of purely Semitic melancholy, it unquestionably transcends race. It reasserts the old credo, the belief in a shining future after the catharsis of suffering, the rising of a new Jerusalem.

EVERY SOUL IS A CIRCUS *by Vachel Lindsay* (MACMILLAN. $2.75)

THIS is a book that proves that Lindsay's orchestra is not yet muted; and that it has new, though lesser, tunes to sing. It is really a book of children's poems; many of the poems were written, in Spokane, for use in the well-known poetry-dancing class of the Lewis and Clark High School of that city. Lindsay continues to preach the theory that poetry is music in itself, if it is rightly chanted; his poetry often is. In many of the present verses, a simplicity comparable to W. H. Davies is to be found; elsewhere are signs of a more conscious artist than Lindsay has heretofore shown himself to be—tendencies to explain himself, to philosophize more explicitly. The effect of this growth is a quieter collection of poems, but still a vital and a joyous one.

TILTED MOONS *by S. Foster Damon* (HARPERS. $2.00)

MR. DAMON'S second book of poems contains some of the truest poetry that America has seen for some years. Both the radicals and the conservatives will sneer at him—which is in its way no small praise. He has a rich humor, a gorgeous palette for descriptive coloring, a trenchant hand at the satiric portrait; he has infinite tenderness, and a lovely humanity. "Second Spring" is one of the very finest longer lyrics that have appeared since "Renascence"; the extended group of love-lyrics is complete, without finical intellectual reserve—Damon is not afraid of sentiment in its place. Several of the poems are in free-verse forms; these on the whole are the least successful of the sheaf.

COLLECTED POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE (CAPE & SMITH, TWO VOLS. $5.00)

THESE COLLECTED poetical works Lawrence himself considers as an emotional autobiography. The earlier work is in the style of *Sons and Lovers,* full of the rural countryside, even of the peasant dialect. Through all the poems runs Mr. Lawrence's characteristic preoccupation with physical vitality. He is always sincere and impassioned, believing himself the messiah of a new erotic mysticism.

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Fiction

WINDLESTRAWS *by Phyllis Bottome* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $2.50)

LIFE at Windlestraws is like a familiar bit of the English countryside as seen by candlelight. Into the triangle balanced by the overpoweringly beautiful Beatrice, who is determined to keep both husband and lover at all costs, is brought a sensitive and apparently insignificant girl secretary. The light from that minor figure throws the shadows of the other three into fantastic and menacing proportions. Almost unbelievable selfishness and treachery lurk there, threatening to extinguish the tiny, steadily-shining light. But in the end the darkness is won over.

THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET *by A. S. M. Hutchinson* (LITTLE, BROWN. $2.50)

A SMUG oldish husband, a wide-eyed young wife, a lovable drunken half-brother, a rigid soured spinster who lives on hate, and a vicar of rare spiritual radiance are the principal characters in the drama centered in the relationship of Pelham Heritage and his wife, Dawn. Much the best part of the book is the portrayal of the Flog-Wallops and their adherents, an earthy, rollicking set who follow the hounds. In them one glimpses the reality and vigor of the English hunting country, and one wishes that Mr. Hutchinson had chosen to make them the core of his novel rather than the background.

CAN'T GET A RED BIRD *by Dorothy Scarborough* (HARPERS. $2.00)

MISS SCARBOROUGH has attempted a saga of Texas cotton fields, leading into a fictionized account of the history of the farmer's coöperative association in the cotton industry. Johnny Carr, a strong, intelligent lad, is forced to leave school at the age of eleven to work the cotton farm of which his incapacitated father is tenant. King Cotton is a cruel taskmaster, and the struggle to be freed of debt is unremitting. Johnny is past twenty-seven before he meets his "red bird", a college-bred girl whom he marries. Then follow more years of the fight for economic security. When that is achieved after years of

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unbelievably hard labor, Johnny throws himself into the coöperative movement, which then becomes the protagonist of Miss Scarborough's book, and the movement triumphs, as protagonists are wont to do.

THE LOST CHILD *by Rahel Sanzara* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $2.50)

THE OLD symbolism of the forces of lust and darkness of human life is placed in relief against the suffering and forbearance of the bereaved father and hero of the book, Christian. There is beauty in the fulness of life on the estate at Treuen, in North Germany, under its benevolent, feudal master; in the good earthiness of the land as contrasted with the glowering, secretive earthiness of human beings. The author gives a powerful study of Fritz, the conscienceless victim of desire, murderer of the child Anna, carrying him through imprisonment to final self-reclamation. As a symbolical novel, *The Lost Child* seems over-elaborated. Its strength lies in its fine portrayal of a pathological character; its weakness, in its lack of restraint.

HORSES IN THE SKY *by Larry Barretto* (JOHN DAY. $2.50)

THIS is a book about the war, written from the viewpoint of a young American ambulance driver in France. Jerry Tower is a non-combatant, but he sees plenty of the blood and welter of war, which transform his youthful cockiness into a deep realization of war's significance. He has two love affairs, with a French girl and an American, which play their parts in his development. There are some well-drawn types taken from among his companions, mostly youngsters, and good pictures of their reactions to the strain. Though the novel is uneven in tone, it contains many striking and poignant pages.

GOD'S MAN *by Lynd Ward* (CAPE & SMITH. $3.00)

TO LYND WARD goes the credit of being the first to introduce into this country the novel in which the whole story is unfolded by means of a sequence of pictures. The idea, as old as the Pyramids, has long since been highly developed in Germany. In this book, however, the author-artist uses his genuine talent for the woodcut to tell a rather banal story of an artist's success and the tragedy of his disillusionment. There are, of course, limits to the subtlety and originality to which this form will lend itself. But Frans Masereel, in *Die Idee,* for instance, has proved that such a work can be as self-sufficient and unique as a good motion picture. Mr. Lynd's book is unfortunately nearer the tabloid than the tapestry.

RELATIVES *by Russell Neale* (HARPERS. $2.50)

MR. NEALE has again written of the picturesque back-country Pennsylvanians with whom he peopled his *Hobby House* last spring. His story revolves around a family circle, touching first one vivid member and then another, lingering longest with the futile love affair between the inconsequential John and his cousin Mary, sliding over the murder of John's father Jake. But the relative who remains longest in the memory is old Ida, unwanted by children and grandchildren alike, yet undaunted in her facing of life. The fantasy which enriched *Hobby House* in this book is lavished on mere accessories, and the crisp outlines of the characters are blurred.

FABLES *by Theodore Francis Powys* (VIKING. $2.50)

MR. POWYS'S latest book, though cast in the form used by Æsop and La Fontaine, is as unusual as his previous work would have us expect. In these short tales and dialogues dealing with men, animals, insects, and common implements, there are many strange implications of irony and beauty. Death and darkness hover over the whole book and the general effect is that of apathy. The author mingles lust, greed and brutality with the loveliness of his English countryside and the intense awareness of his characters. Mr. Powys's philosophy is debatable, but his subtle and sensitive prose cannot be questioned.

RED SILENCE *by Kathleen Norris* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

IN THIS story, woven around a young theatrical failure who lives down her New York past in California as a wife and mother, Mrs. Norris again displays her ability to reproduce the rich interplay within a family circle. Against the

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reality of such a setting, it is all the more startling to find a tinsel quality in the characters—an over-emphasis of their virtues. Too many highlights appear in the portraits of the girl Dory, her ex-lover Bruce and her crippled husband Jerd.

THE COUNT'S BALL *by Raymond Radiguet* (NORTON. $2.50)

RAYMOND RADIGUET, who reminds one of Rimbaud, wrote two novels before he died at the age of twenty. This one, admirably translated by Malcolm Cowley and with an introduction by Jean Cocteau, is the first to appear here. Intensely modern in its viewpoint, it avoids the mannerisms and strange technic so prevalent in France. Radiguet followed the old tradition in his picture of "people who can be taken seriously".

DARK DUEL *by Marguerite Steen* (STOKES. $2.50)

ALICE AMCOTT, retired beauty of the London stage, maintained a strange establishment, in which two of her ex-husbands and the second wife of another came and went freely. In this atmosphere her granddaughter, Lisa, grew up and met and fell in love with an arrogant young playwright. It is when Alice tries to recapture her lost popularity through a rôle in this young man's play that things start happening. An exceptional book about fascinating people.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE *by H. C. Bailey* (DUTTON. $2.50)

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YOUNG APOLLO *by Anthony Gibbs* (HARPERS. $2.50)

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE XXVI)

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THE BOOKMAN

Edited by Seward Collins

JANUARY, 1930 VOL. LXX; NO. 5

FAREWELL TO ACHILLES

by Alan Reynolds Thompson

FOR SERIOUS modern literature heroism is dead. On the screen and in popular romances, of course, matinée idols still flourish, and probably always will. But writers who pretend to artistic significance no longer find anything heroic in human life. A prophet of this point of view was Ibsen, whom his followers praise for breaking false heroic idols. "I glory," says Shaw, "in calling Ibsen suburban, for suburbanity means modern civilization."

Yet we have not been fully aware of the change. The truly heroic classics are so familiar, the "heroics" of the nineteenth-century romanticism are so recent, and the alteration in taste and tendency has been so gradual, that when our attention is turned to the matter we are shocked to discover the heroes gone and their seats deserted. Only the echoes of their names reverberate out of the past. The hollow sounds have perhaps deceived us with a semblance of life. If we consider, it seems strange that we have been so unaware, for heroism has been essential to all great literature of the past. The *Iliad,* singing the wrath of godlike Achilles, set a literary fashion which endured all vicissitudes except our own age of machines and test tubes. Without heroes many novels would be emasculate, all epics would be meaningless, the drama of the past could not have existed; yet today heroes are so far out of fashion that their very existence is denied.

The change in attitude is fundamental. In the past the author exalted his protagonist; today he analyzes him. In the past literature sought elevation; today it seeks understanding.

I

Let us consider this new treatment by a few examples from the broad tendencies of contemporary literature. One of these tendencies, the so-called naturalistic, is so obviously anti-heroic that there may be enlightenment in discussion of its meaning and origin. If we are to avoid confusion in the use of the term "naturalism" we must note that for literary criticism it has in general two meanings. On the one hand it refers to all literature that emphasizes the natural world and the objects of sense. Thus used the word

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is properly applied to romantics like Wordsworth, who seek the ideal in the physical world, as well as to would-be scientific novelists of the school of Zola. The other meaning is narrowed to the Zolaesque, and hence exhales an aura of unpleasant bodily functions. It will be convenient for the moment to use naturalism in this latter sense, in contrast to romanticism.

It is well to remember, however, that naturalism was legitimately begotten by romanticism. The romantics were absorbed in sensation; and to effect the new birth little more was necessary than to divert attention from pleasant to unpleasant sensations. The kinship is illustrated by the concrete description which may be called surface realism. Idealists though the romantics were, they hoped to find their dreams embodied in the world and the flesh, if not in the devil. Not a little they delighted in sensation for its own sake. Furthermore they early discovered the technical need of a convincing surface realism to veil the improbabilities of their fables. Perhaps there is no better example of thorough-going romanticism than Hugo, yet Hugo made his melodramatic titanism plausible to more than even the most willing of those who suspend belief by the meticulous use of local color. Balzac, the romantic lover of abnormal villainy and *ténébreuses affaires,* has been called the father of all subsequent novelists—who have been chiefly naturalists and realists—because of his tremendous power to evoke a sense of actuality by inventory-like descriptions of rooms, houses, faces, dresses, physical appearances. He left little for his naturalist offspring to invent. Flaubert, a transitional writer temperamentally romantic though intellectually disillusioned, was a greater artist in rejection of the superfluous but was none the less realistic in setting. The family tree springs easily up—or down—from Flaubert to Maupassant and to Zola.

Naturalism, however, rejected the sentiment, the emotional idealism, and the heroics of the romantic school. The extravagances of the latter made the reaction of intelligence inevitable. If all romantics had viewed their heroes with the canny eye of Scott, perhaps this reaction would have gone less far and some degree of heroism continued fashionable in our later age. But things being what they were, the exaggerations of romantic fancy bred the exaggerations of naturalistic notation, and Zola indeed went so far with the swing of the pendulum that his violence became itself a sort of inverted romanticism. But most naturalists have been less excessive; they have portrayed the commonplace and dull, with the result that today naturalism and realism are almost synonymous terms. Maupassant's weak and sentimental heroine in *Une Vie* is representative. In the shift from romanticism *couleur de rose* to naturalism *couleur de chair,* heroism was buried without witnesses. Our recent fiction thus proved itself heir to all the ages in producing such a novel as the so-called *American Tragedy* of Theodore Dreiser, in which the so-called hero is a young man of such character—or lack of it—that his final extinction in the electric chair, despite its harrowing details, may fairly be considered a matter rather for rejoicing than regret.

The extinction of the heroic is also manifest in the more conservative school of English realism. It might have been foreseen when Thackeray called *Vanity Fair* "a novel without a hero". Dickens, it is true, wrote novelized melodrama, yet his "heroes" are amiable rather than heroic or even intelligent, and his satiric genius was disillusioning and skeptical in tendency. With Hardy disillusion has become quiet despair; and the Comic Spirit of Meredith requires an intellectual detachment antipathetic to hero-worship. Later novelists, when they have not been, like Arnold Bennett and George Moore, imitative of French naturalism, have inclined toward ever increasing psychological analysis.

The realistic tradition, which has the momentum of two centuries, has not stopped, as we see in the work of Galsworthy and

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Wells, of Walpole and Sheila Kaye-Smith. But with the development of interest in psychological analysis a new school has grown up. As it is still in process of becoming it is characterized by diverse experiments. Though it is still to be distinctively named and accurately described, what seems significant to this argument is that intellectual analysis and theorizing about human nature, which are essential to it, are fatal to the unified conception of character which was the basis of past hero-worship, and lead inevitably not to admiration but to skepticism and irony. We may note further that the school in general seems tending toward a new type of romanticism—not so much the simpler romanticism of escape from reality as the decadent romanticism of preoccupation with the abnormal and repulsive. In this respect it touches hands with the older naturalism. Much of the popular interest in the novels of this school seems to be due to the same fascination for the terrifying that is stimulated by the older romantics of horror like Poe; and much recent fiction may justly be called psychological melodrama. But it is to be observed that there are no heroes in these novels, and no villains but the unruly instincts and mysterious mechanisms of human minds.

Master to the school was Henry James. While his novels of unbelievably subtle aristocrats furnish a romanticism of escape for those who yearn for elusive spiritual contacts, nevertheless there is no better example of psychological melodrama than *The Turn of the Screw*. And James's minute dissection of minds, though in his hands an instrument for preserving Puritan ideals, became to his followers a new weapon for naturalism. The publications of Freud were the signal for a battalion of psycho-analysts, already trained in the Jamesian attack, to spring to their pens. Woman writers like May Sinclair and Rebecca West have found the psycho-analytical romance enthralling, and have delighted in extended, sentimentalized case histories enlivened by mysterious or horrifying incidents of abnormality and insanity. More virile, but not less innocent of heroism, are the glorifications of sexual emancipation from the pens of D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson. And a heterogeneous left-wing, stimulated by the disintegration of conventions since the war, has developed. Some in this group have been interesting mainly because of their novelties of technic. Gertrude Stein has amused a blasé world by seriously writing like a verbigerating maniac. Dorothy Richardson has applied a microscope to time by unendingly recording the minute events of ordinary life. Others are significant both for technic and for matter. Proust, besides stimulating the growing interest in homosexuality, has made literature out of the minutiæ of memory. Wyndham Lewis in *The Childermass* expresses with futuristic grotesquerie his disgust at naturalistic civilization and his longing for permanence amid the flux of time. And perhaps ultimate expression has been given to the bitterness of disillusion and the disintegration of standards by James Joyce. Using the name of the hero Ulysses in vain, he has dissolved life into a stream of consciousness that flows mostly underground like a sewer.

It is not far-fetched to call Joyce a decadent romantic, inasmuch as he seems permanently embittered at the loss of his adolescent illusions, as he obviously delights in the poetry of sensation, as he is undisciplined both in expression and in feeling, as he dwells perversely upon putridity and disease and as he attracts readers because of his boldness in throwing over all the conventions both of sentiment and of novel-writing. It is obvious, furthermore, that he is the *ne plus ultra* of naturalism, used both in its limited and in its wider sense. "The lot of the man who sees life truly and thinks about it romantically," says Shaw, "is Despair." If we substitute "feels" for "thinks", the truth of this observation seems abundantly attested by men like Joyce. But there are other modern writers who are more akin to earlier romanticism

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in their choice of subject matter and in their softer treatment of life. These also have had not only to abandon heroism, but have found that disillusionment has made it impossible to treat any of their traditional themes seriously. Rather than abandon themselves to despair, they have taken refuge in irony and satire. They thus protect themselves from their feelings, and disguise themselves among the socially elect of modern realism.

Of these fugitives from sentiment the most admired in America is James Branch Cabell. Mr. Cabell, who began writing seriously in the tradition of Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope, hit early on the formula which he has been exploiting ever since—a formula expressed perfectly in the figure used by Jean Paul Richter to describe his own novels, and first applied to Cabell by Carl Van Doren: hot baths of sentiment alternating with cold douches of irony. Mr. Cabell ridicules sentiment, but only after having revelled in it. This device of emotional somersaults is appropriately called romantic irony, because it is the revulsion of the author's intelligence against his own romantic sentiments, and because it thus differs essentially from the classic irony which is based on the objective observation by a normal individual of extravagances in others. (At his best Cabell displays the latter irony also.) And Mr. Cabell's delight is to show the average sensual man—or woman—beneath the trappings of romantic heroics.

Among modern romantics Mr. Cabell is unusual for indulging in sentiment, even though he follows the indulgence with mockery. The majority have gone completely the road Mr. Cabell has pursued half-way, and arrived at an irony which is apparently objective and unsentimental. Their protective detachment makes them hostile to sentiment, but their derivation from sentimental romanticism may be detected by a discriminating eye in their bitter regret for dreams no longer credible, in their frequent indulgence in extravaganza, and in the very violence of their reaction from the older sentiments. Judged by *Antic Hay* and *Point Counter Point,* Mr. Aldous Huxley would seem a significant writer of this type because of his acrid and fantastic satire. Pirandello illustrates excellently the utter disillusion, the intellectual detachment and ingenuity, and the imaginative and emotional extravagance of the type. Indeed, his disillusion goes so far that paradoxically he attempts to prove the fancies of imagination more real than life itself, because more significant and reasonable. Similarly characteristic have been the radical groups like the Dadaists. With all these, romanticism, in so far as it is the tendency toward extremes, has shifted from the heart to the head. Obviously in such writing true heroism has no place.

One great exception must be noted. Joseph Conrad, master as he was of glamour and nostalgic mood, disillusioned and pessimistic as he acknowledged himself to be, nevertheless held to the great tradition of heroism, in that he showed us character after character wrestling somehow a victory of the spirit from death and disaster. A scion of the Polish nobility, he came naturally by the tradition of fidelity to lost causes; as a sailor he admired the courage of men whose temperaments, unlike his own, were stolid and unimaginative. His heroes and heroines—his Captain Lingard and Captain Whalley, his Mrs. Gould, even his over-sensitive Lord Jim—are heroic in the traditional sense, because their inner greatness rises above the hostility of circumstance. In his attitude toward heroism, however, Conrad is unique in English letters.

If one individual's knowledge of contemporary fiction and drama, limited as it necessarily is, is yet representative, I am safe in saying that sincere exaltation of the heroic is so exceptional today among significant writers as to prove the rule. Such characters as Conrad's, or as Miss Cather's Archbishop, delight us not only by their innate nobility but also by their novelty. They are isolated cases in a bitter desert. Most appropriately

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Mr. T. S. Eliot called a work which exemplifies the sterility of the age *The Waste Land*. Indeed, a land which, so far as heroism is concerned, has been always green and fruitful, has now suddenly grown barren. It will be worth our while to speculate on the causes of so extraordinary a change.

II

Obviously the change is too general and complex to be explained by a formula, yet something may be done by way of suggesting causes. I should like to emphasize four. The first of these is security. Say what we will of Chicago "racketeers", modern life, compared to that of any past age, is uninterestingly safe. Throughout the past men had genuine need of learning self-defence; and calls for physical bravery were common enough to justify their use as material for realistic literature. But today, except when crossing the street, the average person runs few or no physical risks, and has his experience of violence in the newspapers. Even if the gunman were as familiar as these papers suggest, there is comparatively little chance for valor in shooting a pistol. The sober literature of normal life is forced to eschew physical prowess.

Again, heroism is destroyed by democracy. I am not thinking of the political device; I refer rather to the fact that today no significant writer can take aristocratic pretensions seriously. All men are created equal—so runs the modern dogma—in animal origin and nature. Furthermore, the vast extension of reading among the uncultivated has created a public of ready hero-worshippers for a Lindbergh, whose feat was spectacular; not for a Noguchi, who ran the risks of dangerous research and succumbed. The writer, seeking material, and feeling the spirit of the age, turns seldom to such unsensational themes, representative though they doubtless are of the best in our civilization.

The growth of democracy has accompanied that of industrialism, and the latter has redistributed and increased the power of money. As a result wealth has been set up as the goal of ambition, the average person led to admire material success, and popular appreciation of spiritual greatness correspondingly diminished. The artist, it is true, is usually in rebellion against materialism, but it must be remembered that he is one of a small and scattered minority and is by reason of his temperament inevitably warped by the social pressure he hates. Heroism, if it be anything higher than the exaltation of financial success, obviously can make little appeal to the commercially minded. And despite the recent increase in attacks on commercialism, there is no indication that the world is today, or is likely soon to be, any less dominated by bankers and manufacturers.

The fourth and final cause is most important in that it alters the fundamental attitudes of men toward life. It is the effect of certain great scientific doctrines. Of these the chief is evolution; and re-enforcing it are geologic and astronomical teachings which extend historic time and sidereal space to unimagined vastness. Before the middle of the last century it was possible for the educated man to think himself the handiwork of a personal God, and though fallen from a primal earthly paradise, still a little lower than the angels. Today he is unwillingly bludgeoned into viewing his tender ego as painfully ascended through eons from a marine animal with gill-slits, a mere experiment of blind Nature inconceivably wasteful of life, a creature crawling on a minor planet of a minor sun in a nebula of stars which is probably but one out of a million nebulæ of stars extending millions of light years into the abyss of space. He has better reason than the theologian to think himself a worm of the dust.

And psychology has notably contributed to this result. Whether or not its teachings are all based on accurate and controlled experiment, the world accepts them solemnly because "scientific". Psycho-analysis with its

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unconscious consciousness, its half-personified "censors" and terrifying "complexes" inside anybody's head, its solemn symbolism and hypnomancy, above all with its scientific sanction for unrestricted discussion of hitherto forbidden matters—psycho-analysis was, to speak colloquially, nuts to the author romantically inclined but inhibited from indulging in old-fashioned day-dreaming. As popularly understood it sanctioned not only talk but action, and added one more impulse, if any were possible, to the great movement toward unlimited self-expression that was so vigorously propelled by romantics like Shelley a century ago. But the melodramatic characteristics of psycho-analysis are superficial; what is fundamental is its entire harmony with naturalistic philosophy. By uncovering some of the hidden springs of human action and demonstrating that they rise from instincts which man shares with the brutes, it has added to the materialistic testimony of other scientific schools, to convince the thoughtful that man is a bestial mechanism.

To this testimony Watsonian behaviorism, despite its scorn of Freud, likewise contributes. Less popularly attractive than psycho-analysis because—in theory at least—painfully objective and experimental, it is for the same reason more respectable in some quarters today. Whether we consider it scientifically as a method or popularly as a theory, its primary axiom is that human beings are machines.

Nor must we forget the inventions that are daily altering our lives and our means of observing humanity. Our too-efficient devices for communication have caused an insistence on vulgarity. The most cloistered spirit can hardly escape the combined onslaughts of the films, the newspapers and the radio. The writer, more sensitive than most people and drawing inspiration from human contacts, is least likely to escape them.

It is hardly surprising, then, that the modern writer views man as an insignificant part of a mechanical universe. Weaker spirits still fly from so terrifying a perception into irrational mysticism, or busy themselves with superficialities. But for the strong, whom alone we are considering, man's acts are determined by the laws of force, and free will is a myth.

This deterministic view, which dominates our literature, is in fundamental opposition to humanism, to the belief in a law for man—to adapt Emerson's useful phrase—which is different from the law for thing. Man becomes human, says the humanist, by discovering and obeying a moral law. He has the power of choice, and ennobles himself by choosing well.

This was in the main the traditional view of the past and the inspiration for heroic literature. Fate was mysterious, overpowering, hard to justify, but man acted by his own will. Thus in Greek drama, along with the dark mystery of Fate (the importance of which to the Athenian dramatist has been exaggerated by modern criticism) went the exaltation of heroes who were base or noble by their own act. Even Œdipus, who seemed to William Archer wholly passive, is, as the dramatist portrays him, a man of immense force, kingly, impetuous and arrogant. Though a victim, he is never ignoble. Tragedy of succeeding ages, different as it has been, has been like the Greek in this. For Shakespeare as for Sophocles the source of our worth, if not our fate, is not in our stars but in ourselves.

The dominant mood today, in contrast to this stimulating faith in will, is hopeless and deterministic. Recent theories like relativity, one feels in spite of the semi-mystical optimism of men like Professor Eddington, merely re-enforce it. Apparently if we accept the findings of our reason and not the promptings of our desires, we must say farewell to Achilles and his like forever. As long as science is regnant in our thought, deterministic naturalism will reign in literature.

And with heroes go the forms of literary art in which their presence is essential. The epic is dead; tragedy is dying. By tragedy,

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let us note, is not meant drama merely calamitous, but drama in which greatness in the hero is the mitigation for our distress at his death. Tragedy in this sense is inspiriting because in it the hero achieves a spiritual victory in spite of physical defeat. Recently a thoughtful pessimist, Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, not only announced the demise of tragedy in this classic sense, but foretold a time when it would not be even understood. Tragedy, he says, is built on a fallacy—that there is justice and reason in the universe outside ourselves. In tragedy man's passions "are important to him because he believes them important throughout all time and space". This, he concludes, no thoughtful modern can believe.

If my analysis is sound, the causes for anti-heroism are far-reaching and enduring, their effects are likely to increase rather than diminish, and they will be particularly operative upon the sensitive spirit of the artist. What will in the future pass for tragedy, it would seem, can excite no hope, no admiration, no awe. It can, as Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn expresses it, "seek increasingly to understand our failures and our sorrows; it will excite pity for our common fate". Or at best it can find elevation in a sombre poetry of despair like that of Hardy. It is likely at times perversely to relish unnatural passion and violence as does Robinson Jeffers. But too easily it may slip into the sentimentalism of a jury debating over a pretty murderess. And on a lower plane than the tragic we may expect the increase of two classes of literature: for the self-deceiving the romanticism of escape or melodrama; and for the disillusioned the waste lands of irony and detachment.

III

A gloomy outlook! Yet I dare offer hope for the preservation of heroism. And, despite all we are discovering about ourselves I base that hope on the constitution of human nature. In calling his essay "The Tragic Fallacy" Mr. Krutch begged the question. He not only asserted that non-human nature is indifferent —a view which we must accept—but also tacitly assumed that human nature intrinsically is unworthy of serious admiration—a view against which the very tragedy whose epitaph he writes is one of the strongest arguments. Greatness exists. If only in the imagination of the great writer, it exists there, and is thence communicated to all who will perceive it. But we need not narrow its existence to the idealizing imagination alone. All men who endure against odds, who labor wisely and uncomplainingly, who obey sound convictions regardless of the cost, who withstand with fortitude the hostility of nature or of life, who are kindly to the undeserving, unembittered by ingratitude, generous without parade, clear-headed in spite of prejudice and fair-minded amid passion; who, admitting their faith doubtful, will yet risk death on the sporting chance of its being true—such men are worthy of admiration. Apart from them we may concede the charge against the universe and yet in them find material for tragedy—and for hope!

We may conclude that there is and will be heroism for the artist's inspiration. Though the bravery that faces physical perils exists as always and is no less admirable, the tradition which made it living in literature may indeed be dead. But a new tradition may yet develop to utilize the subtler bravery of the spirit. This is usually invisible to the world, and hence we may expect only the occasional artist with penetrating imagination to perceive and portray it. It will be far harder to attain and to represent; it will exist rarely in a world predominantly populated by ordinary mortals. But rare and difficult as it may be, it is yet admirable enough to give hope for a literature of grandeur and elevation. Such heroes will perhaps be heroes otherwise than was Achilles, but they will not be less worthy of the imitation of art and the admiration of mankind.

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KING'S DAUGHTER

by V. Sackville-West

I

If I might meet her in the lane,
Riding a raven horse
That trailed his golden halter loose
And snuffed the golden gorse,

If I might see her riding high
In her little golden coat,
Borne on his prancing as the waves
Carry a little boat,

If I might see her with her hand
Looping the scarlet rein,
If I might see her at the turn
Come riding down the lane,—

If I should spy her by the lake
Sweeping her little harp
To the blunt-nosed circle, golden-ringed,
Of old enchanted carp,

If I should see the ebon swan
With scarlet beak sail by,
And pause to catch the fragile notes
Dripped from her melody,

If I should see the spindly crane
Stand sentinel in the reeds
To catch the morsels of her song
Float out like wind-blown seeds,—

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Or should I see her cross the snow
With a gray wolf at her heels,
On the plain between the black, black firs
When the moon remotely steals

Up past the hamlet's gabled roofs
And hangs above the church,
And turns her golden coat to ash,
And pales the ghostly birch,

And should I see her glide away
Into the fir-trees' night,
Then should I know that I had read
Her changeling soul aright.

II

How shall I haunt her separate sleep,
That in the glades of night
Her dreams may keep a tryst with mine,
And be not parted quite?

Tales will I tell her for her dreams
In those nocturnal glades,
Wherein processional shall pass
The dim and lovely shades;

Where some shall pass in rose-red silks,
And some shall pass in rags,
And some shall ride in scarlet cloaks
Beneath the windy flags.

And one shall be a flute-player,
And she shall hear his note
Fading among the blue valleys,
Vagabond, remote.

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And one a rider dark in mail
With steel-tipped lance held high,
Shall pass along a lonely road
Upon his way to die.

The stars like taper-points shall shine
Within his helm and greaves;
The pacing footfall of his horse
Shall bruise on drifted leaves.

And one shall pause beside her couch,
And bend and whisper low
Some music of a foreign tongue,
But what, she shall not know;

Only, some echo of his speech
Melodious on the air,
Shall tremble still against her heart,
My lovely messenger.

III

Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither would you wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.

He shall see my lady
When she comes at night
Carrying her candle
And her roses white.

He shall see my lady
When she sets her flowers
Down before the mirror
In the secret hours;

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When she sets her candle
And the mirror gleams,
And she before her looking-glass
Slips her shift, and dreams.

Whiter than the candle wax,
Whiter than the rose,
Is her young and lovely throat,
As goosey gander knows.

He shall watch her gravely,
Perched upon a chair;
He shall see her lift her arms
And loose her golden hair;

He shall see her cross her room,
All gold, and white as milk,
With little naked goose-girl feet
And shift of clinging silk.

Goosey, goosey gander,
Will you be my spy?
Let into my lady's room
No one dare to pry.

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THE STORY OF THE LITTLE MAGAZINES

by William Troy

I. THE REVOLT IN THE DESERT

"They went forth to battle but they always fell" might be inscribed on their tombstones, for the little magazines, like the heroes of Ossian, were not in the least discouraged by their high death-rate. In the general mind they were associated from the very start with an extravagant talent for mortality. When Keith Preston wrote his malicious elegy for those of them "that died to make verse free" he was merely voicing the weary humors of a public which had assisted at too many obsequies. For at that time the little magazines seemed to be gifted with phoenix-like powers of recovery; every new victim to perish on the field could depend on two or three fresh champions to leap instantly to his place. It was difficult to imagine that the succession might not be perpetual; to realize that even the phoenix might one day rebel against mounting so regularly from his ashes. Surely no spectator of the literary scene during those ripe years had any reason to predict the holocaust that has recently come to pass.

But today we can no longer conceal the truth. Not only are fewer aspirants setting out to brave that unpastured dragon, the reading public, in its den, the polite library, but even the hardier veterans are gradually, one by one, relinquishing the ghost. Last spring, in exile, the *Little Review* brought out its final number; the *Dial* survived for a few months only; and others, with limp stride and shortened breath, hover on the brink of the grave. It would seem as if the time were at hand for the sad offices of the valedictorian, for the dusty labors of the chronicler. It would seem as if another chapter in our literary history—one of the liveliest and most colorful—is rounding to a close.

The high tide of the "little" movement in the arts parallels so closely the epoch of the Great War that it is a temptation to exaggerate the coincidence. Indeed, the movement is all too often briefly dismissed as one of the effects, one of the more regrettable effects, of the post-bellum spirit on the arts. While undoubtedly affected by the psychological tension of the time, the movement might better be interpreted as the product of forces which had made themselves felt long before the war, and of which the war itself was the ultimate product. It must be recalled that in the opening decade of the present century the intellectual climate was as ominously overcast as the political. If the whole age in which we are now living ever comes finally to be known as the age of transition, those early years will very likely be further set apart as the period of expectancy. In philosophy, literature and all the arts, the conviction was strong that something must happen and that something was about to happen almost any moment. It was the great period, in fiction, of the social novels of Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy. In the theatre, Mr. Shaw was still

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regarded as a very dangerous fellow; he had not yet been reduced to a benign old gentleman in bathing-shorts. Mr. Chesterton, as the white knight of orthodoxy, was striving valiantly to ward off the barbarous hordes of modernism with bewildering paradoxes. Through all the arts the spirit of reform ran like liquid fire. Whenever James Gibbons Huneker returned from a trip abroad he always brought back with him a trunkful of the most startling foreign novelties. Gradually the names of Verlaine, Debussy, Cézanne, Baudelaire, Satie, became part of the Anglo-Saxon consciousness. The hoary ghost of Walt Whitman was resurrected to become guest of honor at richer dinners than he had ever enjoyed in his lifetime. Good people everywhere found themselves reviled as "bourgeois", although few of them were quite certain what the word meant. "High-brows" and "Low-brows" faced each other, for the first time, on the open field. And it was to be remarked that as the "High-brows" increased in audacity they increased in exclusiveness. They showed a distinct preference for their own company. By the time Maurice Browne opened his Chicago Little Theatre, the "little" movement was already fairly on its way.

In the field of letters, the little magazine provided the appropriate medium of dissent. It differed from the established monthlies, if by no other token, by the extreme inhospitality of its tone. It made no concessions to the public taste; on the contrary, it operated on the assumption that the public was always backward and nearly always wrong. It declined to serve as an instrument for national complacency in England, or for national insouciance in America. It addressed itself, rather, to the few in both countries who felt very strongly that the twentieth century had arrived. The "littleness" of the little magazine was therefore properly an attribute of its audience. The diminutive applied neither to its size nor to its aims. It was simply a warning to the uninitiated. The *Little Review,* for example, taking further precautions, had emblazoned on its cover: "Caviar to the General". Some also reflected their independence in their choice of titles, like *Others, Pagan, Fugitive* and *Exile*. None neglected to let it be understood somewhere in its pages that it regarded itself as a voice crying in the wilderness.

In the United States, the first important voice to be heard was that of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* which Miss Harriet Monroe founded as long ago as 1912. The particular site in the wilderness was Chicago. If that city loomed up for a time as the literary capital of America, as the Athens of the republic, none contributed more to the hope than Miss Monroe. In founding *Poetry,* also, she returned the nicest possible gratitude to her native city for having chosen her as laureate of the World's Fair in 1891. But the immediate occasion was furnished by the widespread interest in poetic reform throughout the English-speaking world about this time. The sources from which this movement drew its inspiration are now making themselves clear. The poets of the Celtic revival had demonstrated that verse might be written which should be at once simple, clear, and direct; the *vers librists* of France, under Fort, Verhaeren, and Jammes, had proved that even the laws of versification might be transgressed. Not less important was the rediscovery in America of Walt Whitman, who was made to serve as a model of the truly indigenous poet.

The new movement had only just begun when Miss Monroe realized her ambition to devote a magazine exclusively to verse; indeed, it is hard to determine which was anterior to the other, so immediate was the stimulus provided by *Poetry*. Each of its earlier volumes now reads like a select anthology of our most representative modern poets. William Butler Yeats, one of its strongest friends from birth, contributed richly at the beginning, as did also Ezra Pound, E. L. Masters, Robert Frost and Vachel Lindsay.

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When, a little later, the gentle art of poetry found itself borne along on the brisk winds of American publicity, *Poetry* steered a calm and dignified course. This was the epoch of poetry schools, contests, readings, and dinners; it was the epoch of Miss Amy Lowell's black cigars. *Poetry* continued to extend hospitality to the most vital of the older poets; to grant a hearing to the wide variety of new accents that stammered at its doors. It was among the first, in some cases actually the first, to introduce the work of such dissimilar talents as H. D., Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Mark Turbyfill and Maxwell Bodenheim. It accorded long conscientious reviews to the innumerable slim volumes that tumbled hopefully from the presses; nothing bearing on the poetic art escaped its sympathetic attention. Today, it is true, some have been able to note a few signs of fatigue on the brow of this old veteran. But such ravages of time are easily pardoned when we recall the strenuous audacity of its youth.

The advance of the little magazine in England was not hastened by any such need for national expression as existed in the United States. But the body of dead tradition that had accumulated in the older country was even more formidable. There the older reviews basked in a tyrannous senility; Mr. Bridges had just succeeded Alfred Austin as poet laureate; and the lending libraries (those sanctuaries of what Mrs. Woolf has called "Mudieism") did what they could to prolong the Victorian epoch. The more active minds seemed to be turned to politics and sociology. Nineteenth-century science threatened to squeeze the arts more and more out of the picture. Neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Shaw, who spoke so confidently on social matters, had very much to say about the individual, that is to say, about what has been the most truly legitimate subject of literature in every age. The problem of the individual at that moment was once again the problem of individual freedom. Around this familiar banner rallied the first English martyrs of the little magazine. "Liberty is the first condition of well-being," announced *Rhythm,* a good-sized quarterly that appeared in London in 1911, for a while under the leadership of J. Middleton Murry. This was a heresy instantly choked by the authorities, who suppressed a short story by the late W. L. George. Because it was so indefinite as to its ideals, *Rhythm* enjoyed little influence, but it justified its existence by providing an early vehicle for James Stephens, Lord Dunsany and, especially, Katharine Mansfield, whose stories and criticism made up much of its bulk. Not until the *Egoist,* in 1914, does the *genus* little magazine appear in England with all its proper features. Here, at last, was "an individualist review" devoted to the unique aim of presenting in the making "those contemporary literary efforts which, ultimately, will constitute twentieth-century literature". While there has not been enough time for these claims to become completely justified, the *Egoist* was certainly associated at the start with several of the more prominent post-Georgian reputations. It published James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* Wyndham Lewis's first novel *Tarr,* and many of the poems that soon afterwards went to make up T. S. Eliot's *Prufrock and Other Observations.* For courage, perspicacity, and enterprise, the *Egoist* invited comparison with its contemporary in Chicago, for which it probably afforded the prose complement. Moreover, it was forced to hold the line in England practically single-handed until relieved for a time by the heavy artillery movements on the extreme left-flank, of a journal called *Blast.*

The début of this journal occurred on what now seems an ominous date: June 20, 1914. In every respect, *Blast* excelled its predecessors for sheer noise: it had a brilliant red cover; its type was the boldest ever seen in the British Isles; and its editorial voice seemed to issue thunderously from a great megaphone. Never again did Mr. Wyndham Lewis equal this early triumph of vocaliza-

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tion. *Blast* heralded a brand-new movement in the arts. "Vorticism" was calculated to supplant without delay such outworn dogmas as those of Imagism, Spectricism, Cubism and plain Futurism. Somewhere in the Vortex, perhaps at the very bottom, was to be found the solution of all the problems that beset a very troubled generation of Englishmen; but what the Vortex was, or where it was situated, has not been to this day revealed, even by Mr. Lewis himself, in all his comprehensive explorations into the modern *Zeitgeist.* There remains no more definite indication of its aims than the following: "We only want the world to live, and to feel it's (*sic*) crude energy flowing through us". The Vorticists were rather more precise about what they wished to blast or bless; the catalogue ranges, on the credit side, from castor oil to Charlotte Corday; on the debit, from cod-liver oil to Marie Corelli. None of the contributors to *Blast,* unfortunately, were able to keep up with the raucous spirit of the editorial page. Ford Madox Ford (then Hueffer) was represented by a pleasant tale that suggested the later manner of Henry James; Rebecca West discoursed rather tamely on modern marriage; and Ezra Pound presented to the public for the first time his astonishing epigram on a new cake of soap:

> Lo, how it gleams and glistens in the sun
> Like the cheek of a Chesterton.

It was hard to decide how much of *Blast* was to be taken seriously; how much of it was sheer burlesque, how much an overflow of the feverish energy of pre-war England. By the time its second issue went to press, most of the prime instigators were in the trenches, from which at least two of them, T. H. Hulme and the sculptor Gaudier-Brzska, never returned. The "crude energy" that the Vorticists had demanded rushed toward them with unchecked force; and for some time afterwards the voice of the little magazine in England was drowned amid louder reverberations.

But it was this same year, and once again in Chicago, that Margaret Anderson set out to produce the "creative opinion" that she had found wanting in Indianapolis, Indiana. If any little magazine must be chosen to stand as archetype of the species, none better deserves the honor than the *Little Review.* None, except *Poetry,* has drawn out to a longer history. None has had a more varied or more exciting career. All those who enrolled early under its banner have won to some kind of fame. It began the serialization of James Joyce's *Ulysses* in 1918, some good time before that work became part of the undeclared baggage of all Americans returning from France. It published T. S. Eliot's famous cycle of "Sweeney" poems, and introduced the later Yeats of "The Wild Swans of Coole". It was the first real sponsor of Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Bodenheim, Ben Hecht, Djuna Barnes, and Hart Crane. In brief, it had the faculty for keeping its readers perpetually on tiptoe. The restless intelligence of its editors kept it from ever lagging in the battle or the chase, from settling into a pattern, from dwindling into common sense. For that reason it was to be depended on to furnish a most reliable seismographic report of every new tremor that was being felt in the arts anywhere throughout the world. Surely on the basis of the "23 new systems of art (all now dead)" which it admits to having supported, there might be traced something like the spiritual curve of our time. From the bucolic mysticism of Sherwood Anderson to the gay insanities of the Dadaists, the register is complete. The special numbers that it arranged from time to time were milestones along one line of American cultural development: a number dedicated to the modern French poets whom Ezra Pound was reading in Paris; another to a thorough revaluation of Henry James; an "all-American" number, an International Theatre number, and one that welcomed the arrival of the Machine Age. The migrations of the *Little Review* were also significant

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of the rapid shifting of center by the advance-guard of the past decade. In 1917, when the hope of a renaissance in Chicago had dimmed, it moved its offices to New York. Here the postoffice authorities showed themselves such assiduous readers of its pages that they caused its suppression five or six times. The final trial of Joyce's *Ulysses* was the high dramatic moment in its stormy history, if indeed not of the whole little magazine movement. Shortly after this event, Miss Anderson retreated to Paris, and Jane Heap was left sole governess of its destiny. The final number, brought out last May under their joint administration, bore the trade-mark of the Imprimerie Darantière of Dijon. This confirmed the rumor that the *Little Review,* like so many others before it had come to Paris to die. More than fifty of its old friends and associates sent floral offerings in the shape of letters, confessions, and answers to an elaborate psychological questionnaire which demanded such intimate information as, "What has been the happiest moment of your life?" "What is your world-view?" and "Why do you go on living?" Some of the results obtained by this time-honored trap for college freshmen threw a revealing light on the state of contemporary thought. And, in any case, they helped us understand Miss Anderson when she explained that she could not go on publishing a magazine in which no one really knew what he was talking about.

Most of the little magazines in this country, notably the *Little Review,* had placed their emphasis solely on literary experimentation, without considering the nature or value of the experience available for the artist in America of the period. They uniformly resented America but did not bother to analyze the basis of their resentment. This was a problem for criticism that was not adequately undertaken before a group of young creative thinkers in New York inaugurated the *Seven Arts* in 1917. This energetic monthly displayed no compromise in the impersonal scrutiny with which it examined the American past, or temperance in the enthusiasm with which it hailed the American future. It was the hatching-ground of a whole school of American cultural criticism, whose influence has not yet been fully appraised. In its pages Randolph Bourne and Van Wyck Brooks introduced a method for dealing with our cultural history that has come finally to be adopted in some universities. On its creative side, through the verse of James Oppenheim and the no less lyrical prose of Waldo Frank, it did much to rehabilitate the faded tradition of Walt Whitman in American letters. But on neither side was it strongly prepared against the alarms and discursions of a nation that found itself suddenly at war. Almost alone of American liberal groups in 1917, the editorial board of the *Seven Arts* refused to swallow its convictions in the presence of the event. And, as a consequence, it was itself promptly and summarily swallowed by the event.

When the *Dial,* newly outfitted in modern clothes, reappeared in New York in 1917, much ground had been profitably cleared by the *Seven Arts* and similar pioneer organs. It was, in a sense, their heir, the elegant flower of their many perils and disappointments. Finally, as someone remarked, the ugly ducklings of yesterday had become the swans of today; the newest generation had less to combat; even the luxurious format of the new *Dial* seemed to announce that an era of relative stability had been attained. It would be unfair to suggest that the *Dial* did not continue the good work of supporting new talent; but its distinction, in the rough annals of the little magazine, lay elsewhere. It consisted in its maintenance of a tone that was at once more detached, urbane, and cosmopolitan than any of its rude forebears had ever achieved. Toward the public, toward the whole problem of artist and public, it showed an attitude of complete indifference. It also declined to commit itself to any policy, although with a self-consciousness that almost amounted to a policy in itself.

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The urbanity of its point of view was most clearly evident in its table of contents, where George Santayana rubbed shoulders with Gertrude Stein, W. B. Yeats with E. E. Cummings. Here the intention was probably to make as much as possible out of the disparity between the generations. In addition, the *Dial* assembled the most imposing list of foreign contributors of any journal in the country. The leading literary figures of France, Italy and Germany were its correspondents from those countries; it printed translations of Schnitzler, Pirandello, Bunin, Valéry, Thomas Mann, and many others; it initiated English readers into the labyrinthine cerebrations of Oswald Spengler. For a time, indeed, its foreign accent became so thick that many of its admirers were impelled to object; vignettes of rural life in Czechoslovakia, symbolic lyrics by some obscure Soviet genius, all but crowded the domestic product from its pages. Of the several native artists that it sponsored, Cummings and Wescott are the best known. It was appreciably stronger in the critical departments, with Gilbert Seldes busily devising a rationale for the Seven Lively Arts, and young critics like Malcolm Cowley and Kenneth Burke writing what were probably the most conscientious book-reviews anywhere being written. But toward the end, the special tone that the *Dial* managed to create became steadily more monotonous, and even irritating, especially to the narrow class of readers to which it might have expected to make its appeal. (Perhaps no journal in recent years succeeded in earning for itself a larger number of quietly bitter enemies.) Moreover, the apparent lack of any strong emotional conviction in the editorial chair added to the effect of sterility. It is possible that if the *Dial* never provoked the excitement of the *Little Review* and other humbler institutions it was because it lacked the principle of growth. There were some among its enemies who had prepared its obituary long before July, 1929.

The genealogy of magazines offers one of the most confusing of studies. To pursue the different strains of heredity, to separate the tangled criss-cross of influences, when the subject is not even as dependably concrete as man, but only one of the more elusive and insubstantial of man's expressions, is a pretty nearly hopeless task. But for the future chronicler of the little magazines, one thing at least seems certain: the round half-dozen here selected for mention will be recognized as the founders of the line. After them, in an almost literal sense, the deluge. Amid the sound and fury of their descendants, they may be all too easily forgotten.

(*To be continued*)

[Next month, in "Making No Compromise With the Public Taste", Mr. Troy continues his survey of the tendency magazines of the last eighteen years. He discusses the "one-man" magazines like Reedy's *Mirror,* Mencken's *Smart Set,* Harris's *Pearson's,* Coady's *Soil,* and then proceeds to classify and criticize some fifty other representatives of this interesting and important literary manifestation.]

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THE FACTS OF LIFE

A Series of Parody Biographies by H. W. Hanemann

WITH SKETCHES BY HERB ROTH

III. HIP HIP HORATIO!

Count Luckner Sea-Devils the Truth From Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton

So you want the low-down on those Lord Nelson-Lady Hamilton monkeyshines, eh, what? By Joe, rest yourself to windward on the mizzen croj'k futtock-shroud while I light my pipe and cast off the yardarm.

It's a serious business, and already there has been too much *wurst* about it, by Joe! A famous man and a beautiful woman make many enemies, and those enemies don't care what they say, the rascals. Nelson was a fine, seagoing old fellow, and Emma Hamilton, when everything is down in the log, was a great woman. That they meet and fall in love was fate. We sailormen believe in fate. We are fatalists, by Joe! I remember, one time I am on the *Seeadler,* when *pfui!* down comes the dolphin-striker and knocks three beckets off the larboard binnacle. It misses Schmalz, the chief chanteyman, by half an inch. "By Joe, Schmalz," I say, "that was fate!" "Fate and begorra it was," says Schmalz. He was an Irishman. And he crawls back in that chantey and stays there for the rest of the watch.

I skip over all the first part. That is history and never have I been any good at history, mathematics, dead languages or *eis* skating. I am a sailorman, by Joe, and I sail within three points of the wind.

It starts after Nelson has won the battle of the Nile in 1798 and comes back to Naples. He is a great hero and everybody is wild about the victory. Lady Hamilton, who is an emotional lady and very enthusiastic, comes aboard his ship, the *Vanguard,* and falls in his arms. "My Hero! My Hero!" she says. "By Joe, Emma," says her husband, Lord Hamilton, "give him a kiss." Lord Hamilton is just as crazy as all the rest for the hero, Nelson. Nothing, he thinks, is too good for that man. So she kisses him, and when a beautiful woman kisses you, by Joe, that is something! You don't jump overboard, by Joe! Nelson is only human and likes praise and recognition as well as the next man, maybe better. Then Lady Hamilton takes a look at him and says, "Gracious, Lord Nelson, what have you been doing to yourself? You have lost an eye and one of your arms is gone. By Joe, you are in a hell of a fix! You better come ashore and let me nurse you back to health".

"Yes, yes, Emma," says Lord Hamilton, "that's the ticket. Take him home with us and fix him up O. K."

Nelson goes home with the Hamiltons and for three weeks Lady Hamilton nurses him with tender care. Lord Hamilton does everything in his power to make him comfortable and happy. "By Joe," thinks Nelson, "these

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"By Joe, Emma," says her husband, Lord Hamilton, "give him a kiss."

Hamiltons are a fine couple. I will never forget their hospitality and kindness. Lady Hamilton is an angel. She is my guiding star, by Joe." Sailormen are very poetical. Sometimes I think they are really children, or just little boys grown up.

All this time, Lord Nelson has a wife, Lady Nelson. But she is in England so he don't see her much, not even with his good eye.

Well, after three weeks, Nelson is in pretty good shape again, and they begin celebrating at court. I forgot to say that Lord Hamilton has a fine job as British minister to the court and Lady Hamilton is the queen's best pal. There is much feasting and dancing and Nelson hears good of himself from all sides. Lady Hamilton says what she thinks right in front of everybody and Nelson comes back with his personal feelings in the same way. By Joe! He is a sailorman and plain-spoken.

"Lord Nelson," says Lady Hamilton at a big dinner party, "I guess you are a big hero and pretty much of a fighting fool for your country."

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"I don't know about that, Lady Hamilton," answers Lord Nelson, but his chest swells out and he pops a button off his vest. "England expects that every man will do his duty." Maybe he don't say that until later, at Trafalgar, but I'll bet he thinks it.

"Well," she says, "I like the cut of your jib, by Joe!"

"By Joe," he says, "how about your own jib? That was a pretty big thing you did, getting me permission to land my fleet at Syracuse and take on fresh water. Men were dropping dead to the decks for want of it. I will never forget that—or you," he says.

"For the rest of my life, Horsey," says Lady Hamilton, "you will never be out of my thoughts."

Of course when you go on in such a fashion, tongues will begin to wag. But Lord Hamilton just smiles and says "nothing is too good for that man". Perhaps it is a little *dumm* for a husband of a beautiful wife, but he is a great admirer of Nelson.

After three weeks and three days of celebrating, Nelson is good and tired. He itches to put back to sea. He is a sailorman, by Joe! *Lieb ihn und lass ihn* as we used to say back in Dresden. So he sails for Malta.

Meanwhile the girls, Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples, and Emma Hamilton think it would be fun to have a war of their own. They talk the king into making war against the French and the king gets up an army of forty thousand and hires an Austrian *Schafskopf* general named Mack. Not Moran and Mack, you understand, but worse. They write to Nelson who writes back, "Go ahead —fight a good fight, but don't put up any good money on it". Then they go to war. Pretty soon Nelson gets a letter from Lady Hamilton:

Dear Lord Nelson,

O sir the king is getting it socked to him good and plenty. Championnet and 18,000 French veterans are chasing those 40,000 barbers all over Italy. O Nelson, come home right away and do something or we shall all be murdered in our beds one of these fine nights! O I am very worried please come right away.

Ever your great admirer,

Emma Hamilton

Nelson writes back:

Dearest beloved Lady Hamilton,

On the fire, by Joe! I will be back next Tuesday so hold on until I get there. I told the king he could not beat those French. You are ever in my mind and I pray God for your well being. Give my regards to your husband.

Yours always,

"Horsey"

When Nelson gets back he advises the king to get out of Naples and let Championnet take the city. "I will sail you to Palermo and you can be king there," he says. "All right," says the king, "but first let me take all my money and jewels and court treasures and load them aboard your ships."

"Yes, Horsey," says Lady Hamilton, "let him do that if it is going to make him any happier."

By this time, Nelson would not say "no" to Lady Hamilton if she told him to go jump off the skys'l poop-fiddle-block. They have great times loading all the gold and jewels and court treasures on board the fleet and on December 23, 1798, off goes the royal court, Lord Hamilton and wife for Palermo, on board Nelson's ship, the *Vanguard*.

They arrive at Palermo the day after Christmas and set up the court. But Nelson has no pleasure in courts. All he wants is a quiet little walk now and then with Lady Hamilton free from attendants and courtiers and cheering crowds and, by Joe, by June he is fed up with this Italian court.

"Well," he says, "I see Championnet has taken Naples all right and it now goes by the name of the Parthenopean Republic. I will sail back over there and break it up."

"Oh, let me go with you, too," says Lady Hamilton and again he does not tell her "no". Well, to cut the yarn short, from June to August, 1799, she is on board the *Vanguard* with Nelson while he is winning back

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"Tongues were now wagging"

Naples for King Ferdinand. Hamilton is also on board but he is an old man and sleeps most of the time.

After Naples is recovered, there is the regular celebration, and Nelson escapes to sea as quickly as he can, coming back every now and then to visit his dearest-beloved Emma as he calls her. She is always pretty good about letting him go away because it keeps appearances looking Platonic. I don't know anything about this Platonic stuff. I am a sailorman.

Finally, in 1800, Lord Hamilton is pensioned and recalled to England and at the same time Nelson has cleaned up everything in the Mediterranean with credit to himself and country. The high jinks in Italy are over.

Lady Hamilton is sad. Now she will have to go back to England and not cut the figure at the Italian court to which she has been accustomed. Nelson sees she is sad and he wants to cheer her up. So he says, "I tell you what let's do. We will all go for a cruise on my ship—hip, hip, hurrah".

"Oh, Horsey, that would be nice," says

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Lady Hamilton and she gives him the eye. So they all go for a cruise to Syracuse and Malta.

When they get back to Palermo, Hamilton takes official leave of the king and queen and starts to go home. Nelson is also ready for home and here he makes a great mistake. This mistake spoils a little his fine example as an English gentleman and a model and inspiration to the British youth of the rising generation. This part they have to leave out of the child's histories of Nelson, by Joe! If he had had any regard for the child's histories of Nelson, he would have gone home by himself and settled down to a life of fame, getting decorated with medals and signing testimonials for Lucky Strikes. But he wants to go home with Lady Hamilton and he does.

They leave Italy in a triumphal party and go to Trieste where there is more feasting and celebrating. From Trieste, they go to Vienna, Prague and Lowositz, and by October 2, 1800, they get to Dresden, my home town. I am not there at the time. Still they keep feasting and celebrating and the Electoress of Dresden, a fine lady, refuses to meet Lady Hamilton. "By Joe," says the Electoress, "I don't like that woman's reputation."

Nelson is very angry. "By Joe," he says, "if there is any insult intended, Lady Hamilton will knock down the Electoress with her own fair hands."

"Oh, sink the old barnacled hulk," says Lady Hamilton, or something of the sort, and goes on feasting and carousing and making her famous attitudes with shawls. I forgot to say she is very famous for posing in living pictures with shawls and takes off the following classical subjects: Venus Rising From the Sea, A Spartan Mother, Europa (without bull), Leda (without swan), Lady Godiva, "Now I'se Dranma", Dignity and Impudence, September Morn, and The Horse Fair.

All this I get from *The Remains of Mrs. Richard Trent* and I say to myself, "Felix, that woman was probably an old pussycat, so take what she says with grains of salt".

From Dresden they go to Hamburg and sail for England on the mail packet, *King George*. They arrive at Yarmouth on November 6, 1800. Everybody is on the dock waving flags but Lady Nelson. She is not on the dock waving flags. "Well," says Nelson, "it is just too bad that my wife cannot take the trouble to come down to Yarmouth and meet me after I have been away all these years and am now a hero. But I will arrange so we all shall meet together in London."

He gives a dinner in London at the Hotel Nerot and Lady Nelson meets Lord and Lady Hamilton. Most of the time Nelson is talking about what a fine woman Lady Hamilton is and I guess you know as well as I do what a hit that makes with a wife, eh? She doesn't say much, but next week when they all go to the theatre, Lady Nelson faints in the box from suppressed emotion.

Worse than that, Nelson spends Christmas in the country with the Hamiltons and leaves his wife in the apartment they have fixed up in Arlington Street. When he gets back, still all he can talk about is Lady Hamilton. In January, 1801, he starts talking about Lady Hamilton at breakfast.

"Herring, eh?" he says. "By Joe, Fanny," he says to Lady Nelson, "you should eat Bismarck herring like dear Emma Hamilton makes."

Lady Nelson jumps up from the table. "Dear Emma this, and dear Emma that," she says. "My word, you bally well give me a pain in the neck. I am going to get out of this."

"Don't slam the door, Lady Nelson," says Nelson. Right there they separate. Nelson says, "By Joe, Lady Nelson is a fine woman, but she doesn't understand me. And she cannot insult dearest-beloved Emchen. I will make her a liberal allowance and let her shove off, by Joe!"

Next week he rejoins the fleet and at the end of the month, Lady Hamilton—I don't know just how to say it—well, she has a baby. It is a great secret. How they keep it a secret

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and how it was kept a secret all that time before—well, I will let you figure that out for yourself. I am a sailorman, by Joe, and it is a delicate subject. To make it a greater secret, the baby is christened Horatia Nelson and they say it is the child of a Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. I say to myself, "Felix, none of that would fool a New York hotel detective, but those British are not what you call fast thinkers". Except, by Joe, when they surprise you, eh, what?

Now Nelson is with the fleet and again he comes back to visit Lady Hamilton. On shore he lives with the Hamiltons at 23, Piccadilly. "By Joe," says all of London, "that is a queer arrangement, my word!" There are letters in the *Times* about it. Lord Hamilton says nothing, but he stops his subscription to the *Times*.

Nelson goes back to sea and writes to Lady Hamilton every day. He writes like this:

On Board "Victory"

Dearest-beloved Emma,

Here I am, thinking of you, by Joe! I have a hat on for it is very cold with a north-north-west wind and all my back teeth are aching. How is that delightful "Mrs. Thompson" eh? My poor friend "Mr. Thompson" sends her all his love and wishes he could be with her if only for a minute. I must go now and see if the chafing battens are properly rose-lashed to the fore t'gallant stuns'l topping-lifts as this is Tuesday. So no more now from your devoted and ever constant

"Horsey"

By and by, Nelson tells Lady Hamilton to buy him a house in the country and fix it up and he will have her and her husband and Horatia down there to live with him. "Turn about," he says, "is playing fair, by Joe." She finds him a house at Merton, fixes it up and in October, 1801, he sees Merton for the first time.

"By Joe, dearest-beloved Emma," he says, "this is fine. This is just what I wanted." So he plays with the baby and grows roses and walks in the garden just as if he was never the hero of the Nile and Aboukir and took the 74-gun ship of the line, *Le Généreux,* Malta bound with six hundred soldiers. Lord Hamilton dies, worn out by his wife's feasting and dancing and carousing and striking attitudes. He dies with one arm about Emma and the other about "Horsey", game to the last. Now Nelson is very happy indeed, and so is Emma Hamilton, by Joe!

Then Nelson goes back to sea in May, 1803, having been with Lady Hamilton for one year, six months, three weeks and five days, the longest time he was ever to be with her without being interrupted. Back he goes to sea, and, by Joe, the ocean is the best sweetheart of all. That's what we sailormen think, but don't tell my Countess I say so!

In August, 1805, he gets back to Merton and maybe he is not glad to do so. "Home again," he says to Lady Hamilton, "and this time for good. By Joe, I swallow the anchor!"

"Fine," says Lady Hamilton, "I will have the cook make some *kartoffelklöse* to go with it."

At last Nelson is very happy and ready to retire to a quiet old age with the woman he loves and their baby. He builds a duck pond and swimming pool. Now he has everything and life is full of contentment and peace. At last the harbor is reached and the storm is over.

Three weeks and three days later, he receives word that the allied fleet is assembling against England and his country needs him. It takes all his great bravery to show the letter to Lady Hamilton.

"Why should I go?" he says, "I am an old man. Here is everything I love. I want no more of fame and glory. I have enough. Let someone else command the fleet. I will stay here at Merton with you and Horatia and the roses. By Joe, those roses need spraying this minute."

"No, Horsey," says Lady Hamilton, "you must go. Your country needs you. You must go though it breaks my heart. I will wait for you and water those roses with my tears."

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Nelson kisses Lady Hamilton and Horatia, puts a rose in his buttonhole and goes. He goes on board the *Victory* and joins the fleet. On October 21, 1805, is the Battle of Trafalgar in which he is killed. About that, of course, you have read. Nelson dies, leaving Lady Hamilton and Horatia as a legacy to the English nation. It is a beautiful and touching testament, by Joe!

When Lady Hamilton recovers from her grief, she runs through the money that is left to her by Lord Nelson and Lord Hamilton and spends her last days in moderate circumstances in Calais where she dies in 1815 aged fifty-four years. Horatia is sent to relatives.

To look back upon it, as I now do, who can blame them for this love of theirs? Seven years in all they knew each other, four at the most they spent together. Three years, off and on, Nelson was on his ships, sacrificing pleasure for duty. They were direct and unashamed and sincere, those two. They loved each other but they loved England. They cared for acclaim and glory and Lady Hamilton cared too much for the eating and drinking and frolicking, perhaps. What of it? Their natures called to each other and they were not afraid to answer the call, but sailed their love-barque into the hurricane of life, buffeted by the winds and pounded by the waves. To the last they would not shorten sail or throw out a sea anchor. They had big hearts, great courage and their eyes were on a far horizon. They were sailormen, by Joe!

And, by Joe, that's all I know about your Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton!

"Lady Hamilton—I don't know just how to say it—well, she has a baby."

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HUMANISM AND IMPUDENCE

by Robert Shafer

SIR JOHN DAW: The dor on Plutarch and Seneca! . . . I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen.

NED CLERIMONT: They are very grave authors.

DAW: Grave asses! mere essayists: a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age: I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observed, as either of them. . . . There's Aristotle, a mere commonplace fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides, and Livy, tedious and dry. . . .

CLERIMONT: What do you think of the poets, sir John?

DAW: Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass, talks of curriers, and chines of beef; Virgil, of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

CLERIMONT: I think so. . . .

SIR DAUPHINE EUGENIE: Why, whom do you account for authors, sir John Daw?

DAW: *Syntagma juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici;* the king of Spain's bible.

PARALLELS here below are never exact. But I could not help thinking of this colloquy in *The Silent Woman* as I laid down Mr. Allen Tate's article, "The Fallacy of Humanism";* and reflection has confirmed my feeling that there cannot be many correspondences between literature and life more apt than that between the old Daw and the new Tate. Probably, however, Mr. Tate would prefer one's imagining that he had early learned and taken to heart the boast attributed, perhaps unjustly, to Cardinal Richelieu: "Give me six lines written by the most honest man in the world, and I will find in them enough to have him hanged". This, in fact, very well expresses Mr. Tate's self-confident readiness in the art of misrepresentation; yet it should not be taken to imply that he is a master of that art. Mastery may come in time; but at present the Tate technique is rudimentary, and the new Sir John can do much better with six lines, as we shall see, than he could do with more. He can, indeed, scarcely hope now to deceive any save those who are largely unfamiliar with the actual writings of his victims. Those, however, may include more than a few readers in the United States, not to speak of England; and, in addition, Mr. Tate's article merits exposure in the name of honest criticism.

I do not hastily or willingly accuse Mr. Tate of deliberate misrepresentation. I am brought to it only after finding it simply not possible otherwise to describe his work. I know the miracles of misreading which are almost daily wonders of the academic world. From my own collection of memorable answers in examination papers I draw this example: "The astronomer in *Rasselas* was a mathematics shark. He was trying to invent wings which should enable humans to fly. He was contented in his work, and each new

* Printed in *The Criterion* (London), July, 1929; and in *The Hound & Horn* (Cambridge, Mass.), January, 1930.

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thing that he discovered gave him new hope to start again after many failures. He found happiness in working and was not interested in outside things". I should have been glad to assume that Mr. Tate, like this "human", was honestly laboring under misapprehensions—and, indeed, this may partly account for his article; but it will not, unhappily, account for all of it. And I have been unable to discover any charitable supposition which will.

Readers, however, shall judge for themselves. And at the outset this must be set down to the credit of honesty: Mr. Tate admits that he began by *assuming* all that he desired to show. These are his words: "The assumptions of this essay are that Humanism is not enough, and that if the values for which the Humanist pleads are to be made rational, even intelligible, the prior condition of an objective religion is necessary". This might fairly be taken to render nugatory the essay of which it forms a part. Nevertheless, despite his confession, Mr. Tate proceeds briskly to demonstrate his assumptions, and it must be our part to follow, as well as we can, the slippery path which he marks out.

I

Humanism, it should be understood, here denotes a movement of criticism which for a quarter of a century has been led courageously by Mr. Paul Elmer More, of Princeton, and by Professor Irving Babbitt, of Harvard. Courageously—for the movement has persisted and gained strength despite a public until recently indifferent to such intellectual questions, and despite the hostility of journalists, creative writers, professional philosophers and the great army of scientific specialists. It must suffice to observe that this widespread hostility, often abusively expressed, has been encountered on a basis very different from that which Mr. Tate professes—on the ground, in fact, that the humanists were not allies in disguise (as Mr. Tate has just discovered them to be), but were really opposed to impressionism, pure contemporaneity, scientific dogmatism, and unbuttoned expansiveness.

For the humanists set out to attack naturalism in its many and apparently divergent forms and to attack the pretensions of "modern science" which have long given a great prestige to naturalistic thought and its literary expression. Against romanticism, humanitarian sympathy, mechanistic or vitalistic determinism, the doctrine of progress and the like, has been opposed a sceptical criticism of life and letters which rests ultimately on the proposition that man differs not alone in complexity of organization, but in kind, from the animal, and that his happiness depends upon his recognition and cultivation of that element in his being which is distinctive of him. This is held to be possible; man is held to be, within limits, capable of responsible choice. This capacity is regarded as the core of the distinctively human element in man's constitution, which is thus dual—"animal", one may roughly say, united inexplicably with "something more", or the unlimited chaos of impressions and spontaneous desires united with the potential capacity of control and reduction to ordered activity. No conclusion is necessarily implied for or against the doctrine of grace, but insistence is steady that without a wisely directed educational discipline and a strict inner discipline man's fulfilment of his proper end is certainly impossible. To choose is to discriminate, and, for this, habituation to self-restraint is essential; it is, indeed, the foundation on which the whole structure of distinctively human life rests.

It is recognized that this general position is not susceptible of rational proof—reason itself being the organ of discrimination, and acting, when it acts legitimately, in a purely instrumental capacity. But none the less his position is, the humanist adds, irrefutable and soundly based. It concerns a realm of being into which "modern science" simply does not enter. Exact science, so-called, is concerned with quantity—how much?—but about qual-

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ity—how good?—it has nothing to say. The humanist is concerned, not with physical existence taken by itself, but with distinctively human excellence, or self-fulfilment, or, in a word, happiness. Here the one possible appeal is to actual human experience—the recorded experience of past generations and the inner experience of the individual disciplined and formed in the light of selective tradition. The strength of humanism lies in its positive experiential basis, which affords it, not an absolute, but a sufficient, authority. Its leaders, too, have evidently had no axes to grind; they have not been the paid or prejudiced defenders of any distrusted institution. Yet they have been far from antagonistic to religion. On the contrary, the developed thought of Professor Babbitt is substantially religious,* while Mr. P. E. More in his later work has identified himself with historic, revealed Christianity.

Messrs. More and Babbitt and others have developed in many books the conception of life which I have tried barely to indicate in a paragraph. Any *précis* is of necessity not only inadequate but inaccurate; and the attempt to make one is heart-breaking when, as in this instance, the doctrine outlined has been gradually elaborated through a long series of detailed critical discriminations. Nevertheless, there is everything to be said for the critical method. Its concreteness is an incalculable advantage; and this has enabled the humanists to avoid a sterile formalism and the appearance of precision in a field where that appearance is invariably a ruinous delusion. Their method has, too, afforded the humanists the best means of placing their work in a proper perspective. In substance their doctrine, as readers will have perceived, is no novelty; and the humanists have been guilty of no pretensions to "original views". They have, in fact, persistently emphasized their close dependence on the past, and have sought only to conserve and make available under changed conditions the anciently explored pathway to self-knowledge, ordered inner activity, and the happiness appropriate to man.

* I use this phrase deliberately, but am aware that some will demand its explanation and justification. I can here only subjoin two passages from Professor Babbitt's books:

"The honest thinker, whatever his own preference, must begin by admitting that though religion can get along without humanism, humanism cannot get along without religion. The reason has been given by Burke in pointing out the radical defect of Rousseau: the whole ethical life of man has its root in humility." (*Rousseau and Romanticism*, p. 380.)

"As against the expansionists of every kind, I do not hesitate to affirm that what is specifically human in man and ultimately divine is a certain quality of will, a will that is felt in relation to his ordinary self as a will to refrain." (*Democracy and Leadership*, p. 6.)

II

This, then, is the critical movement which Mr. Tate attacks violently in the name of religion. On its face, it looks as if he had stopped to force a quarrel with a friend, while an enemy common to both remained dangerously active. The phenomenon is familiar enough, but the attack on humanism may not be an instance. Obviously its author does not think so, and I believe he is correct in this, though I hesitate to express perfect certainty, because of the obscurity, so to call it, of Mr. Tate's peculiar and literary religion. What is it? To the best of my ability, such as it is, I have sought fairly and patiently a consistent meaning in his several statements, without success. His religion is "objective", he says, and he professes to speak as a Christian. Indeed, he seeks quite plainly to imply that he speaks from the haven of Catholicism (Roman or other). He also implies, however, that his religion is valid only in certain parts of the earth—certainly in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in Princeton, New Jersey, also in North Carolina and London, but not in Delhi, or Bangkok, or Nanking, or Ispahan. What he would say about Jerusalem is not evident.

This geographical discrimination seems odd, but Mr. Tate has a reason. "Doctrinal differences," he thinks, "may be negligible." The important thing is "objective" religion itself, and one variety is as good as another;

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though the only one for you is that in whose territory you happened to be born—Mahometanism for the Mahometans, etc., quite like Czechoslovakia for the Czechoslovakians, etc. For all "objective" religions are distinguished by the possession of a technique, or method, for acquiring or validating values;—in fact, "objective religion-in-general" *is* a technique, and, what is more, "the sole technique", for this purpose. Notwithstanding, literary style is also "the technique" for validating values,* so that there are two sole techniques. However this may be, by "values" are apparently meant moral standards, and these, we are informed, do not propagate themselves nor authenticate themselves, and are in fact substantially indifferent. As in the case of religion, one assortment of standards is as good as another, though the only one for you—etc. The important thing is "moral-standard-in-itself", so to say;—in other words, social convention so powerfully sanctioned that it implicitly colors the imagination and controls the acts of the individual. And arbitrary convention, thus deeply implanted, alone saves men, and society, from "pure disintegration".

How is this weighty service performed by "religion-in-general"?—leaving literary style, the other "sole technique", out of account for the moment. This is the crucial question, and Mr. Tate makes an effort to answer it. Perhaps it is not surprising that this takes us a considerable way around. We are informed, then, first, that "the only way to think of the past . . . is to think religiously", and that "the only way to think religiously is to think in time". The meaning seems to be that "history never repeats itself"; that concrete events are always in a real sense unique, and hence are fixed ultimates or absolutes. A logical series, on the contrary, unlike a temporal series, is one in which all the terms are equal, so that it leads only to an indefinite regression. And natural science offers us only unchanging "laws" of change—or, in other words, a picture of reality in terms of quantity which is "timeless", in the sense that all elements which might give an historical character to reality are left out of account. Hence doctrine based on a logical series or on natural science "can have no past, no tradition, no fixed authority". Because it affords these desiderata, "concrete, temporal experience . . . is the foundation of religion". And "preserved, organized experience" *is* religion. But "the letter of religion" is "the means through which it exists and is preserved", and is also "the religion itself".

Nature is the source of experience, and the source of evil. Apparently the intention is to equate "experience", "evil", and "nature". At any rate, "the virtue of religion is its successful representation of the problem of evil". Evil is disintegration. Man's concrete, individual encounters with nature, which tell him how nature acts upon him (*not* what nature *is*), result in what we call "experience". Experience is thus qualitative, and reveals nature as constantly exerting upon man a power of disintegration. Man on his side is preserved from disintegration by a means which is "mysterious"—by grace. Religion is simply the generalization of experience: "The organized meaning of the encounters of man and nature, which are temporal and concrete, is religious tradition, and its defence is dogma". Previously it is said that philosophy is the defence of religion,* and I conjecture that here Mr. Tate means rather that dogma is the formal expression or "letter" of religion. It is the universalized, compendious statement of the meaning of life in terms of good and evil, and this meaning it thus handily preserves; while it has for its authority the fixed, objective ultimate, or absolute, of concrete temporal experience. Hence its authority is final and complete, and its application is man's method or "technique" for ascertaining the "value"—or perhaps rather the moral implication—of his various encounters with nature.

* P. 677, 11. 3-4. (References are to Mr. Tate's essay as printed in *The Criterion*.)

* P. 667, 1. 19.

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This is Mr. Tate's answer. "It is experience, immediate and traditional fused, . . . which is the means of validating values." Religion is the organization and conservation of human experience, and its application in the life of the individual. Similarly it is experience which "gives the focus to style", which determines the excellence of the writer's expression. It has already been noticed that literary style is "the technique for validating" values; and it can only be inferred that literature's worth arises from its style, and consists in the fact that—while it not often reaches the height and absolute authority of dogma—still as a whole it is dogma-in-the-making. Thus the successful dogmatist who has a religion to his credit is presumably the supreme type of the literary man.

As I have said above, I have tried faithfully to derive a coherent statement of his religious position from Mr. Tate's remarks. It would appear to be impossible. Obviously Mr. Tate's position is inconsistent with the profession of Christian belief;—and inconsistent, one may add, with the profession of adherence to any existing religion. If, as he implies, he has become a member of some religious body, it must be concluded that he has deceived himself or the communion to which he is attached. For his position is that of a theorist about "religion-in-general" —inevitably opposed to that of the believing convert to any one religion. His attempt to preserve religion's authority while robbing it of its exclusiveness is desperate and disastrous. It involves a serious confusion, as I believe, of different uses of "authority" and "experience"; and, in any event, its effect is to leave "authority" meaningless. For Mr. Tate is forced so to insist on the unique elements in the world of experience as to make that world almost perfectly irrational—with the consequence that in it, as he conceives it, any generalization from experience would be unthinkable, and, too, any organized social life. Perhaps with this difficulty uneasily in mind, at one point in his essay he asserts that authority and reason—like dogma and philosophy—are identical; and elsewhere more than once he observes that his "idea of reason" is up-to-date and quite different from that prevalent in recent years. With this readers of his article will agree; but, for better, for worse, there is in fact only one kind of reason, and blustering assertion will not suffice to transform it for Mr. Tate's convenience. As we shall presently see, he himself bears witness to this.

Mr. Tate's unhappy effort to rehabilitate authority, moreover, has the further consequence of reducing religion to a merely humanitarian institution. The supernatural sanction claimed for a religion by its adherents he in appearance accepts—but robs his acceptance of meaning, to put it euphemistically, by including within it an indefinite number of conflicting claims. The result is unescapable: the supernatural element is really banished from religion; and we have a disingenuous return to the position, familiar amongst politicians for several thousand years, that supernatural sanctions are "useful fictions" deserving lip-service because religion in its moral influence is an invaluable instrument of social control. Mr. Tate's account of the "virtue" and of the "office" of religion-in-general shows plainly that his interest is sociological and political. His account of the formation of religion exhibits it as an institution of merely human contrivance, designed merely for the purposes of present earthly life, and resting really, though not openly, for its authority upon collective human experience. His fixed, objective authority thus fades silently away. For human experience did not suddenly cease two thousand years ago, nor one hundred years ago, nor yesterday, but continues without intermission under always changing conditions. Hence the authority of tradition can never be fixed or final, and depends at every point on the individual's own recognition of its pertinency to the particular problem in hand. And for Mr. Tate, moreover, the authority of experience

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cannot be pretended to have even this validity limited by constant subjective reference, because his insistence upon the unique and ultimate character of each fresh encounter between man and nature renders any question of fixed or objective authority irrelevant to the situation.

The unescapable subjective reference of authority, indeed, has been, one would have supposed, long recognized by everybody. It was recognized by Newman, who, of course, tried to minimize it as much as possible. It was recognized by Hobbes, who also tried to minimize it as much as possible. But Mr. Tate's "idea of reason" enables him to touch two impossible and opposed extremes in his conception of authority. In one connection, when it suits him, he renders it really unthinkable, while in another he makes it fixed, absolute, and objective. The religious position of Hobbes—not that of Newman—is in several respects practically identical with Mr. Tate's, but with this difference: that Hobbes's "idea of reason" served him and still serves his readers excellently, so that at every point one knows exactly where one is and why and to what one is committed. But with Mr. Tate one never knows just where one is, nor why, nor just to what—save Mr. Tate—one is committed. So closely analogous in certain particulars are the religious positions of Hobbes and Mr. Tate that one may fairly conclude the latter's "idea of reason" to be, in effect, a method of pulling wool over his readers' eyes.

The justice of this conclusion can perhaps most easily be substantiated by the contrast between Mr. Tate's statement of what religion *is* and his explanation of its "technique". In setting forth the nature of religion, it will be recalled, he asserted doctrinal differences to be unimportant or negligible, because religion is really a "technique"—and "the sole technique"—for validating values;—*any* values, because these are simply arbitrary moral conventions, and any will suffice to ward off evil, which is disintegration. But when he came to explain this "technique" he immediately asserted a particular doctrine, about the constitution of man and about the relation between man and nature, to be important, indeed essential, and so essential that this particular doctrine really *was* the technique in question. That this doctrine was, as I suppose, a crude attempt to perform the impossible—a crude attempt to disentangle some element presumed to be common to all known religions—does help to account for the fact that the heralded "technique" sinks into insignificance under Mr. Tate's explanation; it helps to account for this, but it does not lessen the contradiction between the unimportance of doctrine at the beginning of the argument and the absolute necessity of a particular doctrine at its end.

And the meaning of this is clear, and requires no emphasis of mine. Nor need we look further at other difficulties in this peculiar religion-in-general which is no religion at all.

III

It is because his is no religion at all, but the theoretical position of a man who would like to *use* religion for his own purposes, that I believe Mr. Tate was correct in feeling a real opposition between the afore-mentioned humanists and himself. But ostensibly he attacks them in the name of religion. From his own basis of vague, incoherent, and corrupt theory he abusively reprimands them for their "muddy reasoning", "their lack of an exact logical and philosophical discipline", their "failure to understand most of the literature they have read", and, in general, for the transparent emptiness of their pretensions.

Specifically, he accuses the humanists of pursuing morality for morality's sake, restraint for restraint's sake, etc., while they have no notion why morality is valuable, nor any "technique" for making men moral, because they have "not an ounce of authority" for their convictions. He also asserts that their dualism is merely verbal, that they are really

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exponents of mechanistic naturalism without being aware of it, that they have thus unconsciously cut themselves off from the realm of "values", and that consequently their literary criticism is "feeble and incomplete". He says that one of them "is a century behind the thought of his age", and that another is morally irresponsible, and that all his judgments are meaningless. In the case of Mr. P. E. More, who has unambiguously accepted the historic Christian revelation, he says that in fact this critic has sat before many masters, that his idea of religion is difficult to discover (his statements on the subject being vague), that his faith comes down "to some sort of belief in God", and that, consequently, "because Mr. More's religion is only Mr. More's", it is without significance. Mr. More is, like the other humanists, a mechanistic monist without knowing it.

Obviously these accusations—and others incidental to them, which I have not gathered into the above list—cannot all be examined within the limits of an essay. Fortunately, however, the accuser's hard words can be assessed at their real worth without elaborate rebuttal. He himself has seen to that. It is a downright saying of the Marquess of Halifax that "the Impudence of a Bawd is Modesty, compared with that of a Convert". Mr. Tate is a Convert; one whose mind suddenly has been heated by a seeming half-glimpse of that for which the ages have travailed in vain, the great magical Straight Way Out of all our disorder and threatened anarchy. Like the caustic and witty author of *Leviathan,* whose name I have already linked with his, Mr. Tate can now, in his own estimation, square the circle, the wheel of life—and "thinks it to be Thought", as John Byrom said of his kind. Instantly, in the full conceit of his hollow achievement, he has darted forth his contempt, very appropriately, upon those who of late years have stood pre-eminent for sobriety, reasonableness, moderation and balanced judgment.

The impudence of the attack may be gauged by the following instances: Mr. Tate says that Mr. P. E. More is a Platonist. But, he asks, "What is a Platonist?" He is, we are told, either one "who believes what Plato believed", or one "who uses the Socratic method for the exposure of contradiction". And, "since Mr. More obviously believes things that Plato did not, he is, if he be a Platonist at all, one by virtue of his use of the Socratic method", which "is a method only, and . . . may be used by the Humanist and his enemy alike". Thus swiftly is Mr. More's Platonism disposed of; a transparently false dilemma is set up, which would suffice to discredit every student of Plato from his day to ours, and the desired conclusion is at once reached, with no troublesome discussion or resort to the evidence. Mr. Tate knows that there is direct evidence; he refers inaccurately to his author's *Studies of Religious Dualism,* and misuses a quotation from it, and he says that Mr. More has written a book on "quotations and analogies" from Plato. This denotes, presumably, *Platonism,* the introductory volume in his author's series of studies—*The Religion of Plato, Hellenistic Philosophies, The Christ of the New Testament,* and *Christ the Word*—in which the course of Platonic thought is traced from its beginning through the early Christian centuries to the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451). This original and profound work Mr. Tate completely disregards. And, moreover, it contains not only the direct evidence bearing on his author's Platonism, but also, in the opening chapter of *The Religion of Plato,* a precise and full definition of Mr. More's "idea of religion", for which Mr. Tate professes to have searched his author's works in vain. It contains, too, in *The Christ of the New Testament,* an exact and unmistakable explanation of his author's acceptance of the historic Christian revelation.

"Mr. More's religion" is of central importance in Mr. Tate's essay. His cavalier, contemptuous dismissal of the subject admits, in the light of the facts just mentioned, of only

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two conclusions: Either he simply has not bothered to read his author before writing about him, or he has deliberately suppressed evidence which, if used, would have destroyed his argument. These conclusions are, I think, equally painful; and it is distressing to confront with them even an opponent who leaves one no other course. But the gravity of the accusations which Mr. Tate bases upon his peculiar way with evidence makes it nothing less than a duty to set forth the plain facts.

Impudence could no further go. It is, however, equally at work throughout Mr. Tate's article. The accuser cites direct evidence very rarely, and then only to misuse it; proceeding, for the rest, by the easy way of unsupported assertion. He says, for example, that in *The Demon of the Absolute* Mr. P. E. More "remarks, somewhat complacently, that he is not concerned with artistic means; only with 'results' ". The statement actually reads: "I am not here concerned with artistic means but with artistic results".* Mr. Tate, in other words, deliberately "fixes" the evidence, by omitting the qualifying "here" which alters its whole meaning, and then pretends to have it from his author himself that this is his practice throughout his writings. As for the complacency, it is in Mr. Tate's eye.

Such use of evidence is the more extraordinary because Mr. Tate accuses the humanists of incompetence for criticism partly on the ground that, as he asserts, they have persistently ignored the conditions out of which books emerge. One might even suppose, from his language, that the competent critic confines himself entirely to the study of those conditions. Elsewhere in his essay, it is true, when that suits his immediate purpose, he also attacks the humanists for advocating the use of the historical method as a serviceable adjunct of criticism—so that, as usual, he is at once going and coming. And perhaps this fairly illustrates his "idea of reason"; for clearly many of his remarks, in several connections, proceed from the "organic" point of view which, carried to a vicious extreme, eschews distinctions and logically ends in the abdication of judgment, in impressionism, and in silent ecstasy. On the other hand, however, while he advocates a viciously extreme "organic" point of view, he does not himself follow its precepts. On the contrary, he is not only voluble, but he employs throughout his essay—though crudely, and often as a means of reaching illegitimate conclusions—precisely the "quantifying" kind of ratiocination which he denounces in the humanists as evidence of their mechanistic naturalism. He berates the humanists for their "mechanical view of experience",* and then, when he comes to describe the unparalleled "technique" of religion, he says it consists in religion's abstraction and "quantification" of experience † —which is to say that the virtue of the great "technique" lies in its presentation of a "mechanical view of experience"! I am not unfamiliar with the writings of Mr. H. L. Mencken, and with those of certain other buffoons of the literary arena, but I have not previously encountered in print such puerile inconsequence.

The most conspicuous instance of Mr. Tate's forgetfulness, in practice, of even the sound, indispensable element in the "organic" point of view is the fact that his attack is based almost entirely upon a few pages in one recent book—Professor Norman Foerster's *American Criticism*. This volume has properly excited widespread interest. It contains masterly studies of Poe, Emerson, Lowell and Walt Whitman, and these are followed by a concluding essay on American criticism in the present century. The conclusion is the shortest of the five essays in the book, and of it only a portion (twenty-seven pages) is devoted to a general statement of the principles of American humanism as these exhibit themselves in the criticism of literature. Necessarily, this is a slight performance, but Pro-

* P. 24 of the above-named volume.

* P. 677, 11. 18-20.
† P. 680, 11. 16-22.

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fessor Foerster makes a commendable effort to attain exactness within his spatial limits, and at least to emphasize unmistakably the *differentiæ* of the movement as he sees them. And on the whole he sees them not unfairly, and writes a useful summary. But no one would pretend that the result is perfection, or that the account is complete—he, I imagine, least of all. And he would be the first to point out that, in any case, he speaks for himself—that his summary is not a joint manifesto or formal program, the outcome of consultation and of common agreement.

I should not myself subscribe to, nor care to defend, some of Professor Foerster's statements. That is one thing. But it is quite another to proclaim that if any portion of this summary is open to cavil—is not, as people say, "fool-proof"—"the Humanist program is lost" in a "jungle of vague definition and contradiction". And this is Mr. Tate's controversial method. He separates a short passage (some ten pages) from its context, summarizes this summary, reducing it to little more than a page of his own text and altering the meaning in the process, and then exclaims that he has given his readers direct and detailed evidence supporting the general denunciation of the new humanism which follows. First, however, he examines the evidence in a remarkable series of questions, which illustrate his notion of the "Socratic method"—a method, it would appear, which requires the abdication of conscience, permits the reversal of an opponent's statements, aims at obscuring his meaning by quibbling interrogations, and issues in the suggestion ("proof") of anything our new Socrates desires.*

No effort is made to understand Professor Foerster's summary, in itself, or in the light of its relation to his book, or in its relation to the new humanism.* On the contrary, Mr. Tate pretends that the summary is better than its sources. It contains, we are assured, all the essential elements in the five solid and learned books of Professor Irving Babbitt, while it has the added advantage of being "more explicit" than Professor Babbitt has ever found it possible to be. One consequence of this way of making things easy for himself Mr. Tate incurs when he takes up Goethe's phrase, the "illusion of a higher reality", which has been used by Messrs. More and Babbitt and is quoted by Professor Foerster. The phrase is not completely self-explanatory, of course, and Mr. Tate with misguided eagerness so uses it as to prove that he is unacquainted with its real meaning in the writings of the humanists whom he criticizes at second-hand.† Another consequence of the easy way is that Mr. Tate discredits himself at the outset by his insistence that the humanists pursue "restraint for restraint's sake", "morality for morality's sake". Even Professor Foerster's summary contains a warning against this inference which should have been sufficient. And, had Mr. Tate paused to become acquainted with the writings of Professor Babbitt and Mr. More, he could not possibly have failed to learn that his supposition, persisted in, would convict him of a fundamental misconception of the very

* Mr. Foerster: "Humanism . . . seeks to deal positively with the whole of experience, including those elements of experience that do not fall within the scope of what is termed science". (*American Criticism*, p. 242.)
Mr. Tate: "He says, too, that Humanism rejects the elements of experience that fall within the 'scope of what is termed science' ". (P. 665, 11. 3-5.)

* Similarly, when Mr. Tate comes to show that the literary criticism of the humanists is "feeble and incomplete", he cites a single paragraph devoted to Shakespeare, which is to be found in Mr. Foerster's concluding essay. Even this he cannot use without radically misrepresenting it. "Shakespeare must go" is his summary of its drift—but Mr. Foerster actually says nothing of the kind, says nothing implying any contradiction of the common claim that Shakespeare is the greatest poet of the modern age. And Mr. Tate does not even allude to the four solid and careful studies which are the real illustrations in this book of the character and method of humanistic criticism as Mr. Foerster practises it; nor does he make any attempt to substantiate his verdict by dealing with humanistic criticism at its best, in the twelve volumes of Mr. P. E. More's *Shelburne Essays*, or in the urbanely written and profoundly conceived studies of Mr. P. H. Frye, collected in *Romance and Tragedy*.

† Compare Mr. Tate's paragraph running from p. 671 to p. 672 with Professor Babbitt's use and full explanation of the phrase in *Rousseau and Romanticism*, pp. xiii-xiv, 19, 102, 354, and 356.

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basis and center of American humanism.* As for the accusation that the humanists lack a "technique", it resolves itself into the question of authority, and vanishes when it transpires that the source of Mr. Tate's "authority" is precisely the experience on which the humanistic position is based. And this, too, the accuser could not have helped learning had he gone to the writings of the accused.

IV

What finally shall one say of the new Socrates? I prefer not to hazard any conjecture as to his real motive for expounding *The Fallacy of Humanism*. That, indeed, is an unimportant question. But that his essay is at once absurd and mischievous I have been concerned to show as a matter of common honesty and mere justice. As for the author himself, well—!—Lockhart once remarked that Leigh Hunt was one "who could touch nothing which mankind would wish to preserve, without polluting it". I do not think Mr. Tate is yet capable of that. But if he goes on as he has begun he may, when his powers have reached maturity, bring down on himself, more justly than Hunt, a similar verdict. And meanwhile Truewit's estimate of Sir John Daw may appropriately be recalled: "A mere talking mole! . . . A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be".

* In a single chapter of Professor Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism,* for example, I find the humanist's reason for emphasizing self-restraint plainly mentioned no less than seven times, and unambiguously explained in the course of these references (see pp. 361, 365, 367, 372-373, 375, 383, and 393). And in the *Definitions of Dualism* in Mr. More's *The Drift of Romanticism* (*Shelburne Essays,* Eighth Series), the whole subject is dealt with fully, in language which no one could mistake.

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THE HISTORY OF THEIR BOOKS

XI. HARRY LEON WILSON

by Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THIS LITTLE paper is largely "Mr. Wilson speaking", with Mr. Booth Tarkington occasionally called to the "mike". The story goes back to the New York of the early 1890's, the simple country town with its horse-cars on Broadway, and hardly a light showing at night above Forty-Second Street; yet with a curious literary Bohemia very different from the later Bohemia of Greenwich Village and its eccentrically named haunts. The men who contributed to old *Puck* were conspicuous in that Bohemia and Harry Leon Wilson was then what he calls "the sort of editor" of *Puck,* a post in which he was a successor of Henry Cuyler Bunner. To Mr. Wilson, yearning for what a later generation has called "the great open spaces", the primitive village seemed an oppressive metropolis.

"I wonder," says Mr. Wilson, "that I found it objectionable as a city; but I did and I wanted to get out and that didn't seem too easy. There were no jobs like my *Puck* job in the West I longed for, so what to do? Becoming ever more desperate—they had changed the Broadway horse-cars to cable-cars, they were building a subway, one of my favorite Broadway restaurants had put in a three-piece orchestra, and an electric-lighted sign had ruined the night skyline—I decided that only a successful novel would procure my release."

So he wrote a book which he called "The Third Generation". The story was based upon certain contrasts between Eastern and Western people that he had observed in the course of his ten years of experience in New York. He asked Irving Bacheller to read the story. Bacheller did so and liked it, but thought that the title could be bettered and suggested "The Spenders". *The Spenders* it became. "I got a two-thousand-dollar advance from the publishers, a lot of money in those days, at least nineteen hundred more than I had ever before possessed at one time, quit my job, tore up a notice to appear for jury service, and fled to the wilds of Colorado, where I camped all that summer well up in the mountains, only a little disturbed by the reflection that my money wouldn't last forever. Of course I had to write more books but I wasn't sure I could." In that doubt Mr. Wilson sees the "history" of his subsequent books. These he merely wrote to convince himself that he could. *The Lions of the Lord,* a story of the Mormon trek to Salt Lake and the early years there, was his second novel. *The Seeker,* his third, represented the conflict between the old-line religious orthodoxy and something that began to break away from it about that time. Then he wrote a rather playful story about a small middle-western town such as he grew up in, *The Boss of Little Arcady.* "A few people liked that a lot. I still do." About that time he met Booth Tarkington, spent a winter with him in Capri, and partly there, and partly in the apartment shared with Julian Street at No. 137 Boulevard Montparnasse, Paris, wrote *Ewing's Lady,*

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"never read by anyone because the panic of 1907 was published the same day."

The Wilson-Tarkington collaboration began. *Foreign Exchange* and *Your Humble Servant* were worked out. Then in Tarkington's temporary home, a villa in Champigny called the "Colline des Roses", *The Man From Home* was written. The collaboration moves Mr. Wilson to reminiscence. "I did most of the work. In fact, I did all of it. From start to finish he never struck a note on the typewriter. All he did was to sit around and smoke those giant cigarettes. He did, to be sure, outline the action, describe the characters and recite their speeches, but I had to take it all down and I even worked in one speech of my own—'If you're going to cross the Rubicon, *cross* it; don't wade out to the middle and stand there—you only get hell from both banks'. It was a speech I had already used in *The Seeker,* but that didn't matter because no one had ever read *The Seeker.* Anyway, *The Man From Home* was so successful, running six years with our first star, Bill Hodge, that we at once wrote some more plays, ten or a dozen, following our original scheme of collaboration. I have never been able to understand why Tarkington wanted a collaborator in those plays—except that he always feels the need of someone to talk to."

Mr. Tarkington at the microphone:

"Good evening, folks. About that collaboration. The best line that it produced was one that has never been uttered upon the stage or appeared in the printed page. I can say it was a great line because it was entirely Wilson's invention. The play in hand was one dealing with the problems of international marriage and the contrast and clash of the societies of the old world and the new. A great lady of the old *noblesse* is explaining her point of view to American friends. She says: 'We send our sons to America in order that they may contract suitable *mésalliances*'. We hated to discard that line, but it had to be done. We knew it was not for the stage."

Fighting all those plays to the footlights once more kept Mr. Wilson around New York too much for his liking, so again, when opportunity came, he broke for the West. He took four months in the Canadian Rockies, cleared his system of Broadway, and decided to stay West. He wanted a camping place with an ocean in the front yard and mountains in the back. He started down the coast of North America looking for this and by now would have been "somewhere in Patagonia" if he had not found it in Carmel, California. There he wrote more novels and short stories. For example, *Ruggles of Red Gap,* the tale of an impeccable English butler who brought old-world culture to a North American community.

Paris was the scene of the early and best chapters of that book. The Flood family and various connections and friends from Red Gap, where an "old family" means one that had settled in the town "before the spur was built out to the canning factory" are gathered in the *ville lumière.* Cousin Egbert, a victim of feminine domination, is acquiring the rudiments of Louvre art at a certain corner café, under the watchful eye of the mystified Ruggles—acquired by the Floods in a poker game—when his cultural meditations are disturbed by the unexpected, but not unwelcome, intrusion of one "Jeff" Tuttle. That is the beginning of a riotous Odyssey.

Mr. Wilson again speaking:

"That Paris debauch of Ruggles ensued from my observations and notes on the habits of visiting Americans in Paris. Particularly Americans from west of Pittsburgh. I labored like a true scientist in making these observations. The meeting of Cousin Egbert and Jeff Tuttle was before the Café de la Paix, and their comprehending *cocher* took them for luncheon to the *'Rendez-vous des cochers fidèles'* near the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail. They found their *carrousel* by proceeding out the Boulevard Raspail and past the Lion de Belfort. I myself forget just where it lay in

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relation to that monument, but not many blocks from it."

But, alas, there were no actual originals for those and subsequent characters; no Ruggles, no Bunker Bean, no Merton, no Ma Pettingill. Many of the readers of the Ma Pettingill stories seem to believe that there must have been an original and Mr. Wilson hears of new ones from time to time. One died in Seattle recently, her obituary citing her as the original Ma Pettingill, but she wasn't. The character first appeared in *Ruggles of Red Gap* because the author needed a certain foil for Ruggles. She served her purpose and by her creator would have been forever abandoned. "But a certain Philadelphia editor—Lorimer I believe his name is—one day said: 'How about some short stories built around that old dame?' So this Lorimer is the original Ma Pettingill and he still keeps to his line: 'How about some more of those . . . ?'"

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A PORTFOLIO

WHAT INTERVIEWERS MISS

BY EDGAR WALLACE

Once upon a time, I went down to interview Mark Twain, and, after we had talked a while, he said "I'd be glad if you would keep your story in the third person. For, if you quote me, you'll make me talk as I've never talked in my life. Anybody who reads it will say, "That's not Mark, he doesn't talk that way".

My dear friend and mentor, Rudyard Kipling, holds the same view; and, since I have passed into the category of the interviewed, I have come to understand what they meant. I shiver to read some of the statements attributed to me; their wild extravagance and their blatant immodesty.

It's not the reporter's fault: he has to write quickly and convey an impression, and I imagine the impression that I have created is that I am prouder of the quantity than of the quality of the work I have produced—which isn't true. I work quickly because there is no other way I can work. I cannot sit down day after day at an appointed hour and write so many neat pages, stopping my work as I began it, at the stroke of a clock. I work fast and continuously, or not at all. I am, too, a deliberate loafer. I say "This week I will do no work at all", and curiously enough the week I choose is not one full of attractive engagements.

During the Ascot week, which falls in the middle of June, and when a sane man who loves racing might be expected to plan his work so that he was free for the joys of the turf, I usually begin at five in the morning and have a day's work finished before the remainder of my household has taken its bedside coffee. And, when I go up to Doncaster for the St. Leger week, I invariably carry a portfolio of work that must be done. I am entirely without that urge to idleness which is called "temperament".

The only thing that ever comes between me and my work is a book. Once I start reading I am sunk. The *National History of France* cost me ten-thousand-dollars' worth of time; a book by Rex Beach will throw my machine completely out of gear; Booth Tarkington, P. G. Wodehouse, any new biography, a new translation of German philosophy, any book of travel, will bring despair to the heart of my secretary.

Every day I read an article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—I take a volume at random and read the first article that comes into view—unless it happens to deal with some highly technical subject which I cannot understand. Newspaper reading occupies an hour of every day. I read the leading articles in the *Times,* the *Morning Post,* the *Daily Mail,* the *Daily Express,* the *Daily News,* and the labor newspaper, the *Daily Herald;* and I invariably read the comic supplements of three New York papers. In addition, I read such articles on military strategy and tactics as come my way.

One fits in reading at odd moments—in the train, in a motor-car, or on "loafing days". I finished Ludwig's *Bismarck* between races at the track.

I rarely read books on sociological subjects, partly because I so often disagree with the writers in the conclusions they reach. Understandable works on science are immensely attractive to me. I read very quickly and, when I have finished a non-fictional work,

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I generally write a brief synopsis to attach the contents to my mind. That is where a synopsis begins and ends with me. I cannot prepare a synopsis of any book I intend writing. I have done so, but the story I eventually wrote bore no relationship whatever to the sketch I had prepared in advance. A story must tell itself, and so often the big situation, or the chief characterization grows out of some accidental development of the plot. The blind man, who figures in *The Dark Eyes of London,* came quite by accident into the story, and with him the main theme. I rarely give a book its title until it is written. *The Ringer* and *The Squeaker* were exceptions, and the title of *The Crimson Circle* was chosen to meet the demands of an editor who wanted to have a simple device which he could print on a contents bill. I do not consciously write for any public. I try to write clean adventure stories, entirely free from sex interest, because I hold pretty definite views on sex stories.

IDEA FOR A PLOT

BEING A RECORD OF THE VARIOUS ATTEMPTS TO GET SOMEHOW ON PAPER THE UNIMPORTANT STORY OF AN UNIMPORTANT PERSON

by David Cort

THE STORY of Connie Weathers was once told me by a man who makes his living by writing. Ideas and plots mean money to him and he is properly jealous of them. I am accustomed to hearing from him nothing but scandal, jokes and other people's remarks. You will therefore understand my surprise—perhaps you will not—when he gave me in the guise of an anecdote a complete plot, not very fancy, it is true, but boasting at least an interesting twist at the end and superior tragic implications. Not wishing to accept these contraband goods without a protest, I said with creditable heartiness, "What a marvelous plot! [this is a technical word] Surely you're going to use it?"

I forgot to say that this writer cleaves grimly to what he terms his artistic integrity. The responsibility of a family denies him the privilege of being exactly silly about it, but although he will dicker with editors, uses a neat steel filing-cabinet and will allow without excessive screams of horror the change of a word to fill out a printed line, he avoids like the plague certain practices, cliques, and attitudes of mind that are commonly known to characterize a hack-writer. A "hack" composes his "stuff" on a typewriter with his hat on, at sometime goes into the movies, is a habitual drunkard, and asks anyone who uses the phrase "artistic integrity" what he means. I knew all this very well and should have been able to predict what my friend would say. He said, "Not an important character. The whole point of the story, in fact, is that the character hasn't any significance. Nothing in it for me".

This should have been the last heard of Connie Weathers, but if you do not understand what my friend was talking about, do not feel ashamed. It is a close and difficult matter and does not yield up its cipher easily. I find myself unable to tell you in a word. But I have made a reverent study of the characters in my friend's stories—very good stories they are too—in the hope that his selections and, what is always so much more important, his omissions, might arrange themselves in some clue to his theory of what kinds of people have significance and what haven't. Briefly, my findings were as follows: my friend puts the seal of his artistic scrutiny on very high life and very low life and a Third Estate between: shabby but sensitive spirits. The involved ceremonials of courtesy affected by the aristocrats of sensibility are, for him, as fruitful as the leaden-hearted wallowings of the proletariat or the bean-bag duellings in the minds of maiden ladies between their passions for respectability and for self-expression.

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The point is that all these people are "fully developed". It is possible for an artist to write as though he knew everything about them. Their lives have something-to-say and so, by a legitimate sleight-of-hand, the artist may "lift" their messages, combine or oppose them, and superimpose his own something-to-say. This is mature art.

But poor Connie Weathers was not developed at all. She hadn't the slightest idea what she was about. The guiding impulse of her life was obvious enough, but it wasn't very deeply-felt or fully-realized. Self-expression meant almost nothing to her. She had no illicit love for her father or her uncle or her chauffeur or her sister. Neither money nor music nor love nor revenge nor chimney-sweeping nor a failing for remodelling other people's lives was the one obsession that popped into her head on awaking in the morning and, except for remembering to telephone so-and-so or eat or dress, reigned undisputed King-of-the-hill in her cerebellum until she swooned to sleep at night. No. She simply knew in a vague way that she wanted to have a good time and marry before she was too old.

You will now understand with what just disdain my friend flicked this trivial young lady into the dustbin of insignificance. I fervently seconded his dismissal of Connie Weathers from all artistic sight forever and even stirred her crumpled remains with a contemptuous foot by adding, "Mere plot is never enough. Everything depends on the treatment, the revelation, the emotional *content* of the protagonist".

But to my shame I found, when I had left behind me my friend and his stern penumbra of artistic integrity, that I could not forget Connie Weathers. There is some pardon for me in the margin of possibility that it may have been Connie Weathers, the person, not the character, that held my interest. Perhaps it is excessive self-abasement that I should repeat severely to myself, "Even then, fresh from that noble example, you were trying to find some excuse to turn that spiritually non-existent hatrack into copy". Perhaps, even, my concern was that I could not imagine what Miss Connie Weathers, herself, was going to do next. What was there for her to do? She had been destroyed. Or if, as my friend says, she had not existed before, she had now been tricked into existence. And what an existence! Who of us wishes to lose or even to gain identity in a symbol, no matter how splendid? And the symbol with which Connie had been invested was a poor sort indeed.

Before, she may have failed to exist, but she lived, she breathed, she was. Now she had been poured into a symbol, was summarized and encompassed by it. But symbols exist. Therefore Connie Weathers had begun to exist. But symbols do not live, breathe, *be*. Therefore . . . Do you see? For a moment apprehension laid its hand on me and I gasped as I saw the cruelty of the logic, the imminence of the next step in the syllogism. Perhaps even then poor Connie was staring down the avenue whither that "Therefore" pointed. But suppose that Connie had never studied logic. I walked on again more briskly. As a matter of fact, she never had and, at the risk of losing your attention, I will tell you that I believe she was married soon afterward, to everyone's satisfaction.

Well, an hour later, I was somewhat surprised to find myself still thinking of Connie Weathers and sitting in front of my typewriter *with my hat on*. I shuddered and began to rise, but the fact had to be faced: I was as innocent of artistic integrity as a new-born Senegalese baby. Spoken out loud like that—indeed, I had just said aloud, "You are as innocent of artistic integrity as a new-born babe", but the addition of "Senegalese" now seems to make it a little more striking, as though I were slightly witty even alone with myself. Spoken out loud, it seemed easier to bear. I felt almost relieved and proceeded without any more delay to try to write the story of Connie Weathers.

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My first attempt—for as you will see, I made several—was couched in rhythms and a language at which I am fairly proficient. It is not much of a style, but it is my style, my stock-in-trade, and it bears my trade-mark. Wherever you read it, you would say "So-and-so" (my real name is at the head of this piece) "wrote that". What you'd say next I'm sure I don't know. Well, I still have my first notes and here they are:

"Over the prostrated dissonances of the orchestra was laid a superior gaiety, so that the mouths of the dancers were merry, and over that a supreme melancholy, so that their eyes were sad. The music went on, wound in upon itself, began all kinds of promising parentheses and diversions which ended in nothing—a nothingness more absolute than nothing for it had had a beginning. In this crowded vacuity the girl Connie Weathers had a place, a part, this was her life, and she was not dissatisfied. Without variation, without eagerness, she raised to each man who danced with her a face white, expressionless, negatively alluring, and unhallowed by any thought. There, where the press was fiercest, there where all trouble seems dead winds' and spent waves' riot. . . ."

There ended the first draft. The last words puzzled me as I wrote them down, so that the flow of inspiration was stopped. They came so easily, so appropriately, and yet they did not seem to add anything to the meaning. I remember having thought of them as the doubtful tracings of a dream within a dream and then realized that I was wasting on a criticism of the writing better images than were in the writing. But these shifty metaphors and beautiful, undulating periods were clearly not the key in which to set the story of Connie Weathers. So once again I began to write:

"It is now an anecdote they tell. The cruel blow that chance dealt Connie Weathers has been made into a snigger for the callous and the cynical. It is a story without a moral, or perhaps it has a moral—who can say? Perhaps different people will find in it different morals. Perhaps it isn't a story at all. Who can say? . . ."

I tried again:

"'Ah,' said Pomfret Winthrop on the east side of town, 'I wonder what Connie's doing tonight . . . Operator? Butterfield 1234 . . . Hello? Is Miss Weathers in?'

"'Ah,' said Winthrop Bruce on the west side of town, 'I wonder what Connie's doing tonight . . . Operator? Butterfield 1234 . . . Hello? Is Miss Weathers in?'

"'Ah,' said Bruce Wingate on the north side of town, 'I wonder what Connie's doing tonight . . . Operator? Butterfield 1234 . . . Hello? Is Miss Weathers in?'

"'Ah,' said Wingate Pomfret on the south side of town, 'I wonder what Connie's doing tonight . . . Operator? Butterfield 1234 . . . Hello? Is Miss Weathers in?'"

Once more:

"The story of Connie Weathers was once told me by a man who makes his living by writing. Ideas and plots mean money to him, and he is properly jealous of them . . ."

As I remember, this last was the version that I finally finished, but I was not satisfied with it. As I remember, I confessed on the page that I was not satisfied with it. Somehow or other I had failed to make apparent the happy, empty figure of Connie Weathers, dancing and telephoning and being telephoned and having a good time, not caring what she was, not thinking about caring, who would have been astonished if anyone had asked her to think of it. . . . No; the story never got a fair start. And so, now that it is almost too late, I will give it to you, as my friend gave it to me:

Connie Weathers was standing in a hotel lobby one afternoon, when she overheard two young men just back from college talking behind her. "No, it's too late to get a girl for tonight. But here! I've got a swell telephone number. What is it now? Ah, yes. Butterfield 1234."

If *only* the character had had significance!

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PORTRAIT IMPRESSION

GEORGE SAND

by Margaret Tod Ritter

Dear friend, be sure I look at love through eyes
Heavy with ennui, and disgust, and tears;
With one of my experience and years
Desire is an emotion to despise.
No disillusionment but I have known,
No shame, no grief but I have drunk the lees;
To write you full confessional of these
Strips vanity from weary flesh and bone.
And yet, in spite of all, I love again!
Imagination, deadly as the snake,
Employs a new device wherewith to break
A proud and bitter heart. To ascertain
My madness, know that I am helpless, spent,
Conscious of certain doom, and well content!

MY DOUBLE AND HOW HE UNDOES ME

OR, NOT GETTING THE CASH AND LETTING THE CREDIT GO JUST THE SAME

by David Frederick McCord

NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN. War time. The roar of artillery, the desperate charge across No Man's Land. The hand-to-hand conflict in the trenches. The shock and recoil of troops. All is not so quiet on the western front. I am sitting at a desk in the headquarters of the officers' training school at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky, being pretty efficient with a pile of cards and hoping that the war will be made safe for me before I am booted out of a job that is monotonous and inglorious, but by no stretch of the imagination dangerous. The cards with which I am dealing bear the names and histories of candidates for commissions who will enter the school the next day.

Suddenly the monotony is broken. I turn over the top card with an experienced flip and find my own name staring up at me. My first reaction is one of pleasure. My ability and devotion to duty as a private have been recognized. As a surprise testimonial from my superiors I am to be put in training for a commission, in spite of the verdict, handed down when I applied for admission to the school, that I wouldn't make a good officer because I couldn't bluff. But the pleasure lasts only for a moment. Even before I reflect that a commission would end this soft, safe assignment, I discover that this David McCord is not I. He is from Cambridge and is a Harvard man. I am from Vandalia and am a Wabash man. So I smile, deciding that it is amusing that there should be two David McCords. I hope that I'll meet this other bearer of the name and wonder if we'll be confused. I did not meet the charming poet and essayist, David T. W. McCord, at Camp Taylor, but we have been confused beyond my wildest dreams. From that day in 1918, my life has been a long, sustained denial.

After the war I believed that our paths, having once crossed, would not meet again. I did not know what had become of my "double". For my own part I went literary to the extent of getting a job as reporter on the Moline, Ill., *Dispatch* and contributing rather juvenile poems to a column. But I was living in a fool's paradise. One day the telephone rang and presently I was listening to a friend's congratulations on the piece I had in *Life*. Truthfully I denied any such success, not because I am so meticulously honest but because of a conviction that sooner or later Mascarille and his kin are unmasked. If it only seemed safe I should be delighted to accept the compliments that are paid me on the other (perhaps I should say *the*) David McCord's work.

From this point there is no need to go into details. Picture me, please, adopting the sidestep as my natural gait. And picture my incredulous friends—for I was being a promising young man in those days—wondering what complex led me to disown a series of delightful essays, poems and book reviews.

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Let us jump to 1926. I was reporter on the Fitchburg, Mass., *Sentinel,* not far from Boston and in my "double's" own bailiwick. By this time I had David McCord's first book, *Oddly Enough,* to worry about. There were polite, regretful letters to be written to friends who had told me that they were swelling my royalties by scattering copies broadcast as Christmas gifts. There were explanations to be made to all the newspapers that had employed me and that now broke out with a rash of stories about the success of a "former well-known local newspaper man". Multiply this by three to get the total of what I had gone through by the time *Floodgate* and *Stirabout* had been adequately denied. Even yet a columnist friend in Davenport, Iowa, gets himself over a dull day by writing of my phenomenal literary victories.

But something of a revenge was on its way to me. By writing quite a few book reviews myself and by the composition of several novels which were praised, but rejected with startling unanimity, I had rolled up some literary friendships in New York. One of these resulted in marriage. It was comparatively unimportant that once or twice it was announced that my wife had been married to the author of *Oddly Enough.* What was important was what happened to its real author. Aunts and grandmothers, I am reliably informed, waggishly reproved him for having been so secretive about his nuptials, and rejoiced just as waggishly that at last he had decided to settle down. Also, I hear, there were pickle dishes, salad forks and hand-painted bread-and-butter plates to be returned. He was, for a short time, suffering as I had suffered—and good enough for him, too.

But this revenge was short-lived. It happened not long after that I was going through some papers and came upon two poems I had written years before. These poems were unique among my compositions. Long after the writing I was able to read them without feeling faintly ill. In a burst of enthusiasm I sent them away to *The New Yorker,* to which THE David McCord contributes. Two weeks later, to my surprise, I received not a rejection slip but proofs. These corrected, I sat back to await the check, which didn't come—for a long time. When it did arrive it was accompanied by a note explaining that it had been sent to Cambridge, whence it had been returned. Here let me pause to pay a tribute to David T. W. McCord's character. He is an honest man. He doesn't play tricks with his income tax blanks or engage in other obnoxious practices. At least I have never been accused of anything of the sort, and that is proof enough for me. But, returning to this note: It made the reasonable suggestion that I do something to my name which would make it possible to tell my work from that of the more distinguished David McCord.

To settle the question I went into a huddle with some friends. The use of my middle name or initial was ruled out as being insufficiently distinguishing. I refused to take a pseudonym because, after all, I argued, my name *is* David McCord; and for the moment I was in a mood to fight it out on that line if it took all summer. Then someone had an inspiration. I should keep the McCord, but I should add to it, for purely business reasons, my wife's name. I emerged as Raphael McCord.

Well, that didn't help much either. My bank account was in my real name, the few checks editors sent me were made out to Raphael McCord, and the bank refused to cash them. Every check I received had to be sent back to be made over, not a large job, but a nuisance. There was another drawback. What had been done for purely commercial convenience was interpreted as another milestone in the Feminist Movement. To my surprise and embarrassment, I found myself being pointed out as the greatest husband the Lucy Stone League has had since Heywood Broun. A syndicated woman's page writer did an article about me and Walter Winchell

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pronounced the arrangement "ducky". So I went into another huddle, with myself alone this time. I came out as David *Frederick* McCord—and let the checks fall where they may!

My friends have kindly tried to help me in my trials. Harry Hansen explained the situation in "The First Reader". So did Isabel Paterson in "Turns With a Bookworm". So did Dorothea Lawrance Mann in THE BOOKMAN. But it has not helped much. My trials continue unabated. One morning there came a letter from a representative of the publishing house of Bobbs-Merrill. Someone had told them about my poems for and about children. A few well-chosen tears were shed over the fact that A. A. Milne had just beaten me to it with *Now We Are Six*. Anyway, wouldn't I send these verses in? I, who, in the days when I wrote poetry, was as likely as not to be pretty bitter! When I met Dick Simon at Selma Robinson's party for Joan Lowell, he jumped up with cries of joy. Noble Cathcart had told him all about me. Before an Inner Sanctum contract could be produced the mistake was explained, and I am glad to report that he said he was glad to meet me just the same. Lately one of my most cherished friendships was almost ruined by my efforts to establish an alibi in regard to an article in *The Saturday Review*.

This new book of essays, *Once And For All,* which David McCord has edited, is causing just as much trouble. The other day the *Union* of Vandalia, Illinois, where I spent my youth, hailed it with a "Home-Town Boy Makes Good" editorial reviewing my career. I do not quote it because I should feel it necessary to correct all the inaccuracies—inaccuracies which depress me with the thought that the home folks have not, after all, followed my life with bated breath. Of course, I wrote my usual letter of denial. Rather a good one, too. I am thinking of having it printed with blanks for filling in names, because I hate to write letters under any circumstances.

After eleven years of this Comedy of Errors I met David McCord the other day, and just in time. I was beginning to be irritated with him. I had about decided that there was no such person, that the name merely covered a syndicate of international crooks bent on stealing the McCord jewels—which would be a good joke on anyone who tried it. But now I am satisfied. He has all the qualifications for being David McCord that I have—in other words, a swell guy. We are trying to discover whether we are related. I hope we are, for such monumental charms as we possess should all be in one superfamily.

ALWAYS A WRITER

NOT BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

by Geoffrey Stone

I HAVE always wanted to write. When I was a boy I wanted to write. Once I went out and wrote things on the rear wall of the privy. My father saw me do it. After he carefully read what I had written he beat me with a stick of kindling wood. That is why I do not like literary critics. My father was the first literary critic I knew.

My father loved art. Some men are like that.

Once I saw my father in the woodshed looking at reproductions of Venuses by Boucher. All that day I walked the dirt country roads. I walked as far as my legs would carry me. The roads were not paved; they were just dirt country roads. I did not know why I walked them then. I did not know why I felt so sad. I know now. I walked and felt sad because I hadn't any Boucher Venuses. All I had were some pictures of burlesque dancers. I got them from cigarette boxes. You see I loved art too.

The different ways in which people love art come out in different ways. With me it comes out in writing. With my father it came

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out in a different way. I shall tell you how it was with my father.

One day my father could not find the patent-medicine almanac. All morning he moped. He said he wanted to read. In the afternoon he went off. We children had no idea where he was going. Mother knew. Mother knew he was going to the saloon; she had known him longer than we children.

Father came home late, at ten o'clock. Ten o'clock is late for simple people. He got mother out of bed. He got sister out of bed. He got brother out of bed. He got me out of bed. That is, he got us all out of bed. Then he said, "A man has to read. It fills something in him".

Then he beat us all with an empty sloe gin bottle. Some people might condemn my father for that. But we didn't. We knew that he was a poet with a sloe gin bottle.

As I sit and write this I look out of the window. I like to look out windows. Some people do not know that windows are supposed to be looked out of. For a long time I did not know what windows were meant for. It takes a long time for people to learn things like that. It's funny.

On the street I can see automobiles. Some people will tell you that the automobile has made modern youth immoral. That may be so. In my days buggies were too small to be immoral in. But don't believe everything you are told. There are people in those autos who are good. Those who are not good are bad. If you fell in front of one of those autos someone might step out and take you home and give you fried hominy. Others might run you over. When you have fallen in front of autos for a long time you will learn that.

But I was telling how I became a writer. You must forgive me; I am a simple man and sometimes I wander.

When I get beaten with kindling wood, when I walk on dirt roads, when I fall in front of autos and the driver takes me home for fried hominy, I want to write stories. It is like the tallowy smell of plumbers' candles. It's hard to tell what it's like. For instance once when I was a boy . . . but, I am telling how it is to be a writer. If you are a short-story writer you end your story at this point. If you are a novelist you go on for three hundred pages more. Life is like that.

AIR FLIGHT, POST-DATING SHELLEY

by Lawrence Lee

Shelley, I think, some bright day dreamed of this:
A birdlike skimming of the ground, a rise
Of giant wings that hurry to dismiss
A narrow earth for these deep summer skies.
Here is the blue he sought in Italy,
Here is the void his West Wind speeds along,
And here his white clouds tumble from the sea,
And here the source of his lost skylark's song.

Again man's curious mind lifts from the brown
Familiar earth and its recurrent green;
And, with the roving clouds, beholds a town
Like daisies on a hill. His visions glean
Another sphere; and, passing, I look down
On clouds and woods that Shelley might have seen.

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TARO THE JOY-MAKER

by Stoyan Christowe

A DOG barked at the lower end of the village. As to a command, every other dog, whether crouched in hole or hog-pen, started from its dingy retreat and yelping at the top of its voice catapulted toward the main road. The whole village was instantly roused from its autumnal lethargy and brought to life again.

From all directions children came dashing as mad as the dogs. Holding unruly trousers with one hand, the urchins slid down roofs of sheds, jumped over fences, scurried from doorways and alleys, vying with the dog population in motion and excitement. Life in the autumn was dull to them. In wood-sheds, beneath roof-eaves of houses and barns, on the floors of abandoned ox-carts, they had sat dejectedly all morning, telling stories like grown-up people. They would have preferred to romp through the fields, but the fields were barren and frosty. And since the corn cobs, which served as ammunition, had been used for fuel by the peasants who were too lazy to go to the mountain for wood, they could not play war. It was terrible! The dogs even had disappeared. No sound came from anywhere. The flocks of sheep and goats had not yet been brought from the huts in the mountains for hibernation in the village and the tinkling of their bells could not be heard. Their happy sound, together with the snow, the many holidays and an occasional wedding, made the winters endurable. Strangers, even, had not come for a long time. One had to look at the same faces until one began to suspect that the village was the whole world. If only Mango would come with his monkey so the children could observe the agile beast climb to the top of the long staff which his master held in his hand, and throw walnuts at him for the sheer delight of watching him shell them with his deft fingers. And Marko, too, who could play the tambourine like his master and dance as no other bear could, was brought to the village only when the peasants were gathering the crops and were generous to beggars, monks and entertainers. Everyone came when nature was in full bloom and the village needed no entertainment. But now everyone had forsaken the village. No *salepdji,* no *halvadji,* no Jew from the city to peddle his wares, not even Buko the itinerant cobbler or Manoki the tinsmith!

But the gypsies had not forsaken the village. The gypsies were coming. The dogs had smelled them. Dogs can smell gypsies from a remoter distance than they can lamb roasting on charcoal fire. Everyone who heard the barking knew gypsies had entered the village. There was no ill-will in the voices of the dogs; they were barking for sport. The people could tell whether the dogs were barking at gypsies, beggars, tamed bears, peddlers from the city, or thieves—as they could tell from the sound of a rifle shot whether the bullet was aimed at human flesh, or whether it was the announcement of a betrothal.

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The gypsies came marching through the village, a whole clan of them—men, women, boys, girls, driving shambling donkeys, foundered mares, lame horses, with shaggy packs almost of their own weight generously and precariously distributed about the whole body and topped with roosters, cats, pups, chickens, parrots. Gypsy babes too small yet to keep pace with the ragged caravan on foot were carried in baskets or in bags as the fantastic circus parade advanced through the village with its entourage of scabby dogs, lean goats, colts, young unsaddled mules and donkeys. Swinging their long staffs dexterously against the hostile dogs, they marched on, a tattered but victorious army invading a defenceless village. They invaded the village, the nomads, marauders, homeless wanderers, unscrupulous liars and thieves, whose mere approach made people lock doors of houses, of barns, of huts; pick up drying garments from the fences; hide axes and ropes that hung on pegs in the walls about the yards—everything, for the gypsies stole everything.

But to the children they brought adventure, color, glamour. The stifling tedium and dismal atmosphere fled before their approach like dust before the wind. What more could the youngsters ask? Yelling joyously, "Hey . . . Giuptzi! . . . Giuptzi!", they escorted the bizarre caravan, gazing rapturously at the doll-like gypsy girls, girded in their mothers' cast-off skirts and, like their mothers, making circles around them with their cudgels to protect themselves from the assaulting dogs. They looked at the gypsy boys, as wise as their fathers, dressed like them in embroidered breeches, in quilted muslin *antaris,* zoned with crimson sashes and capped with red fezzes from whose tops dangled tassels of black thread.

At the head of this glamorous pageant was Taro, the most famous drummer in gypsidom. Following him was his wife Tarovitza, shuffling on like a shaggy ghost, with a pagoda of empty baskets balanced on her head. Then came their daughter Zemra, whose eyes, alone sufficient to wake ten listless, dormant villages, were of the same hue as the beads which hung at her comely bronze throat.

Taro staggered on, slightly stooped, his aged body swaying like an ancient oak that refused to be uprooted by the winds. How old he was no one knew; he had always been remembered like that. People at whose weddings he had beaten his drum had long since aged and passed out of the earthly world. But Taro continued to play his drum at new weddings.

Taro's drum was no less renowned than Taro himself. It was as big as a barrel, with hoops, braces and ropes criss-crossing over its cylindrical shell like the braids on the breast of a marshal's uniform. Laid head-side on the ground, twenty people could sit around it as at a table. In a thousand villages its deep voice was as familiar to the people as the voices of their town-criers; a thousand bridegrooms had spurred their gaily caparisoned charges toward the houses of their chosen brides to its rhythmic vibrations. Taro had tried many drums before he struck this famous *tappan* which made him the king of drummers between two seas. A violinist never regarded his instrument with deeper affection than did Taro his singing "Baraban".

No sooner had the band spread camp on the row of threshing lots near the river by the village barns than the gypsy women loaded themselves with baskets, sieves, leash rods, picked up their staffs and started to canvass the village. They accepted no money for their articles; they traded them for beans, hay, bread, cheese, chunks of meat, walnuts, firewood, everything edible and otherwise useful and necessary. In this manner they duped the simple-minded peasant women out of ten times the value of the articles they bartered. Some did secret doctoring, advising wives on various matters pertaining to the mysteries of their sex; others told fortunes. And for these dubious services, as for the baskets and sieves which they received in trade, the poor women

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paid and paid, giving the gypsies what they had stored away for themselves and for their children.

But the youngsters did not care. They enjoyed the show. Towards evening they gathered at the camp to watch the gypsy men make sieves and pack-saddles, repair headstalls, plait baskets, carve wooden spoons and dippers and shuttles for the hand-looms—all an absorbing array of operations.

When twilight cast its shadow over the camp and the gypsies ceased their labor, the village youths coaxed Taro to come to the plaza and play "Baraban" for them.

"You stay here and rest your old bones!" admonished Tarovitza. The old drummer's bones did ache from the journey, but he was not the kind of man to listen to his body or to his wife when it came to bringing joy to the children.

A chorus of jubilant shouts greeted him when he arose and put the straps of his famous drum around his neck. Followed by the happy young population like a piper of old, he started for the plaza, the drum balanced on his stomach and rising like a mount against his face.

At the square, after a brief rest, Taro took out from his leather belt, where they were stuck like pistols, the heavy drumsticks and swung their fist-shaped heads against the heads of the drum. Like a beast suddenly roused from its sleep, "Baraban" groaned deeply. And the children shouted with joy.

People then poured in from all sides and crowded around the picturesque old drummer. Some brought faggots and dried logs of oak and beech from the near-by houses and the flames of a bonfire illumined the square.

Soon the motley ring of peasantry which stood around Taro began to move and sway and presently a folk dance took form. Bandannas and *calpacs* were hoisted in the air, joyous voices shouted jubilantly, agile figures wiggled and gyrated. And the drum deafened the air with its rattle and boom.

Like a spirit of the night, Taro's nephew Demir suddenly hurled himself into the center of the dance. A true gypsy was Demir, brisk, genial, dreamy and likable. The son of Taro's only sister and not yet twenty years of age, Demir had won renown as a dancer of incomparable skill in all the districts clear to the shore of the Adriatic.

Tarovitza had now sent Demir to the plaza to bring the tired drummer to camp. But when he saw the village youths swirling and leaping and thumping the beaten ground with their sandalled feet, he forgot his errand and tossed his restless body into the center of the *kolo*. The music of his uncle's drum beating in his head, Demir fitted the castanets to his thumbs, spat upon his hands, as if to enkindle them, and his arms, legs, shoulders, belly, catching the fire, loosed themselves in a series of twitchings, swayings, quivers, squirmings, jerks and gyrations and other indescribable convulsive motions so that the *kolo* of folk dancers froze like a living fence and everyone fastened his eyes to the mad gypsy figure that was twirled like a spindle by the thumb and forefinger of some invisible giant hand. At times Demir was a whirlwind; again, an auger trying to bore itself into the ground.

Taro's frame had felt the weight of his drum; his bronze arms, bare to the biceps, had ached while the drumsticks hammered the howling parchment, yet when Demir jumped into the heart of the gaiety, a new ripple of strength surged through that ancient body, and Taro's face, copper-hued against the flames, became a monument of elation. For two generations Taro had provided entertainment to people on holidays and on wedding days, as well as on dull days, but in all that time he had not seen anyone dance as his nephew danced this night. Demir was really not a human being; he was a spirit; he was the very soul of dancing; he was Taro's yearning for joy-giving to the people embodied.

And with renewed vigor, the old joy-maker pommelled the broad sides of "Baraban",

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which boomed and brayed and rumbled as if a chorus of a thousand voices were imprisoned in its tremendous cavity. During heights of inspiration Taro had roused all the music that lay dormant within the great hollow bounded by the shell and the calfskins and braced by the hoops and ropes, but now he became seized with a wild passion to evoke from the drum such music as it is not within the power of drums to yield.

Cold sweat bedewed Taro's forehead. His aged body, taxed beyond endurance, vibrated even as the drum itself. Yet he continued to belabor his faithful friend with growing ardor and without compassion, battering its responsive sides with all the power and energy of his excited being. The drum roared like an angry beast. Then it moaned and whined and wailed and howled as if the souls of the calves from whose skins the drum-heads were made had felt the pain and had cried out for mercy. At times it seemed as if a demon had escaped from it and was torturing the atmosphere with its maniacal rumblings.

Then all of a sudden a sweeping silence, like a spell, fell over the village and the square. The whole tortured atmosphere hushed instantly and a breathless calm, like the lull in a valley after the rage of a thunderstorm, descended upon the people. The dancers themselves remained petrified on the spots where but an instant before their bodies had been springing and swaying in mad exultation. All eyes became focused on Taro, who stood bent over his drum as over an injured friend. A gash two feet deep gaped like a wound across the center of one side of the drum.

The people, realizing what had happened, began to disperse in the dark. Streets and alleys gradually began to swallow them. Doors clacked; shutters banged; lights at windows expired; the whole village, wrapped in darkness, except for some yet unextinguished firebrands on the bonfire which winked like fireflies in the night, went to sleep.

Tired, staggering under the burden of his drum, from which the music had escaped, Taro turned at the corner of the schoolhouse, hobbled through the narrow alley, and came out on the open at the outskirts of the village. Broken like his drum, he limped on heavily, filling the night with his painful moans, and scarcely conscious of anything but the great *tappan* whose soul had fled. At last, with the aid of his nephew, he reached the tents and unbuckled the straps from his shoulders. Then he laid his lifeless drum in a pile of hay and covered it with a blanket like a corpse.

Wrapped in motley rags and comforts, Taro's people lay like dead lumber under the frozen stars. Zemra and Tarovitza were sleeping in the tent. Saying good night to his uncle, Demir too crawled under the cover in the tent.

Taro unfurled a quilt on the hay near his drum and enfolded himself in his long pelisse. He lay there breathing heavily, his body shivering, his eyes staring at the motionless stars. A bright, cold star suddenly detached itself from the vault above and Taro's eyes followed it as it darted like a fiery comet to the earth. Then the old joy-maker closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep, but drums, big bass ones like his own, small ones and odd ones shaped like bushels and kettles, rumbled and vibrated in his ears. And a flock of children gathered about him and begged him to play his own "Baraban" for them. Taro once more harnessed himself to his beloved drum and swung the heavy sticks against its responsive sides. The children filled the air with cries of joy and an unearthly smile imprinted itself upon the old drummer's face.

On the following morning the gypsies found old Taro cold and lifeless under his pelisse, the smile with which he had gone to sleep still frozen on his face. That day they buried the old joy-maker and put his "Baraban" beside him in the grave. The whole village went to his funeral.

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ROADSIDE MEETINGS OF A LITERARY NOMAD

IV. OLD JOHN BURROUGHS—KIPLING'S ELEPHANTS—CRANE THE BOHEMIAN

by Hamlin Garland

Although I began to read John Burroughs in the late 'seventies, I cannot be quite sure of our first meeting. I am inclined to think it was in 1889, for in my files I find a letter dated October, 1888, in which he addresses me formally as a stranger. Apparently I had just sent to him a note containing an account of a recent visit to Whitman in Camden. In response he wrote:

My dear Sir:

I am glad you went to see Whitman (I presume it was your first visit). What a picture he presents: the like of which will not soon be seen again in this country—perhaps never seen—I think his the finest head that has appeared in modern times. Indeed I know nothing so fine in classical times, in strength, grandeur and simplicity.

I am very glad to see rising men like you espousing Whitman's cause. I congratulate you. It is a battle for the young men to fight and to win. When I was younger and the odds were much greater than they are now, I took a hand, but I look upon the matter more philosophically now, and feel more inclined to let things take their own course, which means I suppose that I am growing old.

I have just heard that Whitman is better—a marked improvement. We may have him another year. The summers are what pull him down. . . . Hoping you may induce many people to read and study Whitman, I am

Sincerely yours,

John Burroughs

It could not have been long after this that I met Burroughs at a New York club. He was a brown-bearded man just beginning to turn gray—or so he seems to me as I strive to recall him. He seemed smaller than I, and a little stooped, but he moved alertly and spoke with quiet authority. I liked him at once and I think he found me worth consideration as an output of the prairie—anyway our correspondence continued. His letters were all in his own hand and usually in faded ink as though he had let the bottle freeze—which (as I afterward came to know) was the fact.

For six years we met, infrequently, in New York City, never at Riverby, as he called his place at West Park, but in 1895, when I was about to go to West Point in pursuit of material for a *Life of Grant,* I wrote him that I was coming to take a tramp with him and he replied as follows:

West Park, Dec. 8, 1895

Dear Garland:

I am not tramping much now-a-days—I am building a retreat on some wild land I have purchased, a big stone chimney I am building with my own hands. It is great fun.

On the day after Christmas, he wrote again:

I hope you can come this way, and spend at least a day with me. I cannot promise to keep you over night, matters in the kitchen are so uncertain, but we can have a pleasant day together and if things are at their worst we can

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take our dinner over in Whitman Land. (By this he meant Slabsides.) I have taken my dinner there every day for a week—except Xmas—and have relished it immensely. The chimney of my hermitage is done and we are putting on the slabs. Do come.

This letter is especially valuable to me for it settles just when Slabsides was built, and his line "if things are at their worst" tells something of the disturbing conditions at home which made Slabsides a refuge in time of trouble.

It was no secret even then that his wife considered his writing a foolish waste of time. His skill as a vineyardist had her unqualified respect, but to knock off tying grapes in order to put down some observation concerning a bird or a chipmunk seemed ridiculous to her and provoked laughter on the part of the neighbors, one of whom is reported to have said, "Why people come around just to see old John Burroughs I can't understand".

It was in defence against such folk that he built Slabsides in the thick forest some two miles west of Riverby. There he received Whitman, Muir, Roosevelt and many other of his nature-loving friends.

One evening in 1897 or thereabouts, John turned up at my club in New York to take dinner with me. About nine o'clock as we were sitting at ease talking of Whitman and outdoor subjects, he suddenly paused and looking at me with a comical side-glance said, "Garland, I need your help. In some way—I don't know how—I have promised to call on a fashionable young matron on lower Fifth Avenue. She's smart and pretty and I need your support. I want you to go with me".

His dismay amused me, for it was very real, and so after being assured that the lady "received" on Sunday evenings, and that he would be responsible for my presence, I consented to go.

It was about nine o'clock as we entered the lovely apartment, and we were somewhat intimidated to find six or eight people in possession of the sitting-room. All the men were in evening dress while John wore (as usual) a plain, dark-colored sack suit and I was hardly more dressy. I've no doubt we both looked like farmers; but only for a moment, for John's hostess greeted me cordially, and so starred Burroughs as her valued guest that the men in white waistcoats were quite removed from the spotlight.

We had a pleasant hour and as we were coming away I said to Burroughs, "I didn't know you had any such contact with 'Society' ".

"I haven't any other," he replied, "and I don't exactly know how I came to have this. I keep clear of such circles."

This was quite literally true. His associations were nearly all plain American, and his daily walk quite outside "the dress-suit belt". In externals and in speech he was very much the farmer. Only when he put his pen to paper did he show his authority, his precision and his wide reading. In speech he was almost the direct antithesis of Howells, for Howells spoke, as he wrote, with exquisite precision and with rare humor. They were good friends, but widely separated in their ways of life.

XXVIII

John often talked of John Muir, whom he expected to see again in California, and his visit to Slabsides. "Muir is a great man, and a good man—and I like him," he explained, "but he is a wearisome companion. If you say 'two and two make four', he is sure to retort, 'Aye, Johnny—but two and three make five. Now how is that, Johnny?' He always has something of his own to offer. He insists on holding the floor. He is interesting but along about two in the morning he gets to be tiresome. He talks well—much better than he writes—but there is a limit to my powers of endurance. I am exhausted when he leaves."

Roosevelt was another bond of sympathy between Burroughs and myself, and always

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when we met we discussed him. "Roosevelt knows what he is talking about when he touches on birds and animals," Burroughs often said.

Burroughs came of a long line of farmer folk. His grandsire cut his way across the timbered divide into the valley of the Pepacton in 1795 and his farm was hewn from the mountain side nearly two thousand feet above tidewater and faced a range of still higher hills.

It was on these rugged ancestral acres that John spent his childhood and his early manhood, taking part in all the hand-and-foot heart-breaking methods of husbandry which the time and the place made necessary.

The homestead faced the sunrise and hence the most impressive objects in the boy's landscape were the high hills across the valley to the east, peaks which must have seemed to him a lofty mountain chain. Back of the house stood "Old Clump", another nearer height, dark and forbidding at nightfall, but this was part of the farm, a source of firewood in winter and of maple sugar in the spring.

John was one of a numerous family. It was necessary that all hands should be applied to the task of scraping a living off those stony slopes. Money was scarce and clothing hard to get, hence it follows that schooling—John's schooling as well as that of his brothers and sisters—was as thin and scanty as the soil. In fact his education, aside from that which he acquired from reading and observation, was elementary. John was a good worker. He shirked nothing on the farm but he was not content to think of being merely a farmer, he longed for a larger field.

"There were not many openings for an ambitious youth in the valley at that time," he explained. "The only congenial employment open to me was that of teaching, and so, at seventeen, I left home to become the master of a school some thirty or forty miles away from Roxbury. For nearly ten years I earned my living in this way; now here, now there, and a precarious living it was. The wolf was almost always near at hand, if not precisely at the door; his voice could be heard in the dark of a winter midnight."

John's real education began in his eighteenth year, when he took his first ride on the "steam cars" down to the almost mythical city of New York. In telling about this trip he always made a point of his firm belief that the train always started so abruptly that it was necessary to safeguard one's hat. "The coaches were rude, the seats hard and the cinders blew in on us, but it was a noble ride nevertheless—the first great event in my life."

It is highly significant to record that he spent almost his last dollar at a second-hand bookshop. "I was obliged to carry that bundle of books on my back as I walked the final twelve miles of my homeward journey. I did this on an empty stomach, every cent of my money having gone to pay my return railway fare."

As I learned the names of these books I wonder that his back was not broken, for they included among others St. Pierre's *Studies of Nature,* Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding,* the works of Dr. Johnson, Spurzheim's *Phrenology,* and the works of Thomas Dick! Certainly a most heroic load for a hungry lad on a mountain road.

Like many another receptive youth at this time his first real inspiration came from a reading of Emerson, and yet, strange to say, he did this reading not in Kingston but in the little town of Buffalo Grove in northern Illinois whereto he had adventured during his nineteenth summer, a romantic excursion quite in keeping with the westward urge of the day.

This glimpse of the West was important in other ways. It gave young Burroughs a concept of the prairie, and enabled him to forecast in some degree the marvellous possibilities of the Mississippi Valley. But even in John's case it was only an excursion, for notwithstanding his success as a teacher, and

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in spite of the Buffalo Grove library and his new-made friends in Illinois, something drew him back to his native valley to renew the struggle to make a living. Perhaps this power was his love for Ursula North, but I like to imagine that he was drawn by something which no individual, no matter how attractive, could counteract or misdirect. Hardly more than a boy, with only his pay as a teacher or a farm laborer on which to maintain a household, his life-problem was further complicated by his steadfast desire to write.

XXIX

The years between 1857 and 1863 were years of struggle filled with poverty, doubt and discouragement, almost with despair. It was in this period of disheartenment that he wrote his noble poem "Waiting", which seems now to have been the expression of a subconscious conviction that somehow, sometime, his own would come to him—"and yet these verses when printed had no perceptible effect on my fortunes. No one spoke of them. Nothing came of them".

June, 1863, was another notable month in his calendar, for it brought a meeting with Emerson on the parade ground at West Point, and also the reading of a book which changed his whole outlook on life. "I was teaching at the time in the little town of Highland Falls, a few miles below West Point, and it was in the library at the Academy that I chanced upon Audubon's monumental volumes *The Birds of North America.*

He had already reached Lowell and the *Atlantic Monthly* with an essay on "Expression", a piece of writing which seemed almost too good to be the work of a country schoolteacher. Nevertheless it had been accepted and was about to be published, although Burroughs himself perceived its imitative quality. It was to rid himself of the Emerson style that he had turned his attention to "back-country" themes, themes which were native to him. In the midst of this resolve to tramp the woods and fields he came upon the work of Audubon, a discovery of enormous importance in his development.

This was in the midst of the Civil War, however, and for a time he could only make desultory studies of birds and nature. Uneasy and distraught, he could not write on any subject but the war. He had a guilty sense of shirking; and to a friend he wrote (just after the disastrous battle of Chickamauga), "I am thinking of enlisting. I want to do something. I am not content to stay here and teach school or farm". Here again fate led him in the right direction; he became a guard in the Treasury at Washington and he soon came into comradeship with Walt Whitman, whose influence on him was immediate and fundamental. Furthermore, his confinement in the Treasury lent enchantment to his native landscape. He saw its hills and streams through a haze of homesickness, a longing which put an aureole around every tree. "At a desk in the Treasury in a sunless room, facing the blank side of a big iron door I wrote *Wake-Robin* and other of my sketches."

Slowly, tenderly he began to write the pages which expressed his longing for the open air and the sun. Even when he spoke of this to me long afterward his voice took on a retrospective tenderness. "I seized every opportunity to get into the woods. Every holiday, every Sunday found me wandering about the hills of Rock Creek. I was like a prisoner paroled for the day. That is how I came to miss hearing Lincoln on the occasion of his second inaugural. I was away in the woods making the most of my day off."

In spite of this keen delight in nature, notwithstanding his daily writing about birds and flowers and streams, his first book was controversial and not at all a treatise on outdoors; it was a book on *Whitman, Poet and Person.* That this writing took precedence of *Wake-Robin* was due to his love of Walt and his desire to defend him from the storm of denunciation which had followed the re-

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publication of *Leaves of Grass*. Emerson, Audubon, Whitman—these were the great teachers who each in his special way profoundly instructed the farmer from the Catskills and of the three it is hard to say which one influenced him most. He was thirty years old at this time, a stocky, bright-eyed, brown-bearded man of quiet manner and rustic speech; the contrast between his conversational manner and his tone as a writer was singularly wide. With happy directness and amazing facility, he was already acquiring a most delightful and simple style, especially in descriptive prose.

"For nearly ten years I made my home in Washington, breaking exile, however, by frequent returns to my native hills in summertime. In the course of my duties as Treasury guard, I went to England with a shipment of government bonds—a mission which enabled me to meet several English men of letters and to make some valuable observations on English country life and landscape"—but all the while his love for his native hills intensified. To a friend he wrote, "I feel like a fowl with no gravel in its gizzard. I am hungry for the earth—I could eat it like a horse", expressions which only a farmer could use or fully understand. At last in the spring of 1873, he resigned his job in Washington and returned to the Hudson River Valley.

In the effort to satisfy his craving for the soil he purchased nine acres of land on the west bank of the Hudson, midway between Newburgh and Kingston, and there, in the autumn of the same year of leaving Washington, set about building his permanent home. His wanderings had ceased. He had found his home, a home which satisfied him. Within easy reach of the Roxbury homestead, in the midst of a wonderfully populous bird-country, he began the work which was so evidently adapted to his hand. Busy and contented, he developed his vineyard and put forth book after book of intimate studies of flower, bird and field—*Wake-Robin, Winter Sunshine* and *Pepacton*.

XXX

In the summer of 1889 I made another trip into Iowa and Dakota and when I returned to Boston I was more embittered than before. All my Iowa and Dakota friends were despondent. Wheat was so cheap that farmers sold at a loss. In Kansas and Nebraska corn was being burned for fuel.

The condition of the women in the homes I visited was especially moving, and their loneliness and the drudgery of their days led me to write a story which I called "A Prairie Heroine", in which I pictured the life of a hopeless wife, a savage and unrelenting delineation, so starkly realistic that I had no thought of sending it to either Gilder or Alden. Knowing that it would distress them both and lead to argument, I looked about for an editor to whom a sombre manuscript with a social message might appeal.

Among the other intelligent stirrings to which Boston was subject, I had noted the establishment of a monthly magazine called *The Arena; A Periodical of Protest*. Of its editor, Benjamin O. Flower, I knew nothing, but having read two or three numbers of his paper and finding it hospitable to articles on Free Silver, the Farmers' Alliance, Spiritualism and other controversial subjects, I ventured to mail "A Prairie Heroine" to his office on Copley Square.

My faith in his acceptance of the story was so weak that I marked out certain of its polemic passages with intent to reduce its controversial content. In a few days a letter came from Flower which changed the world for me. He said in effect, "I see you have deleted several passages as though in fear of the editor's disapproval. I want you to understand that *The Arena* is an open court and that we do not ask our writers to soften the expressions of their convictions to please us. We like your story. Please restore the passages deleted and return the manuscript. I enclose a check for one hundred dollars". This letter amazed and heartened me. It

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not only put into my hand more money than I had up to that date received for any manuscript, it brought to me a new and loyal friend, for at the editor's invitation I at once called upon him at his office. We were friends at sight. "Go on with your articles and stories of protest," he said. "Send them to me and I'll print them just as you write them."

His support was most comforting. It was all very fine for Gilder and other good friends to advise me against writing for Flower, but *Century* and *Harper's* had taken only one or two of my stories, paying me less than *The Arena* was willing to allow for my most radical "preachments". With Flower backing me, I went my stern road with more confidence in the future than I had hitherto had. I not only sent him other realistic stories and plays, I wrote for him articles on the Single Tax, Free Trade and other controversial subjects. It was at Flower's suggestion that I put together two of my novelettes and four short stories under the title *Main-Travelled Roads* —all Mississippi Valley tales—and took them to his editors. The firm brought them out in a small paper-bound volume in 1891. Laura Lee, a young artist of my acquaintance, drew the cover, the picture of a stalwart young farm hand, pitchfork on his shoulder, making his way to a threshing-bee.

The discussion which this little volume provoked was astounding. I was saddened as well as irritated. In the regions where I had expected appreciation I received almost nothing but abuse. I had been false to the spirit of the Western boom. I had put heat and cold and dirt and drudgery into my book.

Up to this time the tendency of writers had been to arrange the weather on the farm. It was always lovely June and the haymakers "tossed the fragrant clover" wearing jaunty, wide-brimmed hats, while girls in dainty white gowns looked on from the shade of a tree. New England rustic plays always contained a quartet of singers who spent a great deal of time at the well leaning on their hayforks and yodelling.

All this was delightful. I enjoyed these plays myself but I knew that they were a Dresden-china kind of literature. As a working farmer just returned from a sorrowful visit to old friends and neighbors in the West (who could hardly fetch a smile, much less a merry song), I could not for one moment allow myself to falsify the life I had shared and had not yet completely escaped.

Howells came to my support, and so did Chamberlin and other of my Eastern friends, and gradually the book made its way in the Middle-West, although its sale remained small in that region for years.

Flower, of course, was delighted with the "katouse" which *Main-Travelled Roads* had created and one day asked me if I could not write for him a serial novel based on the Farmers' Alliance, a prodigious uprising, then at its height. I replied that I already had on my desk several chapters of a story dealing with the Grange, an earlier agricultural organization and that I could undoubtedly bring my narrative down to the present.

"Just the thing!" he exclaimed, "but you'll want to make some new studies of the field. You should go to Kansas and study the Alliance leaders, also to Georgia. We will provide transportation for you—all you want."

This was in the spring of 1891, and marks the end of my quiet life as a teacher in Boston. In less than two years, I travelled thirty thousand miles, meeting all the leading advocates of revolt in the South and West. In those days railways gave transportation in exchange for advertising, and I made the most of my opportunity as a staff-writer for a magazine.

XXXI

In all this travel in the Middle-West and South, I was increasingly aware that my education was incomplete so long as the Rocky Mountains and their varied industries were unknown to me, and when in 1892 Flower suggested that I go to Denver and Colorado

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Springs and talk with some friends of *The Arena,* I was filled with ecstatic anticipation. In the High Country I would find beauty and romance. It was the fulfilment of a boyish dream of exploration.

If any of my critics wish to call this a confused, wavering, experimental period I shall not dispute the statement. I was a boy let loose to play. I could go where I wished and I particularly wished to go into every Western state and territory. I wanted to know as much about the Rocky Mountains as any other writer.

In the middle of this period of unrest, of vacillation, I set out for Colorado. I am a little vague as to the purpose of this trip, but I think Flower hoped that one of his Colorado correspondents might be induced to put money into The Arena Company. I do know that I carried an introduction to Louis R. Ehrich of Colorado Springs, for when I telephoned him from the hotel he said, "Come at once to my house. Bring all your baggage and make your home with us".

In accepting this gracious hospitality I had my first taste of luxury. Mrs. Ehrich gave me a spacious room which looked out over the Garden of the Gods toward the snowy crest of Pike's Peak. Never had I shared such comfort, but I felt like saying to my host and hostess, "You are acting under a delusion. I am neither literary prince nor editorial potentate. I am only a poor story writer from a Boston attic". But I didn't. I calmly enjoyed their cordial ministrations and did my best to deserve them.

It chanced that while I was at Ehrich's home, B. B. Fernow, our first Chief Forester, came to Colorado to make a tour of the Federal forests. I knew nothing of the mountains and had never heard of forestry as a science, and when Fernow invited me to ride with him into the White River Plateau, I gladly accepted and for two enchanting weeks rode with him, making the acquaintance for the first time of the "high trails" whose life was to form so large a part of my later fiction. Enraptured with this glorious region, which lay two miles above the level of Boston, I rode through forests as beautiful and almost as commodious as those in which Shakespeare's lovers walked and wooed. No imagined mingling of meadow and stream, no savanna of the poet could surpass the splendor and variety of the wilderness through which we camped. In its beauty I forgot all my social missions, all my sordid savage years. Something of this exaltation I put into an article for *Harper's Weekly,* but this was only the beginning. Without doubt that experience in the saddle colored all my after-work. It definitely marks my reaction from the drab life of the plain. There was something confident, joyous, graceful in this roofless land of the horseman, the miner and the hunter. Furthermore, I had no feeling of responsibility for its social conditions. It was all new, vigorous, manly.

On my return to Boston I found myself possessed of a new scale of values. I now saw New England from the Continental Divide as the small eastern end of a huge westward expanding nation. "The Hub of the Universe" became merely a local center and in conversation with one of my literary friends I jocosely remarked "I have seen peaks that reduce Mount Washington to a pimple", a piece of Western brag which got into the *Transcript* and created trouble.

Flower was glad of my lyrical Rocky Mountain enthusiasm. "I am not publishing a New England magazine. I love Boston as a home, but as an editor I am addressing the reformers of all America. You should go on to the Coast," he said. "Your education will be incomplete without a knowledge of California."

He published my novel serially under the title *A Spoil of Office,* and later in book form. The controversial side of my book killed it. I included too many political arguments. My grandiose plan for a panoramic novel of agricultural unrest degenerated into a partisan plea for a stertorous People's Party.

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The destruction of the People's Party and the failure of my novel, joined to my discovery of the High Country, put an end to my political fiction. My reforming zeal narrowed to the field of letters and art. I gave more time to poetry. Encouraged by Gilder, I sent him a novelette of Dakota called *Old Pap's Flaxen* which he not only accepted, but praised in a letter which turned me still farther from economic pamphleteering. I decided to ease up on argument and give myself entirely to writing stories and poems of the Middle-West.

I was not alone in this reaction from the ethic to the esthetic. Clemens was passing through the same phase. Howells, though still exemplifying the socialistic concept in his novels as well as in his essays, was less direct about it. The reform impulse was steadily waning in power with us all.

XXXII

Somewhere in 1890 or 1891, some books of short stories by a young man named Rudyard Kipling began to find their way into American print, some of them pirated, no doubt. One afternoon, as I was buying my evening paper at a Roxbury book-stand (my brother and I were then living on Moreland Street), I saw on the counter a little paper-bound volume called *Mine Own People*. I bought it and that night I read it almost without leaving my chair. "Here is another local-color novelist," I said to my brother, "only in this the color is East Indian."

There was something individual in the tang of this writing, something gay and vital, and a few days later I asked the newsdealer if he had any other books by this writer. No, he had not, but he could get me some. "You'd better lay in a supply," I remarked, "there is going to be a boom in this man's stock."

He followed my advice, and for several months thereafter whenever I entered his door he reproached me by calling attention to a pile of unsold copies of *Mine Own People* and *Tales From the Hills*. I kept his courage up as best I could by repeating "The boom is delayed, but it will come".

My own faith in Kipling was based upon reports from New York and on the opinion of two of my friends on the *Transcript*. My prediction came true, and the bookseller cleared out his shelf and bought more copies.

Howells told me something of Kipling's personality. "He is a brother-in-law of my young friend, Walcott Balestier, who died recently," he said. "He is a young Englishman who began to write on a newspaper in India. He has established a home near his wife's family in Vermont and appears to have adopted America."

Beyond this I heard very little of Kipling until sometime in the spring of 1892, while living in New York City, I received a letter from him inviting me to dine with him. I was disposed to accept this invitation at once, but knowing that he was an Englishman and likely to insist on formal dress, I replied, "I should be delighted to come, but the truth must be told. I have no evening suit; in fact I have never worn one. If you will excuse an ordinary frock coat, I shall be only too glad to accept your kind invitation".

I have no copy of his reply, but it was something like this, "My dear Sir, you may come in a buckskin shirt, if you like".

The night of the dinner happened to be rainy, and since I had arrived ten minutes ahead of time, I decided to wait in the hall of the little hotel on West Forty-sixth Street (as I recall it a very obscure hotel indeed), until exactly seven o'clock.

While standing thus absent-mindedly facing the street door, I became aware of a moon-faced elderly man on the sidewalk peering up at the entrance as if to reassure himself of his destination. He wore a short, light gray overcoat, and a tall silk hat perched on the back of his head, and something in the shine of his glasses and his broad blank face made me think of Horace Greeley.

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Suddenly I recognized him. "Why, it's Riley!" I exclaimed, and hastened to open the door for him. "Yes, this is the place," I said. "Come in."

He faced me with a perfectly blank visage, a look which he could assume at any time and, fixing me with a solemn gray eye, motioned over his shoulder with his thumb toward the interior of the hotel. "Dining here?"

I nodded.

"With Kipling?"

I nodded again.

His eyes lighted and a slow smile widened his mouth. "Now what do you suppose Kipling wants of two sich specimens of yellerdent poetry as we are advertised to be?"

"I give it up, Riley, so far as I am concerned; but in your case I think his interest is justified."

Suddenly his tone changed to one of anxious pleading. Pointing a finger at me he said, "Now see here, Garland, you've got to insure that I git back to the St. Denis Hotel. You know perfectly well that I can't go for a walk around the block and come back to the hole I went out at". Then placing the tip of his finger just above his ear he added, "Nothing in my bump of location but mayonnaise dressing".

Chuckling with glee, I replied, "I'll see that you reach your hotel in safety; but it is time to go up". I started for the elevator.

"Wait a second," he called sharply. "Wait till I ad-just a hame-strap."

Whilst I marvelled over his meaning, he reached under his gray overcoat and pulled out a pin. Down dropped one of the tails of his evening coat about eight inches below his reefer. Without a particle of expression, yet watching the effect on me, he pulled another pin and as the second tail dropped he mumbled a low-voiced explanation: "Couldn't find m'other coat. Musta loaned it to a feller or left it in the street car, or something".

Shaking with silent laughter I finally managed to say, "If you'll take off your top-coat and fold it and carry it on your arm the Kiplings will never know how inadequate it is".

"Good idea!" said he, but without enthusiasm, and with the makeshift garment on his arm he joined me in the elevator.

XXXIII

The Kiplings met us cordially if a bit apprehensively, and it soon appeared that we were the only guests (a strange pair to draw to). As we sat at their table in the general dining-room, Mrs. Kipling occupied one end of the table and Kipling the other. Riley and Miss Balestier sat opposite me, and as I opened out my napkin I began to divine the situation. Kipling was interested in Riley and Garland as American representatives of the vernacular in verse and local color in fiction. We were interesting as specimens and I could not decide whether we should feel flattered or resentful. "If Riley can stand it, I can," was my conclusion.

Kipling, a short, dark, alert young man nearing thirty, was Colonial in accent, quick-spoken and humorous. He was not at all English in manner but his outlook was British.

For a time I gave my attention to my hostess, but with those immortal talkers going on at my left, I grew distraught, and at last Mrs. Kipling, sensing my predicament, gave up attempts to enlist my attention. Thereafter we all listened while Riley and his host exchanged quip for crank. It was delightful talk but it was not till we three men retired to the small room which our host used for a study that he "cut loose". For half an hour his monologue was gorgeous with the color of the East—cobras, typhoons, tropic heat, windless oceans, tiger-haunted jungles and elephants, especially elephants. It was all sumptuous material. He spoke of elephants "muttering among themselves like wise old men". He told of the quiet calculating ma-

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lignity with which one vengeful old bull chewed a stalk of cane into a swab, wound it in the robe of his cruel drunken keeper and jerked him under his feet. He described those which went mad and those which helped capture their wild fellows. In one story he pictured a vessel with a load of these great creatures becalmed under the torrid sun of the Indian Ocean, and how they had to be loaded alternate heads and tails to keep them from rocking the boat as they swayed uneasily in their chains. One of them died, and it was necessary to cut her to pieces and throw her overboard—a gruesome story whose details I will not record—and in all he told he created marvellous pictures. Nevertheless, eager as I was to have him go on, I was jealous for the honor of American literature. I wanted Riley to show what he could do. As we were about to rejoin the ladies, I said to Kipling, in an aside, "Have you ever heard Riley recite his verse?"

"No," he replied, "but I wish I might."

"He is a wonder. Ask him to read a poem."

In response to this suggestion, Kipling said, "Riley, read us something", and Riley without hesitation or apology rose to his feet and stood for a moment with his eyeglasses in his fingers. Instantly his big blond face took on something quaint and tender, something Hoosier came into it as he began to voice "Nothin' to Say", that touching and wistful monologue in which a gentle old farmer replies to his daughter's "Father, I'm going to be married. What have you to say?" with "Nothin' to say, my daughter, nothin' at all to say". The poet followed this with "That Young 'Un", which is the story of the little son of the miller who knew what the bees said and what the birds sang but could never quite tell "what the water is a-talking of". At the close of this exquisitely truthful and deeply moving poem in the vernacular, Kipling sprang to his feet and pacing back and forth said with unmistakable sincerity, "By the Lord, *that's* American literature!"

I thought so then and I think so still, although I realized at the time the marvellous skill with which Riley helped out the value of his words by voice and gesture.

I guided Riley back to his hotel and as we were walking along the street he said in a musing tone, "Will you tell me just why you and I have been so honored by Kipling?"

"You can search me!" I replied, in one of George Ade's graphic slang phrases. "But he knew what he was getting in my case, for I wrote in warning. I told him I was not fitted to enter the dress-coat zone."

"Well, dog the difference," said Riley with resignation. "We had a gorgeous evening."

So far as I know, Kipling had no regrets. He always asked after Riley when we met, and sent his greeting when he wrote. As for his own performance that night, I had only awed admiration. That we had been specially honored was evident, for some of the stories he told were never published, or at least I never saw them in print.

For some reason, the rights of which I never learned, Kipling found life in Vermont displeasing. Early in the 'nineties he removed his family to England and I saw no more of him for several years. Somehow he and Brattleboro did not rhyme and when I got a letter dated "Bateman's, Burwash, Etchingham, Sussex, England", I had a feeling that he was more at home there than he could possibly be in America or even in India. He seemed quite as far from West Salem, Wisconsin, and Greenfield, Indiana, as he had been when writing from Bombay.

XXXIV

In July of 1891, I gave a series of lectures at Avon-by-the-Sea in a summer school managed by Mr. and Mrs. Alberti of New York. Among other of my addresses was one upon "The Local-color Novel", and I remember very distinctly the young reporter for the *Tribune* who came up to me after the lecture to ask for my notes.

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He was slim, boyish, with a sallow complexion and light hair, and his speech was singularly laconic. "My name is Crane," he said, "Stephen Crane," and later I was told that he had been a student in a school near by, but had left before graduating to become a newspaper writer in New York. As I recall it, his presence at Avon was due to the Albertis, who knew his family.

Although not particularly impressed with him in this short interview, the correctness of his report of my lecture surprised me. I recognized in it unusual precision of expression and set about establishing a more intimate relationship. We met occasionally thereafter to "pass ball" and to discuss the various theories which accounted for "inshoots" and "outdrops"; for he, like myself, had served as a pitcher and gloried in being able to confound the laws of astronomy by making a sphere alter its course in mid-air.

In the middle of my second week he turned up at my boarding house in a very dejected mood. "Well, I've got the bounce," he said with a sour twist of his mouth. "The *Tribune* doesn't need me any more."

Not taking him seriously, I laughingly said, "They're making a mistake".

One day there came through the mail a yellow paper-bound volume called *Maggie, A Girl of the Streets*. The author's name was given as Johnstone Smith, and across the cover in exquisite upright script were these words: "The reader of this book must inevitably be shocked, but let him keep on till the end, for in it the writer has put something which is important".

It was a bitter story, but it interested me keenly. I secured Crane's address from Mrs. Alberti and wrote at once to him, accusing him of being the author of the book. I gave my own address and asked him to come and see me. Soon afterward he came, and confessed his authorship of the book.

He told us of his discharge by the *Tribune*.

"You see, I made a report of a labor parade the other day, which slipped in over the managing editor's fence. When he read it in print he sent for me, made me a little speech and let me out."

"I should like to see that report," I remarked.

Thereupon he took from his pocket a clipping from the *Tribune* and handed it to me. It was very short, but it was closely studied and merciless in its realism. It depicted that political parade of tailors, housepainters and other indoor workers exactly as they appeared in his eyes—a pale-faced, weak-kneed, splay-footed lot, the galley-slaves of our civilization. It was Crane's ironical comment, his corrosive and bitter reflection upon their servility, their habit of marching with banners at the chariot wheels of their conquerors, which made his article so offensive to the party in power.

Handing the article back to him I asked, "What did you expect from such a journal? A medal?"

He smiled again in bitter reflection. "I guess I didn't stop to consider that. I was so hot at the sight of those poor misshapen fools shouting for monopoly that I gave no thought to its effect upon my own fortunes. I don't know that it would have made much difference if I had. I wanted to say those things anyway."

He went away a few days after this, and I forgot all about him until the winter of 1892, when I met Mr. and Mrs. Alberti, with whom he kept in touch, in New York City.

Mr. Alberti said, "*Maggie* has been only privately half-published and therefore remains entirely unsold."

Crane was living at this time with a group of artists or art students ("Indians", he called them), in an old building on East Twenty-third Street. According to his acridly humorous description of their doings, they all slept on the floor, dined off buns and sardines, and painted on towels or wrapping paper for lack of canvas. He complained of the noise and confusion of the "savages, all dreaming blood-red dreams of fame".

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He was distressingly pale and thin at this time, and appeared depressed, but no sooner had he filled his "crop" with the meat and coffee which my brother served than he gave out an entirely different expression. He chortled and sang as he strolled about the room, comically like a well-fed hen, and for an hour or two he talked freely and well, always with precision and original tang.

He interested me more than he did my brother and although his change of manner was very flattering to my brother's skill as a cook, he never offered to assist in washing the dishes. I did not ascribe this to laziness; on the contrary, he always appeared remote from the practical business of living. He never mentioned his kin and hence I assumed that he was estranged from them.

One day late in March he arrived, reeking as usual with stale cigarette smoke, with a fat roll of manuscript sagging the side pocket of his long shabby gray ulster.

"What have you there?" I asked. "It looks like poetry."

He smiled sheepishly. "It isn't. It's a tale."

"Your own?"

"Yes."

"Let me see it," I commanded.

He handed it over to me with seeming reluctance, and while he went out to watch my brother getting lunch I took my first glance at the manuscript of *The Red Badge of Courage,* which had, however, no name at this time. The first sentence took me captive. It described a vast army in camp on one side of a river, confronting with its thousands of eyes a similar monster on the opposite bank. The finality which lay in every word, the epic breadth of vision, the splendor of the pictures presented—all indicated a most powerful and original imagination as well as a mature mastery of literary form.

In his succinct self-derisive way, he candidly explained that all his knowledge of battle was gained on the football field! "The psychology is the same. The opposite team is an enemy tribe!"

At the table, while he applied himself with single-hearted joy to my brother's steak, I brooded over his case, and looking across at him, sallow, yellow-fingered, small and ugly, I was unable to relate him in the slightest degree to the marvellous manuscript which he had placed in my hands. True, his talk was vivid, but it was disjoined and quaint rather than copious or composed.

Upon returning to my little study I said to him very seriously, "Crane, I daren't tell you how much I value this thing—at least not now.—But wait! Here's only part of the manuscript. Where's the rest of it?"

Again he grinned, sourly, with a characteristic droop of his head. "In hock."

"To whom?"

"Typewriter."

"How much do you owe him or her?"

"Fifteen dollars."

Plainly this was no joking matter to him, but my brother and I could not help laughing at his tragic tone. At last I said, "I'll loan you the fifteen dollars if you'll bring me the remainder of the manuscript tomorrow".

"I'll do it", he said as if he were joining me in some heroic enterprise, and away he went in high spirits.

XXXV

He was as good as his word, and when I had read the entire story I set to work to let my editorial friends know of this youngster. I asked him to send a copy of *Maggie* to William Dean Howells and immediately wrote a note to Mr. Howells telling him how profoundly I had been moved by the manuscript of *The Red Badge of Courage.*

I also mailed two of Crane's completed sketches to B. O. Flower of *The Arena* asking him to be as generous as he could, "for the author is hungry"; and I suggested to Crane that he call upon Irving Bacheller, who was then running the Bacheller Syndicate, and say to him that I had advised Crane to make certain studies of East-side life in New York

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City and that I hoped the Syndicate would commission the writing of them.

Crane seemed grateful for the little I was able to do, but was not at all confident of earning a living with his pen.

I remember talking over "the bread lines", which regularly formed each night at certain bakeries that gave away their stale bread, and at my suggestion he went down one winter's evening, joined one of these lines and made a study which he afterwards called "The Men in the Storm", a fine sketch which was syndicated, I believe, along with others of somewhat similar character. And yet he remained almost as hungry as ever. Thin and seedy, he still slept on the floor—according to his own story—smoking incessantly and writing in any possible corner.

One day when he was particularly depressed I said to him, "You'll be rich and famous in a year or two. Successful authors always look back with a smile on their hard times".

"You may be right," he replied soberly. "But it's no joke now. I'd trade my entire future for twenty-three dollars in cash."

Without claiming too much for my powers as fortune teller, I could not believe that this boy would long remain obscure. He had too much to give the reading world. His style was too individual, his imagination too powerful, to fail of winning the applause of those who count originality among the most desired qualities of American literature. Some of his phrases were to me quite inevitable for their condensation and clarity.

He had a genius for phrases. For example: in speaking of a truck driver he said, "In him grew a majestic contempt for those strings of street cars that followed him like *intent bugs*". As for Maggie, "To her the world was composed of hardships and insults". Of the mother, "It seems that the world had treated this woman very badly and she took a deep revenge upon such portions of it as came within her reach. She broke furniture as if she were at last getting her rights".

In *The Arena* for June, 1893, I reviewed *Maggie* and a novel by Bourget under the caption, "An Ambitious French Novel and a Modest American Story". So far as I knew this was the earliest review of Crane's first book. In this notice I said:

> It is a story which deals with vice and poverty and crime—not out of curiosity—not out of salaciousness—but because of a distinct art-impulse to utter in truthful phrase a certain rebellious cry. It is the voice of the slums. The young author, Stephen Crane, is a native of New York City and has grown up in the very scenes he has described. His book is the most truthful and the most unhackneyed story of the slums I have ever read—fragment though it is. It has no conventional phrases. It gives the dialect of the people as I have never before seen it written—crisp, direct, terse. It is another locality finding voice. Mr. Crane is but twenty-one years of age.

My prediction of his immediate success did not come true. In one of his letters to me (a few months later), he writes:

> I have not been up to see you because of various strange conditions—notably, my toes are coming through one shoe and I have not been going out into society as much as I might. I mail you last Sunday's *Press*. I've moved now—live in a flat. People can come to see me now. They come in shoals, and say I am a great writer. Counting five that are sold, four that are unsold, and six that are mapped out, I have fifteen short stories in my head and out of it. They'll make a book. The *Press* people pied some of *Maggie* as you will note.

Shortly before I left for the West he called to tell me that he had shown his verses to Mr. John D. Barry and that Mr. Barry had "fired them off to Copeland and Day". I told him I was sorry—that I was on the point of interesting a New York publisher in them. The poems appeared soon after in a form which too strongly emphasized their singularities. The critics quite generally took *The Black Riders* as a cue for laughter.

I saw nothing of him during 1894, but in

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May of that year he wrote another revealing letter to me in Chicago.

I have not written to you because there has been little to tell of late. I am plodding along on the *Press* in a quiet and effective way. We now eat with charming regularity at least two times per day. I am content and am writing another novel which is a bird. . . . I am getting lots of free advertising. Everything is coming along nicely now. I have got the poetic spout so that I can turn it on or off. I wrote a Decoration Day thing for the *Press* which aroused them to enthusiasm. They said in about a minute, though, that I was firing over the heads of the soldiers. . . .

His allusion to free advertising meant that the critics were wrangling over *The Black Riders* and *Maggie* but the public was not interested. I had given him a letter to another Syndicate and with them he left the manuscript of his war novel. In a letter written in November, 1894, he makes sad mention of his lack of success:

My dear Friend:

So much of my row with the world has to be silence and endurance that sometimes I wear the appearance of having forgotten my best friends, those to whom I am indebted for everything. As a matter of fact, I have just crawled out of the fifty-third ditch into which I have been cast and I now feel that I can write you a letter which will not make you ill. —— put me in one of the ditches. He kept *The Red Badge* six months, until I was near mad. Oh yes—he was going to use it but—finally I took it to B. They use it in January in a shortened form. I have just completed a New York book that leaves *Maggie* at the post. It is my best thing. Since you are not here I am going to see if Mr. Howells will not read it. I am still working for the *Press*.

Thus it appears that in spite of the booming of friends and the talk of critics he had not achieved even comfort. His letter was written at the old place in Twenty-third Street.

The serial publication of *The Red Badge of Courage* brought him an admirer in the person of Ripley Hitchcock of Appleton's, who made him an offer for the book at "customary royalty". He accepted, glad of the chance. This helped him somewhat, but as royalties are only paid annually and as the book sold slowly he continued to suffer need.

Early in 1895 the Syndicate sent him into the West and down into Mexico. In a letter to me in July, 1895, he wrote,

Have you seen *The Black Riders*? I dedicated them to you, but I am not sure that I should have done it without your permission. Do you care? I am getting along better—a little better than when I last saw you. I work for the Bachellers.

He had a good friend in Edward Marshall and also in Irving Bacheller, the manager of the firm.

XXXVI

At this point his affairs took a sudden turn for the better. He became the figure I had hoped to see him become two years before. Some English critics wrote in highest praise on *The Red Badge,* and the book became a bone of critical contention between military objectors and literary enthusiasts. Crane was accepted as a man of genius.

Sometime in the summer of 1896 he called at my New York hotel and, not finding me, left the following note,

Just heard you were in town. I want you to dine tonight with me at the Lantern Club, sure! Roosevelt expects to be there. He wants to meet you. Don't fail. I will call here at six,—again.

CRANE

He also left a book, *George's Mother,* in which he had made this characteristic inscription, "To Hamlin Garland of the great honest West, from Stephen Crane of the false East".

This dinner at the Lantern Club was important in several ways. I do not recall meeting Roosevelt, but Irving Bacheller was there and we had much talk about Crane and other matters. The Club met in a very old building

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in its loft, as I recall it, and the walls of the dining-room were covered with the autographs of so many distinguished writers that I hesitated to add mine. It was a bit of the simpler New York which had perilously survived; I say "perilously", because it gave way soon after to a modern building, and remains but a memory to the older newspaper men of today.

I saw Crane several times during his troubles with the New York police and while I sympathized with him in his loyalty to a woman whom he considered had been unjustly accused of soliciting, his stubborn resolve to go on the stand in her defence was quixotic. Roosevelt, who was Commissioner of Police at this time, discussed Crane's case with me and said, "I tried to save Crane from press comment but as he insists on testifying, I can only let the law take its course".

The papers stated that Crane's rooms had been raided and that an opium layout had been discovered. Altogether it was a miserable time for Crane. The shady side of his Bohemian life was turned to the light.

Meeting him in *McClure's* office one day I said to him very earnestly, "Crane, why don't you cut loose from your associations here? Go to your brother's farm in Sullivan County and get back your tone. You don't look well. Settle down to the writing of a single big book up there, and take your time to do it".

Impulsively thrusting out his hand to me, he said, "I'll do it". Alas! He did not. He took a commission to go to Greece and report a war. Later he took other commissions to do this or that. While I went to the Klondike, he went into the Cuban war, then to England where he lived till he was ordered to Germany for his health. I had only one letter from him while he was in England, and that told me nothing of himself. It was all about a new writer he had discovered, a certain Joseph Conrad. "Get his *Nigger of the Narcissus*", he wrote. "It is a crackerjack. Conrad knows your work. You should meet him when you come to England." Later I came to know Conrad and he told me much of Crane's life in England. "I saw him as he was on his way to Germany. Poor fellow, he looked like death itself, and not long after he died in Bavaria."

In an article written soon after his death, I said, "He was too brilliant, too fickle, too erratic to last. He could not go on doing stories like *The Red Badge of Courage*. The weakness of such highly individual work lies in its success by surprise. The words which astonish, the phrases which excite wonder and admiration, come eventually to seem tricky. They lose force with repetition and come at last to be distasteful. *The Red Badge of Courage* was marvellous, but manifestly Crane could not go on repeating a surprise; when he wrote in conventional phrase his power diminished. If he continued to write of slum life, he repeated himself. It seems now that he was destined from the first to be a present-day Poe, a singular and daring soul, irresponsible as the wind. We called him a genius, for he had that quality which we cannot easily measure or define.

"His mind was more largely subconscious in its workings than that of any man of my acquaintance. He did not understand his own processes or resources. When he put pen to paper he found marvellous words, images, sentences, pictures, already formed in his brain, to be drawn off and fixed on paper. His pen was 'a spout' as he himself said. The farther he got from his own field, his own inborn tendency, the weaker he became. Such a man cannot afford to enter the dusty public thoroughfare. His genius is of the lonely wood, the solitary shadowland.

"To send him to report actual warfare was a mistake. His genius lay in depicting the battles which never saw the light of day, and upon which no eyes but his own had ever gazed. He was a strange, wilful, irresponsible boy, one that will not soon be forgotten out of American literature."

(*To be continued*)

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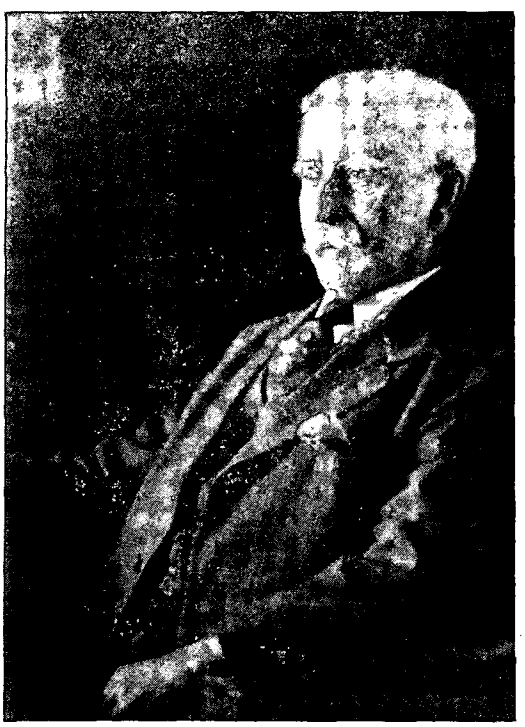
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

FAREWELL TO THE 'TWENTIES.—Who will tell the story of the 'twenties? As the decade closes, it is apparent that the 'twenties had a flavor and a spirit of their own, a composite personality that will figure in history as a distinct entity, a "period". So many individuals of force had similar views that they gave to the times a homogeneity clearly discernible in retrospect. It is equally clear that the tone they created has begun to fade, as the typical voices lose their strength and the dominant tendencies cease to appeal. The spirit of the 'twenties is, in fact, ending simultaneously with the decade itself: we are witnessing one of those shifts-of-the-kaleidoscope which give to recent events a semblance of remoteness. By 1910 the 'nineties had become an ancient epoch. How far away the spring of 1914 seemed when 1915 had come! To picture 1918 required an effort even in 1920. Before 1930 has run its course, the decade of the twenties will begin to take on the hues of distance, will appear a fabulous epoch of unbelievable memories.

To speak of the 'twenties as a period is to speak, of course, only of the *American* 'twenties, for the decade in England and France and elsewhere had no such separate personality. All the countries did indeed share a "post-war" mood in the years just after the hostilities, but that was only a small part of the atmosphere that dominated the whole era here. This exclusive aspect of the American 'twenties is, in fact, the most obvious thing about them and the key to the whole period: the taste, tone and activities of the time were belated echoes and imitations of what the other countries had experienced long before. America, that is to say, was up to her old trick of following twenty or thirty years after England and fifty or sixty years after France.

For it is obvious that the most characteristic qualities of the years since the end of the war have been those that prevailed in England during the 'nineties and in France and elsewhere during the twenty or thirty years before that. The temper of those years is well known to the general reader, being no more than a virulent outbreak in every walk of life of the "insurrectionist" tendencies that had long been afloat. Two of the most pronounced expressions of the movement were, of course, those that may be briefly designated as naturalism and estheticism, using the words to apply both to practices in the arts and to general philosophical attitudes.



HENRY VAN DYKE
whose latest volume is "The Man Behind the Book".

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Thus to describe the prevalent drift is not at all to dismiss it as worthless. There was much fine accomplishment, and above all a striving, a hopefulness, a courage, that cannot but win affection. But in the end it can only be said that most of the vast energy expended went into blind, monotonous revolt and sterile innovation.

A curious feature of the American end of the movement was that we had an abortive 'nineties of our own. Simultaneously with the brilliant, spectacular events in England, a number of talents on this side of the water came to the fore with work closely related in spirit, much of it deriving from England but not a little coming direct from the continental sources. The latter was true, for instance, of the late H. B. Fuller, who published his first book, the notable *Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*, in 1890. Of all the Chicago men, Fuller had the best equipment both in culture and talent, and indeed was largely responsible for the supremacy which Chicago quickly achieved in the American version of the 'nineties. The enthusiasm of the World's Fair in 1893 was another stimulus to Chicago, but the strongest influence of the whole American movement was started when young Herbert Stone came back to Chicago from Harvard with his head full of all that was going on in England.

Stone set up a publishing house and quickly demonstrated that in editorial initiative, in artistry of manufacture, and in every branch of the business he was richly talented. Most notably of all, in 1893 he began issuing the *Chap Book*, the first of America's "little magazines". It remained the best, but it served to crystallize the tendencies and was immediately widely imitated. *The Wave* and *The Lark*, both associated with the name of Gelett Burgess, quickly succeeded each other in California, and brought together a sparkling array of bright young men. Thomas Mosher's influential series of booklets from Portland, Maine, was another prompt result, as was Elbert Hubbard's *Philistine*. There were numerous others, many of them published in New York; but strangely enough New York did not shine in this field, probably the most memorable being the fitfully issued *Mlle. New York* of James G. Huneker, Vance Thompson, Meltzer and others. BOOKMAN readers will recall many details of the era from the charming article by Mr. Claude Bragdon in our July issue, "The Purple Cow Period".

Meanwhile, in the naturalistic wing of the movement those two ill-fated boys Stephen Crane and Frank Norris were blazing across the sky. Poetry was conspicuously lacking, but Richard Hovey, Bliss Carman and Vaughn Moody contributed their share of appropriate music. Ambrose Bierce, wild-eyed wit and bohemian journalist, and Edgar Saltus, esthetic pessimist, were others who colored and were colored by the epoch. In fact with a little searching you can find American counterparts to every one of the tendencies and most of the leading individuals of both the English 'nineties and the earlier continental period.

But with the turning of the century all this display of energy, talent, and high (or aggressively low) spirits came to a sudden and startling end. An examination of the records gives the impression of some mysterious force intervening with the decree that the first two decades of the twentieth century should be the flattest and deadest since the nation's formation—and succeeding in enforcing the decree for all of the first decade and most of the second. In England, also, the 'nineties came to an end spiritually as well as temporally, but the new forces and the new men were quickly absorbed into the main current and there was no diminishing in productivity or in public response. In this country all the energy for heresy and innovation went into such futile work as the superficial and transient muckraking. On the other, the traditional and conservative side, the country was almost equally moribund, so that the supremely important work of Paul Elmer

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VIRGINIA WOOLF

A new portrait of the English novelist and woman-of-letters. "Orlando", published last year, greatly increased her American following. Her new book, "A Room of One's Own", is a discussion of feminism and literature.

More and Irving Babbitt went all but unnoticed. The prevailing tone was an insipid gentility punctuated by the kind of red-blood crudity provided by Jack London, Upton Sinclair, David Graham Phillips.

The coming of the 'twenties showed that the lull was temporary—was only a postponement of the full fruition of the work which had been begun in the 'nineties. Scores of new writers succeeded suddenly in catching the public's ear with material of kinds always hitherto rejected. The tone of the whole reading public seemed completely transformed. A national "renaissance" was widely acclaimed. The inaugurators of the new era were jubilant and the upholders of

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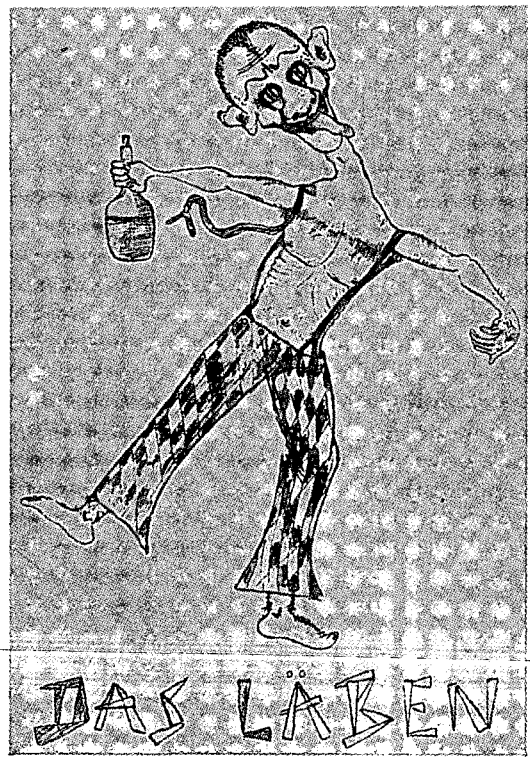

THOMAS MANN

Not, however, a portrait of the latest winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, but a drawing which he made when he was a boy.

the old were dismayed. The 'twenties had come into their own.

The truth was, of course, that the 'nineties had not died but gone underground. And where the spirit of the 'nineties had hardly developed at all—as in poetry and the drama—there had merely been a delay. It is interesting to note some of the incidents that marked the general resurgence of the *fin de siècle* temper—very slow before 1910, then with increasing rapidity, acquiring prominence by 1915 and manifesting overwhelming strength by the time our entry into the war provided a brief intermission.

The fields of poetry and drama that had been skipped in the 'nineties began to feel new life around 1910. Chicago promptly resumed her old leading position, in the year 1912 producing both America's first important experimental theatre in the Chicago Little Theatre of Maurice Browne, and the magazine that initiated the New Poetry Movement single-handed, Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*. Other little theatres sprang up in quick succession throughout the country, stimulating thousands of persons to an interest in unfamiliar ideas and carrying everywhere the work of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Brieux, Strindberg, Tolstoy and the other reformers of the continental period of revolt. The "free theatre" movement, which had originated in Paris in the 'eighties and reached London in 1891 with the production of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, had at last been imported into America. Through *Poetry*, Harriet Monroe, who had been a force in Chicago letters in the 'nineties, did more than anyone else to make both writers and readers aware that vigorous currents were in motion. By securing the co-operation of Amy Lowell and the English imagists, *Poetry* served not only to introduce many new personalities, but to build a bridge of poetic theory straight back to the French poets of the last century who originated most of the new tendencies.

The most direct route from the 'nineties to the 'twenties was by way of Bohemia, just as the path from the Paris of 1870 to the London of 1895 had lain through the confines of that same irresponsible country. To illustrate, and even to define completely, what is meant by Bohemia, it is only necessary to mention the name of James Gibbons Huneker. Huneker was the perfect bohemian worker in the arts—a man, that is to say, with a general tendency toward libertarianism and a large, undiscriminating enthusiasm for the odd, the unorthodox, the subversive, the novel, the highly spiced. Huneker had taken these characteristics with him to Paris at the end of the 'seventies and had, of course, been able to indulge them to the full during those years so thickly crowded with oddities, novelties and heresies.

When the same movements reached these shores in the 'nineties, Huneker was in them

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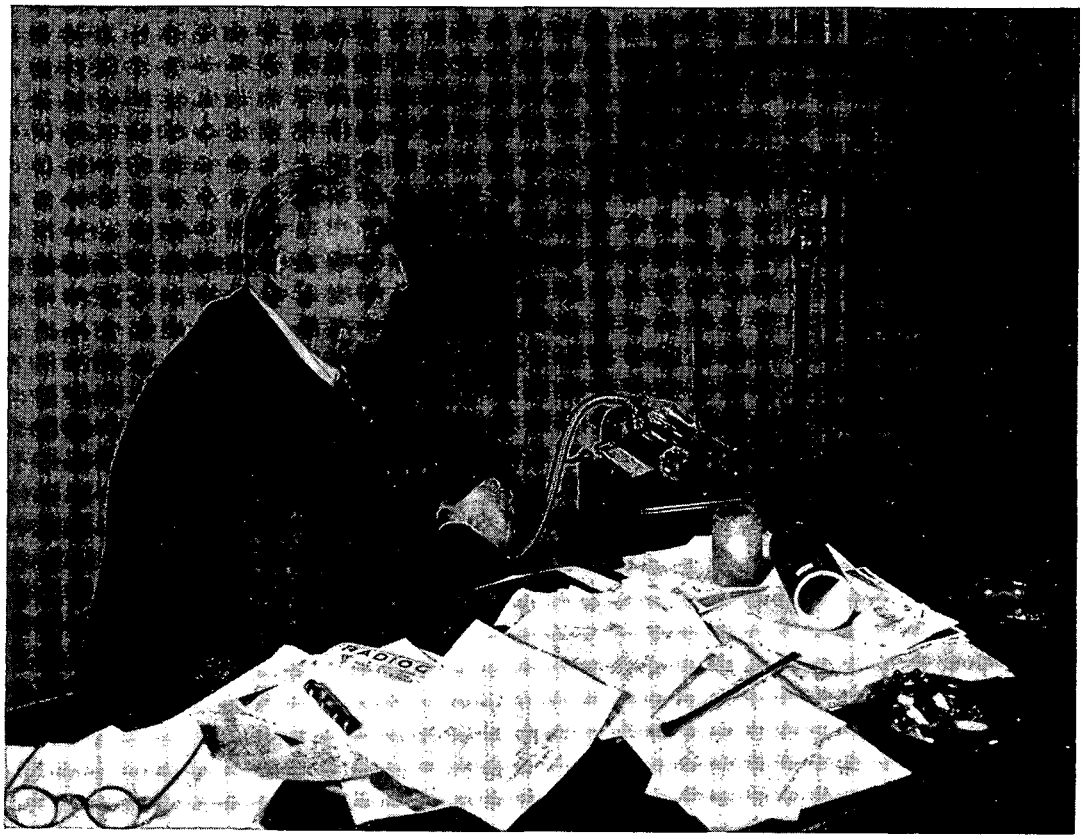

EDGAR WALLACE IN NEW YORK

Snapped in his suite at the Hotel Marguery, availing himself of a pause between engagements to talk another chapter into his dictaphone.

up to the neck. He had an infinite capacity for enthusiasm and a facile talent for the impressionistic gossipy kind of writing which the bohemianly inclined consider criticism. If a poet's manner of life was sufficiently eccentric, Huneker would collect all the available facts about him and present him as a great genius. If a philosopher was obviously anti-traditional and not entirely free from paranoia, Huneker would start a campaign in his behalf. A novelist had only to be impelled by pathological complications to delight in some sort of depravity, for Huneker to sing his praises. A man was an artist, by the Huneker standards, to the degree to which he confirmed the prejudices of the ethically emancipated and titillated the esthetic sensibility of those who found the classics boring. This is not to say that he never dealt with important figures; but the great and the trashy were the same to him, interesting only to the extent that they were eccentric.

Huneker's exhaustive knowledge of the wild men of Europe's nineteenth century and his abundant facility as a writer enabled him to weather the slump at the end of the century better than most. William Marion Reedy of the St. Louis *Mirror*, who was his own publisher, was almost the only other prominent ninetyite to survive into the new century unhampered. The rest were shelved entirely or driven into shady magazines like *Town Topics* and the *Smart Set*. But Huneker was found to be a useful man-of-all-arts by the

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New York newspapers. He even prospered: his newspaper and magazine stuff began to get into books. The calibre of Huneker's work can be conveniently judged from the selection of his essays just made by H. L. Mencken (*Essays of James Huneker*. Scribners. $3.50). It is hard to imagine anyone deriving pleasure or instruction today from these aging records of Huneker's ancient enthusiasms. His subjects are not always stale, but his manner—the interminable gossip, the endless irrelevant allusions, the feeble attempts at thinking, the kittenish wickedness, the incessant gusto—simply cannot be borne. Who cares now how Huneker reviewed *Man and Superman* in 1904? Who today can read *anything* about Strindberg or Max Stirner—let alone Huneker's inconsequential chatter? A reader wanting introductions to Baudelaire, Flaubert, France, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Laforgue, can get them with far less irritation and much more benefit in half a dozen text books. Surely Huneker's essay on Whitman is the stupidest ever written.

In a preface Mencken loyally tries to drum up some enthusiasm for his old friend and mentor, but without success. It is hardly fair to use this piece of writing as an indication of Mencken's waning powers, but it is certainly far less engaging than his two earlier essays on Huneker; even a couple of pages lifted from his obituary tribute have been marred by small changes. Of Huneker's work Mencken says, "What finally emerged was a body of doctrine that came, I believe, very close to the truth. It seldom shows any sign of wearing out; it remains, in all essentials, as sound today as when it was set down". But he was more accurate, if less loyal, in 1917, when his comment on Huneker's books was "One no longer reads them for their matter, but for their manner". The truth is one can no longer stand either.

But Mencken is elsewhere plainly on the defensive about the old man's reputation. "Huneker surely did not live in vain," he says, plaintively. "True, he left no school, save maybe transiently, and all the young critics of today turn away from his innocent delight in all lovely and amusing things to seek inspiration in the moral sitz-baths of More, Babbitt and company. But even the young critics owe him an immense debt." A little later he refers again to this horrible drift toward morality and says, "But Huneker, dead, is still alive enongh to pull powerfully the other way. . . . In the midst of the prayer-meeting one hears his ribald laugh and his reassuring 'Grüss Gott!' " It is a novelty to see Mencken looking for reassurance.

Huneker did leave, of course, the "transient school" about which Mencken speculates. The transient school was Mencken. Mencken's career has consisted of prolonging into the 'twenties the careers of Huneker, Percival Pollard, Vance Thompson, and the other men of thirty years ago who practised that mingling of irresponsibility, novelty and disruption which constitutes the noble art of bohemian criticism. His ideas and his tastes all come from there, the chief difference being Mencken's greater interest in social questions (the police reporter turned critic) and his greater gullibility in accepting the fashions of modern science. The ideas and the talents he has championed have all been echoes and imitations of the literary, philosophical and scientific fashions in vogue in Europe from thirty to seventy years ago. As Mencken says of Huneker in the preface quoted above, "The tune that he piped in 1891 . . . he was still piping in 1920". Mencken is still piping it in 1930. He has slaved with might and main for thirty years to help America repeat ancient and not very important history.

Pollard was the *Town Topics* critic. The book in which his main work is preserved, *Their Day in Court,* is a horrible example of the short life of its type of criticism, being even less readable today than Huneker and the pre-war books of Mencken. Mencken had begun his great campaign to make the world safe for bohemianism in 1908 as liter-

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STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

WILLA CATHER

FOUR NEW MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

At the autumn meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, November 14, the election of the four American authors on this page was announced.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES

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ary critic of the *Smart Set*. Upon Pollard's death in 1911, Mencken became the chief spokesman for that branch of the movement just getting under way. His team-mate, George Jean Nathan, helped the work through criticizing the theatre. Another Hunekerite, Willard Huntington Wright, pushed the whole policy of the *Smart Set* in that direction during his two years as editor, 1912-1914, and the magazine began to infect the scores of young men who carried the *Smart Set* tradition to triumph in the decade just ending.

Meanwhile business was picking up in New York. In 1913 a group whose libertarian leanings took doctrinaire economic form founded the *Masses* (later the *Liberator*), for ten years a safety-valve for Marxian revolutionists and a powerful stimulus to the disruptive trends in literature and morals. Most of the *Masses* crowd lived in the Greenwich Village section of the city, which was becoming a chief gathering place for young revolters from all over the country. America's first heretical weekly was started the following year, when Herbert Croly's *New Republic* quickly assembled a brilliant group of enthusiasts for the new-old doctrines in politics, morals and the arts. In the same year, 1914, a clever publisher sensed the commercial value of the growing movement and by founding *Vanity Fair* with Frank Crowninshield as editor provided an organ the importance of which in propaganda has not been generally recognized. New York's first important "little magazine" was Alfred Kreymborg's *Glebe*, started in 1914 as an outlet for the poets too radical for *Poetry*. In this year Mencken and Nathan inaugurated the *Smart Set's* period of greatest effectiveness by becoming its joint editors.

By 1915 so many young men and women filled with the new fervor had accumulated in Chicago from the surrounding states that a magazine was needed to relieve the pent-up passions, and the *Little Reiewv* was founded. Social reform rivalled artistic innovation in the early numbers, but art quickly predominated. Soon after its inception the *Little Review* adopted the tone of wilfull freakishness which made it the most famous of the little magazines and was in fact its unique contribution to the genus. Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht and many other Middle Western authors here made their first appearance. That whole section of the country was in ferment. Hardly a county for states around but had its farm with some boy or girl hearkening to the new voices and setting out for the big city to make a contribution to art and freedom. The region produced the first book of the new tendencies to achieve large sales: Masters's *Spoon River Anthology* was boosted into something like a best-seller by the impetus of the new poetry movement, though it had less to do with poetry than with the soured romanticism being cultivated by the bohemian wing. (The book had been instigated by Reedy.)

The movement, barely begun in 1910, was going strong by 1915 and was beginning to make a dent on the public, especially in poetry. Besides *Spoon River*, that year saw Lindsay's *The Congo* and Sandburg's *Chicago Poems*. In fiction a significant event was the publication and prompt suppression of Dreiser's *The "Genius"*. Dreiser, who had fashioned a philosophy out of the stale scientific notions of 1880 and the small-talk of Chicago city rooms, and had derived his art from the rule of the French naturalistic novelists that a childish philosophy should be made into very long books in a very bad style, now began to be acclaimed as a great interpreter of the American soul, his chief eulogizer being H. L. Mencken. His five previous books had reached small audiences, but the suppression of *The "Genius"* did much to pave the way for his subsequent career as the bed-rock of American literature during the 'twenties—besides establishing the tradition, so well maintained throughout the decade, of a brush with the censor as the inevitable sign of a new genius.

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Pinchot

DOROTHY PARKER

Author of the story "Big Blonde", published in The Bookman last February, which won the first prize of the annual O. Henry Memorial Award. Mrs. Parker's two books, "Enough Rope" and "Sunset Gun", are well known to lovers of poetry and satirical verse.

Publishing houses began to be formed for the benefit of the new current. Mitchell Kennerley, who had grown up in England during the 'nineties and come to this country at the turn of the century, was the pioneer in the handsome production of insurgent books, having begun as early as 1905. After 1915 new houses sprang up on every hand. Little magazines spawned profusely, one of the most interesting being the *Others* of Alfred Kreymborg, always an active instigator, as well as a charming chronicler of the period in his later autobiography, *Troubadour*. Another magazine was Frank Harris's *Pearson's*. Harris had returned to this country just in time to take part in the seething preparation

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for the 'twenties. Having known the Continent in the 'seventies and 'eighties, and having ridden on top of the English 'nineties, Harris was obviously in ideal condition to lend a hand to America's efforts to catch up with history. To him the effect must have been that of living his youth over again, with the added joy of being received as a great man. Through his books (he published twice as many after 1915 as in his previous sixty years), through *Pearson's*, and through an inexhaustible audience of Villagers for his inexhaustible talk, Harris stimulated all the insurgent streams, with perhaps a little specialization in sexual license.

By 1916 the various forces had begun to take notice of each other and to coalesce. A powerful factor was the *Seven Arts*, a small magazine founded in 1916 and suspended in 1918, but in its short career enlisting most of the men and manifesting most of the ideas destined to set the tone of the 'twenties. It served, among other things, to draw together the two principal groups of the whole movement: the sons of recent arrivals in this country, as represented by James Oppenheim, Waldo Frank, Paul Rosenfeld, the magazine's founders; and men from towns and villages of the Middle West like Dreiser and Anderson. But the two most important members of the *Seven Arts* group were of neither class: Van Wyck Brooks and Randolph Bourne. Both were set apart by being "hereditary Americans" and university men, and also by being the most brilliantly gifted in the whole insurgent school. Brooks by his *America's Coming of Age* and the *Seven Arts* essays later collected in *Letters and Leadership*, and Bourne by a profusion of essays and reviews and by his blazing personality, furnished much of the driving force that animated the coming decade. The work of both men is antiquated now: one is aware of two fine spirits, of much thought, much reading and above all much feeling, but what they said is now dead with the uncomfortable death of overwrought emotions preserved beyond their time. Their work was largely ordinary romantic libertarianism mingled with a bitter lashing-out apparently springing from private temperamental distresses—sufferers from a belated *maladie du siècle* which they took for a *maladie de la patrie*.

We have spoken of the bohemianism and the ninetyism that played so important a part, but other related factors were also present. One was the English tradition of socialism, given brilliant literary expression by William Morris, Shaw, Wells; this Fabianism was a cousin of the mild, hopeful American socialism of the 'eighties, and had a powerful appeal for youths of generous impulses, though some soon discarded it for more orthodox Marxian revolutionary plans. Two countries to which romanticism had come late and in a very ripe condition contributed strong influences: Ireland, where romanticism was closely related to the French symbolist, decadent and pseudo-mystical schools; and Russia, where the expansive, dissolvent effects of romanticism had been superimposed on a crude, traditionless culture, resulting in a rich harvest of the kind of neuroticism which is extreme romanticism's natural end. Books from both countries poured out.

Another influence was psycho-analysis, in the air in this country from the time of Freud's visit in 1909, and given more general circulation by the translation of Freud's early books in 1913, 1914 and 1916. By 1917 the jargon of the new science was breaking out everywhere: it was becoming apparent that the theories of the Viennese necromancer fitted very neatly into the developing atmosphere. The connection was a natural one. Psycho-analysis may briefly be defined as a technique for turning soft romantics into hard romantics—for making cynics of sentimentalists. No theory has ever been evolved more useful for throwing disrespect on tradition, standards and authority. Psycho-analysis began to play a part in literary criticism, as did also the theories of J. E. Spingarn, published in 1913. Dr. Spingarn was a distin-

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EDITORS AT WORK. I.

G. D. Eaton and Burton Rascoe, the editors of Plain Talk, photographed in their office.

guished Columbia University scholar who had spent long years studying the history and theory of criticism, burying himself deep in all the conflicting views of the forgotten and unforgotten practitioners of criticism from the Renaissance down, incorporating his findings in scholarly monographs. He emerged finally from this preparation with the announcement that the true truth, the final word of criticism, had been achieved by the Neapolitan esthetic relativist, Benedetto Croce. Many believed him.

It is not necessary to go into the commonplaces of revolt and modernism which were shared in varying degrees by all of the individuals who were arising to power: scepticism of religion, belief that modern science, especially since 1859, had changed many important things, internationalism, pacifism, feminism, progress, the new education, the new morality, freedom of speech, and so on, and so on. On two items there was unanimity and constant emphasis: that art and criticism had nothing to do with morals; and that America was in a bad way. This last point was approached from two directions: one which attacked everything ancient and established in the country, summed up by such epithets as "Puritan", "academic", "100% American"; and another which attacked everything new and raw, with epithets like "industrialism", "standardization", "machine civilization".

The bohemians used satire and general mocking, the critics of the *New Republic*, *Seven Arts*, etc., were grim or occasionally

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THE OTHER DAVID McCORD

This is David Frederick McCord of New York, whose article in this issue (page 506) clears up the confusion between the literary McCords.

ironical. Each admired the other's methods and united in their basic idea of America. "On all sides penury of desire, on all sides the clamped dominion of Puritan and Machine," as Waldo Frank put it. Van Wyck Brooks was usually credited with the best expression of the prevailing temper. Some of his phrases were: "Considered with reference to its higher manifestations, life itself has been, thus far, in America, a failure. . . . The blighted career, the arrested career, the diverted career, are with us the rule . . . (the nation) sends up to heaven the stench of atrophied personality".

Such was the tone of the thinking of a large share of the bright minds and strong talents who were beginning to mould public opinion when this country entered the war. The war only delayed the business a little while. As soon as it was over the new men came charging across the landscape, riding down everything before them. The underground developments of the previous decade suddenly burst into view and filled the public eye. Books, magazines, theatres, were given over to displaying the talents and spreading the views of the insurgent generation.

The war was hardly ended when the old conservative weekly, the *Nation*, was yanked to the opposite extreme by Oswald Villard. The *Dial* was brought from Chicago to New York and turned into an organ of esthetic radicalism, inheriting the mantle of the *Seven Arts* and quickly collecting new talents. The year 1919 saw the portrayal of American village life as obscene and cruel, Masters's *Spoon River Anthology* idea, carried to its logical conclusion (logical after the intervening five years of psycho-analysis and

THE OTHER DAVID McCORD

This is the Boston David McCord, compiler of "Once and For All", as explained by the other David McCord in this issue (page 506).

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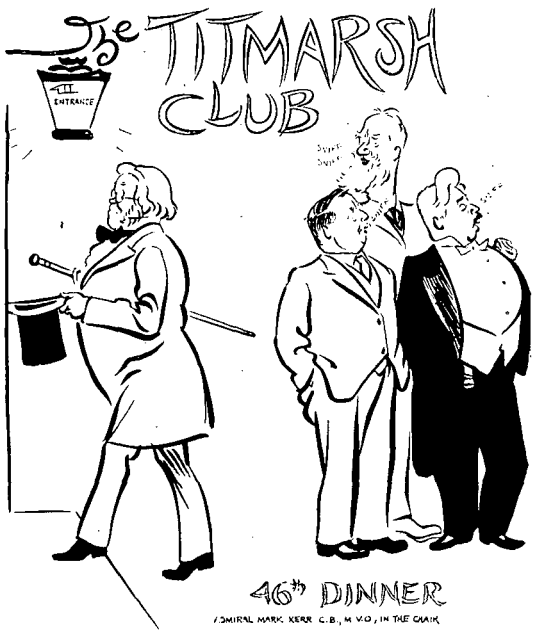
Seven Arts criticism), in Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio.* An obscure southern novelist, who had begun his career fifteen years before with books in which the sentimentalism of the American 'nineties had been strained through the decadent wit of the English 'nineties, produced in *Jurgen* a book which several critics hailed as a work of genius. It was suppressed, and immediately the whole nation proclaimed it a work of genius.

Waldo Frank made a book of jubilation over the way matters were going, *Our America.* One of his remarks was, "Today the authority of Mencken over the critical flatlands of the United States is a thing beautiful and delicious to behold". And indeed Mencken had come into his own. His book of 1917, *A Book of Prefaces,* had won him an increased audience of young people who were ready to accept everything he said as gospel—even this stunning discovery: "The fact is that Dreiser's attitude of mind, his manner of reaction to the phenomena he represents, the whole of his alleged 'naturalistic philosophy', stems directly, not from Zola, Flaubert, Augier and the younger Dumas, but from the Greeks". His following was increased by his first volume of *Prejudices* in 1919, collected *Smart Set* critiques. An anti-academic and Anglophobe pamphlet disguised as a massive philological treatise, *The American Language,* gave him a popular reputation as a scholar. A few months later he and Nathan delighted the insurgents with an elaborate piece of bourgeois-baiting, *The American Credo.* The *Smart Set* boys had arrived.

The "wild young people" who had been touched by the spreading rebellion in their school and college days and were causing their parents concern suddenly found their bible in the first year of the decade in Scott Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise.* They also found their poet in Edna Millay, whose *A Few Figs from Thistles* summed up the Greenwich Village ideal of love for the decade before and Young America's ideal for



From an unpublished drawing by David Low

A TITMARSH CLUB MENU

Drawn by David Low for the famous London club of Thackeray lovers, and reproduced in Lewis Melville's new volume of reminiscences, "Not All the Truth". Mr. Low explained his drawing thus: "The idea is that H. G.. Arnold, and Bernard are appreciative of the genius of Thackeray; but if any one at the Club ascribes a different meaning to it, I am quite willing; but I offer no prizes. I am uncertain whether I have got Thackeray in the right clothes, but if you hear any comment about that, tell them it's 'symbolical'. I've always found that a good excuse."

the decade to come. Greenwich Village was booming. Its denizens were leaping into fame, its tea-shops and book-shops throve and multiplied as the curious came for thrills. The Village dramatic organizations, the Provincetown Players and the Washington Square Players, both scarcely five years old, suddenly found themselves the most important factors in the nation's theatre. Their chief dramatist, Eugene O'Neill, won instant success with his study of a tubercular romantic on a decaying farm, *Beyond the Horizon,* and became the decade's representative playwright.

Meanwhile men from the Middle West were being catapulted into public notice in rapid succession, landing in the mighty posts

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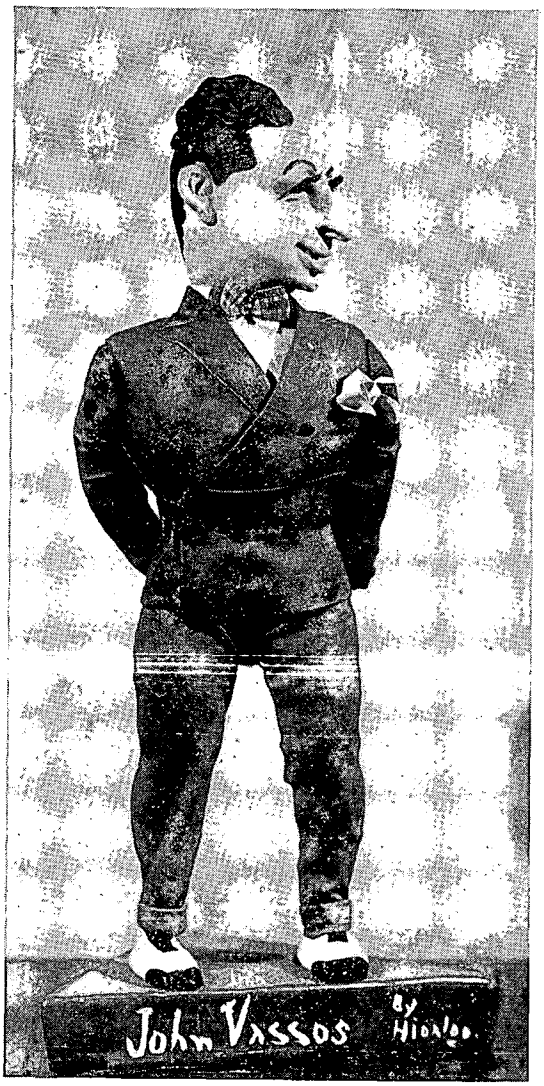

JOHN VASSOS

The new illustrator of Oscar Wilde and author, with Ruth Vassos, of a pictorial record of American life, "Contempo". Statue by Hidalgo.

of journalism or producing realistic novels which were acclaimed as masterpieces ranking with the treasures of literature. Sinclair Lewis and *Main Street* took the country by storm, a triumph of applied Menckenism. Second only to it was Floyd Dell's *Moon-Calf,* an autobiographical novel with great representative value. In fact Dell has probably embraced in his career more of the elements that went to make up the 'twenties than any other person. Merely to list them telegraphically is to sum up the whole era: Illinois village—Iowa town—Chicago journalism—newspaper book-reviewing—socialism—feminism—Greenwich Village—psycho-analysis—pacifism—Greenwich Village theatricals—Greenwich Village radicalism—Greenwich Village amour—autobiographical novel—more autobiography—suppression by the censors. He even ends the decade in the representative fashion, with a waning fame and an obvious inclination to suspect that the red-hot doctrines of the past twenty years were not after all the ultimate truths.

Old Huneker, who had done so much to make the 'twenties what they have been, greeted them in an appropriate manner: he ground out an obscene novel, cursed prohibition and censorship to his friends, and, as 1920 ended, morosely died.

Books on psycho-analysis, realistic novels, poetry by adolescents, psycho-analytic biographies, pacifistic war-books, limited editions of erotics, appreciations of the new geniuses were poured out by the presses. Two liberal English teachers, Henry Seidel Canby and Carl Van Doren, came out from the academic world and threw themselves into the business of welcoming the new forces. So successful were they in gauging the public taste that before the end of the decade each was heading a mail-order book company, selecting books for something like a hundred thousand persons each. But there was a shortage of appreciators for so much genius, and newspaper columnists and apprentice writers were suddenly promoted into men of letters and critics at large. Youth was at a premium, and maturity a positive handicap.

And so it went, each year working out a little more thoroughly the application of the philosophy and esthetic which Young America had achieved. The message was being carried to the people in large quantities of cheap books. *The Modern Library,* a long list of low-priced books adroitly chosen to

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minister to the new tastes, had from its founding in 1918 served as a university of modernism to thousands. In 1919 a huge series of books at the minimum price—eventually made five cents—was begun, the Little Blue Books of Haldeman-Julius. By the end of the decade one hundred million had been sold. Historians will doubtless find it hard to decide whether it was Haldeman-Julius or Mencken who did the most to stuff the American public with stale science, stale economic and religious heresies, stale philosophy, stale literature—all the accumulated rubbish of two centuries of crack-brained revolt and faded dreams.

The most radical of all the weeklies, the *Freeman*, so radical that the *Nation* and the *New Republic* seemed respectable beside it, was started in 1920, on the crest of the advancing wave. But somehow it was just a little too radical: it lasted only until 1924. By way of compensation, however, 1924 saw the birth of *The American Mercury*, in which Mencken and Nathan put over boob-bumping with a bigger bang than ever, achieving a circulation comparable to that of the earlier muck-rakers of twenty-five years ago.

In fact at the middle of the decade it seemed as though there was no limit to which the new men of every kind might not hope to attain, nothing which the American public would not swallow if it was told loudly and slickly enough that this new heresy, this latest piece of iconoclasm, this youngest revolutionary genius, this fresh shock to decorum, was quite the proper touch in modernism which all the best people were adopting. But a couple of years later, just after Dreiser had crowned his career by harrowing something like one hundred thousand people in two turgid volumes, it began to be noticed that the strong stream of the 'twenties was slowing off a little. The old heresies didn't quite have the old kick. The new geniuses were a little less often taken at their face value. The youngest generation was not responding in just the right way to the old doctrines. The older voices were fading away; there seemed to be no successors to take up the work. Before long it was even hinted that the youngsters were looking elsewhere than to the men of the 'twenties for light and guidance. The cursed names of More and Babbitt were breathed—Babbitt and More whom Mencken had killed off way back before the war by hurling some of his choice epithets at them, whose corpses Spingarn had trampled into the mud at the opening of the 'twenties, with these words:

"These men have the learning and culture of the best academic critics of France; but what avails their petulant erudition if it serves no other purpose than to whine over the irrevocable past and to sneer at the aspirations of modern men? . . . Romanticism and the romantic temperament are their special aversions. Why do these men harp on this subject with irritating iteration? Why does the parvenu harp incessantly on the bad manners of those about him? These men are themselves Romanticists, with the romantic distaste for reality, the romantic yearning for an imaginary past; they are lashing their own hated weaknesses when they seem to be lashing the world about them. Here are the sad stigmata of the sterile soul."

Those words were effective in 1920; but in 1930 they are seen to constitute their author's suicide as far as his permanent reputation is concerned.

It is plain to the dullest observer that the 'twenties are running out rather more mildly than they came in. The old voices speak less loudly and carry less conviction. The oratorical vantage-points have diminished: not only the *Freeman*, but the *Dial* and the *Little Review* have died, after out-living several score former comrades-in-arms. The *Mercury* continues, but Mencken is clearly on his way out. Already the silk-merchants, chorus-girls, golf-players, radio-fans, club-women, to whom he spread at the height of his fame have fallen away. He is completing the circle of his career, and now finds his audience

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among those who first acclaimed him: the backgroundless, the disinherited, the pathological; first-generation immigrants, unhappy college-boys, paranoiac newspaper reporters, intellectual bohemians. He will end as he began, handy-man on a provincial newspaper, shocking the quiet citizens of a quiet old city.

Spingarn preserves his customary silence. Brooks has fallen silent, though he has a continuator in Lewis Mumford. Walter Lippmann brings himself up to date in a best-selling treatise on morals, but it is still the old pre-war Lippmann, full of confidence that science and psychology will save the human race. The *Nation* and the *New Republic* have both fallen on evil days, but each has produced a critic to whom a section of the public listens. Joseph Wood Krutch, of the *Nation*, published in the middle of the decade a study of Poe in which Poe's life was divorced from reality by being made into a Freudian melodrama and his work divorced from reality by being separated completely from its historical context. At the close of the decade he became the spokesman of a considerable number through his *The Modern Temper*; but as this was merely a rather drab and tedious restating, with timely allusions to the latest naturalistic fiction and the latest pseudo-science, of the fashionable attitude of pessimism in its newest mode, the childish heroics of "gallant despair", the 'thirties will hardly find their inspiration here.

The *New Republic's* candidate, Edmund Wilson, is in many ways the finest literary critic we have had in recent years. His erudition, his sensibility, his style, make him stand out vividly. Most of our critics, as has been said, have spent the decade educating themselves in public. Of Wilson this is not true. That is his weakness. His point of view remains exactly the same, the only addition to his stock of ideas in ten years being an uncritical acceptance of such scientists-turned-philosophers as Whitehead. Wilson began his career as a typical man of the 'twenties, publishing in 1920 parodies of Huneker, Mencken and the 1890 style of biography. As the decade closes he publishes an autobiographical novel of the post-war Greenwich Village and concentrates on tracing the influence of the French symbolists on some contemporary writers. "We have rediscovered Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt, but we have not yet discovered John Jay Chapman", he said recently, the "we" meaning "we moderns", or rather, "you other and blinder moderns". In other words, Wilson can make nothing of the two most powerful and most influential minds in the country—if indeed he has actually tried them—and instead finds a natural affinity with that charming and brilliant writer, that firebrand of 1895 libertarianism, that slightly classical eccentric, John Jay Chapman. Wilson will remain to the end, it would seem, a man of the 'twenties.

* * *

And thus the decade dies, carrying with it the echoes of battles fast being forgotten, and leaving behind it the inevitable stragglers rapidly losing touch with the main body. We bid it a fond farewell, and turn with hope to the 'thirties. The new decade's tone will be vastly different, but no less interesting; and rather more important. There are signs that America is wearying of its reputation as the place Europe goes when it dies. . . . As we go to press the critics unite in damning Dreiser's latest work with faint praise and even loud damns. The 'twenties are over.

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THE SOUTH GROWS UP

by Eudora Ramsay Richardson

THE South is producing at last a literature both indigenous to its soil and expressive of a realism founded upon a major portion of the whole truth about its people and its civilization. The late flowering may now be viewed as a blessing. It has saved the South from cults of extremists that had had their little day before the clatter of Southern typewriters was heard throughout the land, and it has given Southern writers time to unearth the treasures hidden in their native fields.

The South has been in the writing business slightly over half a century. Before the 'sixties we were fighting our political battles and producing statesmen and orators, not imaginative writers. Wealth was confined, when slavery flourished, to a few large planters, while the masses were tenants and small landowners. In reconstruction days the struggle for existence precluded the gentle art of writing. "Literature on a large scale," says Doctor Alphonso Smith, "implies authorship as a profession, and authorship as a profession has never flowered among a poor people. . . . Literary productiveness, in other words, is vitally related to industrial productiveness, both being correlative manifestations of the creative spirit." Eighteen-seventy-five, the birth-year of the new industrialism in the South, was also the birth-year of Southern literature. It was then that Lanier attained national fame. Immediately thereafter other writers loomed upon the horizon where before only the lonely figures of Poe, Timrod, Hayne, and Father Ryan had been silhouetted.

The Reconstruction Literature of the South, however, which endured well into the twentieth century, was characterized by a nostalgia for the past and a consequent romantic idealism that evaded facts. Writers, glorifying the days that were no more, sought to crystallize in memory a past that had never existed as they portrayed it. Possessing no religious iconoclasm and much spiritual conservatism, literature in the South for thirty years was a static thing, an inaccurate picture of the times it professed to reproduce. Such writers as Thomas Nelson Page, in the delightful inanity of his singing optimism; Cable, who wrote with charm and little reality, with sentiment and no common sense; James Lane Allen, dripping with saccharine sweetness; Thomas Dixon, inciting to wrath and hatred; George Gibbs; with his penchant for mystery and adventure; Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary Murfree) and John Fox, Jr., with mountain settings romantic but scarcely real; Frances Hodgson Burnett, that creator of the impeccable and impossible child; Alice Hegan Rice, whose stories were saved by humor, gave to the world pictures of Southern life that had little basis in fact.

At last, however, many voices are being lifted in the South against those artificial traditions which Southern writers of the past sought to memorialize. Chief among the

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Southern novelists who are creating the new literature of protest are, of course, James Branch Cabell and Ellen Glasgow. Having fled to Poictesme, Mr. Cabell sends his iconoclastic shafts against spiritual conservatism and by means of a new romance pierces the old with the cool steel of his inimitable irony. Miss Glasgow, on the other hand, remaining in Virginia, turns the bright light of realism upon the shadowy idealism in which the South was once content to wrap itself.

Mr. Cabell, by the quality of his themes and the essence of loveliness distilled through his books, is set apart not only from other Southern writers but from all the world of writers; yet the South furnished the background for his emergence into the realm of his own making. If the South had produced only James Branch Cabell, the immensity of its contribution to letters would leave the rest of America in its debt. Lichfield—or Richmond—offers too narrow an horizon for the sort of genius that is Mr. Cabell's. In Poictesme, however, there is freedom for the mind that would wander unfettered by the limitations actuality imposes. Here Cabell, the imaginative artist, is able to reveal truth higher than that to be found in realism, and here he may interpret the mind, spirit, and manners of man. Here it is that Manuel the Redeemer is able to study "the secret of preserving that dissatisfaction which is divine where all else falls away with age into the acquiescence of beasts", and where Jurgen, the pawnbroker, may wage his high-hearted, though ineffectual, fight to escape the rule of Koschei, the deathless.

With the perspective Poictesme provides, Cabell ridicules the sentimentality, the orthodoxy, and the unreality of the Philistia in which his predecessors, and alas! most of his contemporaries, dwell in inane but scarcely blissful ignorance. Though Cabell in his heroic iconoclasm will be eternally satisfying to those who make up the aristocracy of the intellect, he writes too far above the average reader's mental level for his interpretations ever to reach any save the few. Since his mixture of symbolism and factual writing sometimes baffles the constituency rightfully his, it is no wonder that the literal-minded ones are left either perplexed or aghast. Yet in the literature of disillusionment there is no name that may be mentioned with that of James Branch Cabell.

Other writers, however, are presenting the social history of the South with a frank realism that stands in delightful contrast to the pretty idealism that characterized earlier Southern literature. Not only the South that calls itself civilized is being depicted veraciously, but also the sub-strata occupied by the negro, the poor white, and the mountaineer are no longer invested with false glamour.

The novelist who gives the most nearly complete picture of the South is undoubtedly Ellen Glasgow. In order that her literary achievement may be correctly evaluated, Miss Glasgow's work must be viewed in its entirety. Among the eighteen books she has written in thirty-two years there are no failures; there is from book to book a steady growth in grasp of technique and character. When Miss Glasgow began to write, the local-color novel had not yet run its course in America. It had, according to Carl Van Doren, invented few memorable plots, devised no new styles, added few notable characters to fiction, but had contented itself with the creation of types and puppets. Sentimentality was its dominant characteristic. Therefore when she began writing of the Virginia she knew so well Miss Glasgow must have consciously resisted the sentimentalism of her contemporaries. It must have been that strongly ironical vein of hers that saved her. Laughing a bit at Virginia, loving it but knowing it, Ellen Glasgow has given to the world realism touched with whatever there is of romance that rings true. With the pen of a realist this novelist of changing manners has dared to fight sentimentality and has defied a public she knew to be demanding

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what she has called "an evasive idealism, a sham optimism, and a sugary philosophy".

Miss Glasgow is the most significant novelist writing of the South today because her canvas is the broadest. She deals not only with the aristocracy that gave birth to her but with the common people whom she has no right to understand so well. There seems to be a popular idea that *Barren Ground* marked the beginning of Miss Glasgow's interest in the epic struggles of the poor whites in the South. Yet in the novels that preceded *Barren Ground,* she frequently ridiculed the traditions and false standards of the upper stratum and wrote understandingly of the common people. The hero of *The Voice of the People* is a "poor white" who rose to be Governor of Virginia. In *The Deliverance,* that great novel of revenge and regeneration, there is throughout a levelling of classes, symbolized finally in the marriage of Maria Fletcher and Christopher Blake. Old Mrs. Blake, physically and mentally blind, who lives in a past that is irrevocable for those around her, typifies the old order that must give place to the new. In *Life and Gabriella* Miss Glasgow permitted her heroine to marry the unlettered Irishman, Ben O'Hara, and sorely offended the sensibilities of many Virginians, as she had already offended them in *The Voice of the People* and *The Miller of Old Church.*

The whole picture of the reconstructed South appears in Miss Glasgow's books sympathetically and understandingly painted. The woman who fought for happiness with her own hands and brain is represented by Gabriella. The passivity of such women as Virginia who remain static in a changing world is sketched with deep pathos. The death agonies of the old order are set down with sympathy but without maudlin sentiment. Miss Glasgow has laughed at the hollow chivalry of the Southern gentleman and at the Age of Pretence that brought forth an Amanda Lightfoot, the woman crystallized into a man's ideal and never harboring a sincere thought or committing an act untainted by artificiality—and finally in *They Stooped to Folly* she has successfully contrasted the moral codes of three generations of Virginians. With a ruthless accuracy that commends her to the seekers after truth in literature, Miss Glasgow has recorded the social history of the South in transition.

Another Virginian who, like Miss Glasgow, has written through one era and into another is Mary Johnston. Beginning as a romanticist, Miss Johnston grew into realism and finally into mysticism. In her earliest historical novels, however, where she was at her romantic best, Miss Johnston's genius for truthful detail is apparent. From the landing of the women in 1619 through the stirring 'sixties, she has written the story of Virginia with keen feeling for dramatic values and historic verity. Though she has made no effort at "debunking" she has not surrounded her heroes with traditional glamour. Her Stonewall Jackson, in *The Long Roll,* the mad general threatened with the mutiny of his soldiers, was disturbing to the hero-worshippers who demanded that greatness and perfection be considered synonymous. Yet students have been unable to prove that the portrayal was not in accord with the records. In *Hagar* Miss Johnston brings her chronicle up to the present day and then sets out to discover the fourth dimension. Born into the old order, Hagar fights her way into the new. Sympathetically, and yet unsparingly, Miss Johnston treats of a civilization that must give place to modernity. While arguing in behalf of social revolution, she gives with remarkable fairness the case of the plaintiff as well as that of the defendant and truthfully presents Virginia caught in transition.

Henry Sydnor Harrison, whose voice has recently been regrettably silent, presented in *Queed, V. V.'s Eyes,* and *Angela's Business* a truthful picture of life in the South, though his method was somewhat reminiscent of the Victorians. His Angela, seated behind the steering wheel of her little Fordette, con-

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stantly about her business of pursuing men, was drawn with a scathing irony of which Southern gentlemen had formerly not been guilty. Mr. Harrison's portrayal of Angela may be stretched into a prophesy of Frances Newman's *The Hard-Boiled Virgin,* which finally divested Southern virginity of all its romantic glamour.

As long as writers dealt only with the aristocracy, the social history of the South could not be written. Legend has painted too flattering a picture of the Old South. As a matter of fact the Southern gentleman and lady have not just recently become almost extinct—they have always been almost extinct. The large middle class which has ever outnumbered the aristocracy had to be recognized in fiction before the whole story could be told. General Sherman might have spared himself the unchivalrous remark that he would like to bring all Southern women to the washtub by dwelling happily upon the number that were there even before his calamitous march through Georgia and adjacent territory. In 1860 there were, in Virginia, only one hundred and fourteen families who owned more than a hundred slaves. This number in one state illustrates the smallness of the minority about whom reconstruction novelists did all their writing.

In recognizing the lower classes, other Southern novelists are following Miss Glasgow in a rapidly widening column. One of the first to battle against the inadequate ministrations of a middle-class church to a middle-class people was Corra Harris, who treats of Southern Methodism with a kindly humor which somewhat softens the scathing quality of her indictment. Miss Glasgow's honest portrayal of the common people heralded, if it cannot be said to have instigated, such photographic sketches of poor whites as are to be found in the work of Edith Summers Kelley, and it heralded also those novels which are now giving the truth about two other representatives of Southern peasantry —the negro and the mountaineer.

Though the negro has always played an important rôle in Southern fiction, he was presented until recent years merely as "an accessory to the white man". The household slave and body-servant who appeared in the stories of Thomas Nelson Page and in those of Mr. Page's imitators were the faithful souls the white man yearned to have about him and not the real African of the fields. The negroes, isolated from the whites and continuing their tribal customs among members of their own race, were wholly excluded from the novel. It is true that Joel Chandler Harris did much to preserve for posterity the quaint folk stories of the black man. More recently T. S. Stribling in *Birthright* struck at the heart of a burning racial problem—that of the half-breed fighting against the conflicting forces within his dual nature. Yet until DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, and Paul Green began to write, no one had dealt adequately with the Southern negro in the environment in which slavery placed him.

Mrs. Peterkin and Mr. Heyward have introduced into fiction a character wholly new to the average reader. The negro of their stories is the Gullah negro who lives in the swamps of South Carolina and Georgia. The name is undoubtedly derived from Angola (Africa), whence the tribes were brought to the South Carolinian and Georgian coasts. Gullah dialect differs from that of the Virginian negro, of the Creole negro, and of the inland negro. Uncle Jupiter in Poe's *Goldbug* talks in good Gullah dialect, but Uncle Jupiter is utterly subordinated to the search for the hidden treasure. Gilmore Sims, John Bennett of Charleston, Mrs. Christensen of Beaufort, Doctor Adams in his *Congaree Sketches,* and a few other writers of minor importance, have made use of the Gullah negro. Mrs. Peterkin and Mr. Heyward, however, have lifted him to a high place in literature not only as a character whose dialect and customs are interesting but as a person of dramatic possibilities. For those who know Charleston, Porgy in his goat-cart—a type

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as well as an individual—takes his place among the negroes who have been met outside the pages of fiction. Mr. Heyward, in revealing the very soul of the Gullah negro, has resisted what must have been a temptation to sentimentalize concerning the negroes' lot in this white man's land. The characters in *Mamba's Daughters* are not so convincing as the inimitable Porgy, not so appealing, and not so dramatically presented. Yet in fairness it should be said that the second of Mr. Heyward's negro stories suffers chiefly because it must be compared with the first.

Mrs. Peterkin has contributed generously to the peasant literature of the South in her portrayal of the negro's patient struggle against poverty and disaster. The pastoral stories that compose the collection called *Green Thursday* show a grasp of negro character, negro superstitions, and negro folklore which no other writer has achieved. *Black April* shows a deepening of Mrs. Peterkin's understanding of her characters and establishes its author as a master of the technique her sort of novel requires. *Black April* and its successor, *Scarlet Sister Mary,* are dramas of negro life in which not one white character appears to mar the tone of the stories. The gaiety that is an inherent quality of the African is perhaps too much subordinated to the pathos and tragedy of negro life on an isolated plantation. Yet it is to her credit that Mrs. Peterkin has the mind to perceive tragedy and not merely that gaiety which the white man has used as an excuse for his callousness toward his black neighbors' sufferings. Unrestrained by the artificiality and veneer of civilization, the characters are beings who hate, love, "birth", and die with elemental abandon. Mrs. Peterkin has caught human passions in all their naked naturalness. Her creatures of the soil are, therefore, among the most nearly real characters modern fiction presents. *Black April* and *Scarlet Sister Mary* are sketched in proportions almost epic.

Paul Green also has pictured not the lighthearted but the tragic negroes struggling to wrest a living from the soil to which in large numbers they are still bound in slavery. Fighting their losing battle against the odds of poverty, ignorance and race prejudice, Mr. Green's characters stand out in tragic relief. The plays, whether they deal with the problem of the half-breed or that of the blackest of the black starving on land that will not yield sustenance, are executed with artistry. Though presenting characters struggling against innumerable obstacles, they offer no solution for the problems with which they deal. That is not propaganda, but it is art.

In even a cursory discussion of the negro in the literature of the South it would not be fair to omit the contribution to negro folk-lore made by Doctor Newman I. White of Duke University and Doctor Howard W. Odum of the University of North Carolina, each of whom has collected and published a volume of negro folk-songs.

The mountaineer, at last treated honestly in fiction, like the negro, has become an important character in the social chronicles of the South. The long line of romantic feud dramas, initiated by Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary Murfree) and carried on by John Fox, Jr., and other imitators, has given place to such presentations of mountain life as *The Time of Man* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, *Angel* by DuBose Heyward, and *Teeftallow* and *Bright Metal* by T. S. Stribling. *The Time of Man* is a poignant story of futile struggle against the poverty and ugliness of existence where barren fields yield returns disproportionate with the endeavor expended upon them. The drab realities with which Miss Roberts deals are relieved by the poetic handling of her material and by the rich maturity and distinction of her style. Ellen Chesser, striving through the handicaps of ignorance and poverty to realize a beauty that for her must remain unattainable, moving on from tenant farm to tenant farm in the hope of finding "some better country,

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our own place maybe, our trees in the orchard, our own land sometime", has within her untutored being the summation of yearnings common to women high and low. Like Julia Peterkin's characters, Ellen Chesser is a primitive creature dominated by the elemental passions which savor strongly of those qualities known as spiritual. Another novel dealing with a primitive woman's struggle to achieve the integrity of her soul is DuBose Heyward's *Angel.* In their feeling for the soil and for the children of the soil, Julia Peterkin, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, DuBose Heyward, and Paul Green are taking their places among the great interpreters of peasant life.

In *Teeftallow* and *Bright Metal* T. S. Stribling contents himself with externals in such a way as to make his novels caricatures of mountain life in the South. Dealing with the hillmen gathered in communities, he gives us graphic and amusing stories, told, however, with an exaggeration Southerners find hard to forgive. Stribling's over-statement in one direction contrasts with Maristan Chapman's over-statement in another. The author of *The Happy Mountain,* in spite of the contribution she has made to knowledge of mountain dialect, idealizes the speech of her characters at the expense of verisimilitude. Hatcher Hughes, when he does not sacrifice truth to comic or tragi-comic effect, succeeds in presenting characters that might have stepped straight from the hills to the stage. For the selective reader, Mr. Stribling, Miss Chapman, and Mr. Hughes are adding important touches to the picture of the Southern mountaineer. With the publication of *Cora Potts,* Ward Green of Atlanta introduces the prostitute as the central character of a Southern novel. The book—Mr. Green's first—should be viewed as a promise rather than an achievement. Though the story holds the reader's interest amazingly well, it fails to convince one who knows the poor whites of the South that Catamount could produce a Cora Potts, "a simple person who wanted precise things and got them by methods unencumbered by doubts of right or wrong", and whose sins could result in such devasting success!

The seekers after truth in the South are not confined to the realists and to the apostles of naturalism. There are those who are finding in the mystic what seems to them higher truth because it is a truth that is wholly spiritual. Mary Johnston, attempting in her last books to interpret mysticism through fiction, has not yet achieved the artistry that made her the foremost historical novelist of the South. Not yet has she adapted the "increasing awareness" to the demands of fiction; though she is carrying other seekers with her in her gropings to express "the beauty when life is seen as a landscape, heard as a symphony, smelled as a garden, tasted as nectar, dwelt in as a house". Margaret Prescott Montague, because she has chosen the essay rather than the novel as her principal medium, is succeeding rather better than Miss Johnston in her effort to reveal the growth of the spirit into fuller consciousness. While other writers in the South are making their contributions to objective truth, Miss Montague and Miss Johnston are searching for "the key with which to unlock the inner doors of life . . . the key to beauty for the artist, to truth for the philosopher . . . and the key to God for the worshipful heart".

So, in seeking and finding truth, writers of fiction in the South have shaken off the artificiality imposed by lying traditions and false creeds. The best that is being written in the South today is growing from seeds long ago planted in Southern soil. The harvest now being gathered is prophetic of greater harvests yet to be when other writers make use of the material the South provides for those with eyes to see, ears to hear, minds to comprehend, and imaginations to convert reality into that fiction which immortalizes truth.

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A LETTER FROM ABROAD

by Rebecca West

The Gumps in England—A tip about those promising youngsters, Evelyn Waugh and Robert Byron—Virginia Woolf braces herself against a harsh wind—"A Room of One's Own", the ablest piece of feminist propaganda yet written—What price war? ask Sassoon, Graves and Hemingway—R. C. Sherriff and Rudyard Kipling—The superb dialogue of "Journey's End"—"Good-bye To All That"—A glimpse of Laura Riding.

London, November.

I HAVE been standing on the terrace of my apartment, under a pale, bright sky which looked as if it would star like thick ice did one throw up a stone at it, discussing with a grave reverend seignior from the market-garden round the corner what flowers I want planted in my ten great tubs for the coming spring and summer. "Give me snowdrops, scillas, crocuses, daffodils, and May-flowering tulips," I said; "and, after that, stocks and, lastly, fuchsias." He answered, with that air of politeness covering a profound impatience at having to consider a woman's wishes which is so characteristic of the Englishman on these occasions, "The bulbs are all right, but, madam, must you have the stocks and the fuchsias? You know how they get blown about so far above ground. Can't I persuade you to let me set you out some nice carpet-bedding in geraniums, marguerites and lobelias?" "No!" I cried decisively, and then again, as one who sees endless trouble bearing down, I wailed, "Oh, no, please, *no!*" For there were invisible literary winds blowing, strong enough to bring endless trouble.

You see, geraniums, marguerites and lobelias are the favorite flowers of the Mr. and Mrs. Andy Gump of England. Drive through our suburbs in early summer and the landscape is like a Union Jack with the shallow scarlet of geraniums, the opaque, china white of marguerites, the dark yet transparent blue of lobelias. I live, however, not in the suburbs but in Kensington, among those who thank God that they are not as Gumps are. Did I make a Union Jack of my terrace, the retired Colonel who lives next door would mutter as he walked among his standard roses and his yews cut like peacocks, "I always knew the woman was a Gump. These writing people!" I do not know the Bishop's widow who lives underneath me, nor the old doctor who lives above; but their households could inflict effective censure on mine, for during that evening rite when the plump and solemn little dogs of Kensington waddle forth in the twilight to celebrate their only unbroken connection with nature while their white-aproned chaperons gossip on the doorstep, their servants would turn a cold shoulder on my servant. For if it is dishonoring to be a Gump, how much more dishonoring it must be to serve a Gump! Such the effect of geraniums, marguerites and lobelias on the neighborhood, while precisely the contrary (and much more annoying) reaction would be felt by my friends. When I opened my drawing-room door I would find them at my windows,

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gasping, "But how can you! How affected! How precious!"

For it so happens that in this matter the Gumps and the advance guard of the intelligentsia, the dandyism of the arts, are as one. The Gumps when gardening are working out an esthetic tradition which has taken time to percolate through the masses from the very top. For geraniums, marguerites and lobelias, arranged so as to give an eye quick to take up its cue the illusion of a carpet, came to ruin the gardens of our great houses in the sixties, the seventies, the eighties, of the last century. Grandfather Gump was head-gardener then; his children's children were taught to admire the red, white and blue, through the gates of the villas the solid merchants of late Victorianism built in the green environs of London; they became the symbols of respectability, and were therefore most valued by those who had achieved it with difficulty. But it is the 'sixties, the 'seventies, the 'eighties, which more than any other period fascinate the gayest of young literary bloods, those that follow the Sitwells, and the still newer crowd that is led by young Evelyn Waugh and Robert Byron. (Let me tip these two names as a certainty to collectors of manuscripts and first editions. This couple, if nothing happens to bruise the delicacy of precocious talent, should be the conspicuous figures of the next two or three decades, and should end gilded by some quite idiosyncratic achievement.)

Lustre chandeliers, china dogs for the mantelpiece, wax fruit under glass, Berlin woolwork, fire-screens, all those Victorianities are dear to the heart of these young dandies; and geraniums, marguerites and lobelias obviously form an integral part of that pattern. It would startle my friends to find me making use of that pattern, when I have always so modestly accepted Baudelaire's dictum that "woman is the enemy of dandyism, she is too natural; when she is hungry she eats, when she is thirsty she drinks". All this I could not explain to the gardener, any more than I could explain to him my primary objection to his plan. Dearer far to me is the scent blown by the evening wind into my window from my stocks, even though that same wind lay them low like a dog that had rolled in them, dearer far to me is a severed fuchsia-flower lying on the leads of my terrace, with its winy-purple outer petticoat, its tighter skirt of pale scarlet faintly tinged with blue—as if an inky finger had stirred the paint after it had been mixed—and its white stamens like the slim crossed feet of a ballerina, than ever could be the most wholesome and resistant exhibition of the shallow scarlet of geraniums, the opaque china white of marguerites, the dark yet transparent blues of lobelias. Speech is most inadequate as a means of intercommunication between human beings. Embarrassed, not trying to convince him, simply falling back on the cash nexus to make him do as I said, I stood on the little Kensington terrace while the falling leaves of the poplar that overhangs it printed it with a golden pattern.

* * *

Everywhere in London just now there are falling leaves, and invisible literary winds. On the other side of London, over in Bloomsbury, the plane trees, their branches bare, their creamy trunks half stripped of the brown bark, watch over the wide garden of Grey's Inn like haggard nymphs who have not rags enough to cover their white bodies; and the ravens, which ancient custom keeps there, clipping their wings lest they should fly away, huddle on the coping of the lead cisterns in which the Benchers of the Inn kept their water when Tudors and Stuarts sat on the throne. "Caw!" they say, and their souls imply, "Do you feel the earth taking on the substance of a corpse beneath our claws, and the sunlight losing the heat of life?" and they mean it. They are always so at this time of year.

It is strange that it is to lawyers, followers of the most artificial and arid profession, that

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London owes the glades—such as this and the Middle Temple Garden and Lincoln's Inn Fields, all pleasure grounds attached to the lawyers' various trade unions—which in the heart of the city preserve the impressability of nature at its most primitive, and exult or grieve from no other cause than the season of the year, and with supreme intensity. No public building hung with black streamers on the occasion of natural mourning could look so sad as this enclosure, with its trees that drip and drip and drip a tessellation of deep gold on the dank lawns, its ravens corroborating their depression, orange beaks down in black breasts, black ruffs like overcoat collars turned up, on the lip of the leaden cisterns; yet there is nothing worse afoot than the turn of the year. It is perhaps our one human advantage that we know winter to be not the end of all things, but the prelude to another spring. We can go forth into the country, and enjoy the pageant of the reddening beeches and the darkening of the fields without the fear, which all other living creatures must know, that this is the beginning of an eternal dispensation of cold air, leafless trees, and food far to seek.

That is what Virginia Woolf is doing, for in the street that leads from Grey's Inn Gardens to the Foundling Hospital we see her standing beside a friend's car, swathing a warm scarf round her shoulders in preparation for a journey. The wind that brings down the autumn leaves recognizes in her a substance nearly as fragile as it presses its vigor against her. She braces her austerity against it, turns her back to it, and carries high again her pale, fine face, which unobservant people say is like an old picture. It is not. It is like a very new picture. In fact, I am not sure that it is like any picture of a person that has yet been painted. In the landscapes of Cézanne and Van Gogh we recognize a distinction which comes from a new and valid way of regarding matter, a manifestation that by following the tradition of art the artists have pushed on to a new phase of sensibility. The arresting quality in Virginia Woolf's face is that same element of novelty. One has recognized it as an ingredient in pictures, but I cannot think of an instance where it has been depicted. The odds against a genius who represented this element being painted by another genius who could recognize and convey it are, of course, very heavy.

* * *

Virginia Woolf braced herself against the wind that blew down the autumn leaves: and she has braced herself of late against an invisible literary wind not less robust and unfriendly. For in *A Room of One's Own* she has, with extreme courage, defied a prevalent fashion among the intelligentsia, which is particularly marked in the case of her admirers. This book (it is really a long essay) is an uncompromising piece of feminist propaganda; I think the ablest yet written. Its main purpose is to defend women from the accusation of inferiority that is laid against them on the ground that they have failed to produce geniuses. She proves her case in passages that in their perfect, rounded form, and in the warm yet restrained color of their imagery, remind one of the great tawny chrysanthemums that are seen these days in the florists' windows. But make no mistake, she proves her case.

The climax of her eloquence is her biography of an imagined sister of Shakespeare, a genius like himself, who was so frustrated by the restrictions laid upon her sex as to physical and mental movement that she died with all her plays still in the unopened packet of her brain. For had she gone to London, Mrs. Woolf very sensibly points out, not hers to hold horses' heads in Southwark and earn without dispute the right to a garret and the production of manuscripts. Hers to be kept hungry by society's reluctance to give the easy, casual jobs to the female, and hers to be pulled asunder by the insistence of man as a whole that she should keep chaste and

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the insistence of man as an individual that she should not, so that in the end she drowned in the Thames, with child by Nick Greene. Forcible too is her assertion that the belittlement of women's work must have snuffed out many a fiery particle in the way of female genius. For it is the nature of the artist, she admits candidly, to care very much what is said about it. Her arraignment of the handicap laid on women—the different standard of comfort, which is mockingly celebrated in some superb ironical pages, chronicling how she fed on partridge and old wine at a men's college in Oxford, then in a women's college knew the supreme gastronomic ignomy of prunes and custard—is inflexible. It is also all the more brave and defiant because anti-feminism is so strikingly the correct fashion of the day among the intellectuals.

Before the war it was not so. The man in the street was anti-feminist, but the writers of quality were pro-Suffrage. Now the case is reversed. The man in the street accepts the emancipation of women except in some specific instance where he becomes afraid that a woman is doing a man out of a job; but a very large number of the younger male writers adopt an attitude towards women which can be imagined from the fact that one of them recently quoted the foul epithet, certificate of his own psychical disease, that Baudelaire applied to George Sand as a right and proper criticism of the intellectualized woman. This is due to the rising tide of effeminacy which has been so noticeable since the war.

Now these intellectuals had always made an exception of Virginia Woolf, perhaps because she so obviously is the talent of this generation which is going to survive. She had much to lose by offending their prejudices; she had nothing to gain by speaking what she believed to be the truth about her sex. These considerations did not make her hold her peace, or blur one of her arguments by regard for the susceptibilities of her own public. She is possessed of supreme honesty. Indeed all of her qualities have the attributes of supremeness.

* * *

These invisible literary winds are so strong that they can winnow solid men out of crowds. On Armistice Day I went to see the crowds that gathered round the Cenotaph in Whitehall for the two minutes' silence, and it was curious to note how in the ten years that had passed since I last saw the ceremony it had become exclusively a working-class rite. Neither among the people who filed past the Cenotaph to lay flowers on it, nor among those who marched in the processions of ex-Service men and women, nor among those who merely walked the streets with a melancholy air of observing decorum, were to be found more than a sprinkling who had received anything above an elementary school education. (This in England can be told in a flash of the eye, for all women above the comfortable economic level wear plain felt hats, and all men who have scrambled up to that ledge have their suits made for them.) The upper-class folks of course were never there. The basis of English aristocracy is feudal, and on such occasions as this every big-wig feels that his proper place is with the Boy Scouts in his home park down in the country. But the middle classes used to be there in force and in tears. Now they have been swept away, out of Whitehall, out of the mental orbit where any naïve celebration of the war is possible, and it is nothing stronger than a literary wind that has blown them. The consequences of the Peace of Versailles have been disguised from England; since she burdened herself with a fatuous Conservative Government which would have brought her next door to ruin whatever the *status quo* had been, she has had little need to acquaint herself with what that *status quo* might be. She has less sense than any other country in Europe of the political nihilism that followed the war, of its disintegrating

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effect on all attempts at human coherence. Her present refusal to give the war the homage tradition demands for it as an honorable aspect of national activity is due to nothing but the re-creation of soldiers' suffering achieved by the artists, beginning with Siegfried Sassoon, and ending with Robert Graves's *Good-bye to All That* and Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms.*

* * *

This artistic process entered into its present phase of intensity with R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End,* which had a curious antithetical effect on the clever and the stupid. It aroused, of course, a good deal of hostility among those who are clever-stupid because it treated only of officers and not of men. This was said to show a lack of feeling for the proletariat, and to mark it as inferior to the great lumping war masterpieces from Germany, in which it is a rule of the game that none of the seventy-seven characters may be called anything but Hans. Yet nothing could be more technically ridiculous than to expect an author like Sherriff, whose one talent is the superb writing of dialogue that builds up and illuminates character, to write of more than a small group of people. Once he got his play into an officers' dug-out it plainly had to stay there. But of the people who recognized its power without quibbling, the clever were appalled by its picture of the insipid type which it has been England's aim to breed and its helplessness in the grip of the forces that not only war but all of life let loose on it. There you see the little white-headed boys of the public schools writhing under the whip of their immature adorations for each other, turning to big schoolmaster-man to help them through, breaking down when he gets killed, being blown to pieces themselves. It gave the clever a sick distaste with our country and all its institutions, in which militarism was included.

The stupid, on the other hand, felt the warmest approval of the presented types. Decent, clean-limbed Englishmen ought to be like that. (What does that idiotic adjective "clean-limbed" mean? It reminds one of the old story about washing as far as possible.) To this party, oddly enough, belonged the author himself, though obviously he is far from stupid. Nevertheless the poignancy of the action forced them to the same conclusion as the clever: "This . . . is too much. Clean limbs ought not to be blown to pieces". Do you think I am describing a commonplace to you, an established feature of the landscape? I am not. For remember that the people who have come to this conclusion are that enormous silent public that up till now has bought Kipling in their hundreds of thousands: Kipling whose chosen toil it has been to depict these clean-limbed spiritual transparencies and say that nothing, nothing, can for them ever be . . . too much. Let a widow in sleepy Chester weep for her only son, there is a rightness in nationally sanctioned killing. "What rightness?" ask the younger men who, unlike Kipling, have had to take part in this nationally sanctioned killing. And when it was asked by Mr. Sherriff, who so plainly had adopted all Kipling's major psychological premises, the public found his argument irresistible.

* * *

There has been also a powerful effect on the public mind wrought by a certain book which I forbear to mention. I was brought up by my mother to respect blurbs. A blurb, said she, was a creature on a higher sphere than I, full of delicate sensibilities and idealism; break a blurb's faith in life, and it will sink lower and lower and lower. This book was issued with an exceptionally trusting and loving blurb that ran out and slipped its hand into one's own and looked up with clear blue eyes while it babbled interesting biographical details about the author, who (she said) had served all four years in the trenches and then, maddened by the strain, had wandered about his native land follow-

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ing every conceivable occupation except editing the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* until he found relief by epitomizing his war experiences in this masterpiece.

I will not wound that little blurb by giving the gross details. Enough to say that there is a controversy raging in that native land as to whether the author is not in fact a lively lad who never saw the front till, some years after the Armistice, he was sent by a newspaper on a four days' tour of the battlefields. That controversy is not settled, but I know on which side my betting would be. For that book might very easily have been faked by an astute mind that had dabbled just sufficiently in psycho-analysis to know that any author who deals with human excretions can excite and interest people in whom anal interests have been ruthlessly repressed in childhood (which means the great majority of people). Usually, of course, such matter is prohibited; but in a book about the war one could get by with it. Such an alert mind, coming down on its opportunities as if it had been trained playing ice-hockey, would realize that nobody now reads one of the most famous novels about war that was published during the war and would therefore coolly lift from it an incident which makes a similar appeal to the infantile in the sphere of sex. The thing, as I say, has not yet been decided. I believe the author is going to America. Being just an old-fashioned matchmaker at heart, I cannot help hoping that he meets Joan Lowell.

* * *

The book produced a queer flash of feeling, particularly among old-maidish academics and "plain blunt men" unaccustomed and indeed unable to analyze their own emotions, which had to be rationalized as anti-militarism, though in fact it was strongly tinged with pleasure. But the real thing has been presented to us, not in these stunt best-sellers, but in the progressive revelations made by the young Englishmen who would have been artists had not the war made them for a time hold their pens so unsteadily that the important message did not immediately get written; but is now getting written. The best of these as yet has been Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man,* but there has come its fellow in excellence, in Robert Graves's *Good-bye to All That,* which is the autobiography of a writer now thirty-four years old. He is the son of Alfred Percival Graves, an old gentleman on whom an anniversary or a dinner given to a public character acts like a stone dropped into a geyser, although in his case the fluid is verse of a Victorian pattern. Robert Graves, who is one of those high-colored, raw-boned Irishmen, with a habit of wearing shorts that show knobby knees as terrible as the Armies of the Lord, and a messianic kind of earnestness about him, is one of those people that by such accidents as these of uncouthness and involuntary portentousness arouse fear in those they meet; and, since they are within as soft and small as puppies that want petting and a warm basket, get from the reception they constantly evoke an exaggerated sense of the cruelty of other human beings. This has made him stand apart from other men, and get something of the true poet's unique and questioning vision of life in spite of a natural toughness quite unlike a poet. He is a curious mixture of natural coarseness and sensitiveness acquired through the discipline of agony. This fusion makes him an invaluable witness of the war. His coarseness made him not nearly so much fascinated by the war's mere excretory and corruptive aspects; and since he was a brave man himself he can admit the existence of bravery in the war. There is a Homeric passage celebrating the courage of one Major Samson that leaves in one's mind's eye a picture in which a spiritual state is perfectly expressed by the physical torsion that thrust the dead man's knuckles into his mouth, lest the cries of his death agony should betray his comrades to the enemy. But he had a poet's soul as well

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as a hero's; he stood apart from his own heroism and saw not least among the wasteful and filthy abominations of war the narrowness of a hero's life, the way that the professional soldier's nobler parts are bred to the minimum like a Sealyham's legs. The truth about the Regular Army has never been so candidly told as in this book: that is to say the truth about the social institutions which are most involved in the continuance of war. *Good-bye to All That* should be read all over the world, partly for the picture it gives—I have never seen a more successful attempt to render the weird atmosphere of devastated France than that which is indirectly conveyed in his story of how he saw a ghost in Bethune—and for its acuteness in social observation. It is good to think that England and America seem to be swinging equal just now, with *Good-bye to All That* balancing *A Farewell to Arms.*

Not so good the second half of the book which tells of Robert Graves's marriage to Nancy Nicholson, daughter of the famous painter, William Nicholson, and its break-up. There is much about Laura Riding, a lady who for long was suspected of being the literary feminine self of Robert Graves, as Fiona MacLeod was of William Sharp. There came a time when he was met in the subway carrying delicacies in a fish-basket to Laura Riding, whom he reported to be in a nursing home. But this was not really evidence, for if one did split one's personality into two nothing could be nicer than to put the other half into a nursing home and take it delicacies in a fish-basket. However, she seems to have an objective reality, being a Philadelphian, formerly Laura Gottschalk, member of the John Crowe Ransome group, and author of some quite beautiful poems; and she was in the nursing home, poor lady, because she had gone through a fourth floor window, for purposes, somehow, a logical part of her psychical life. It is all very like the sort of thing that happened to the Shelleys when they were living in Italy; and there is the same agitated yet cosy air of its being definitely trouble, but the kind of trouble they like.

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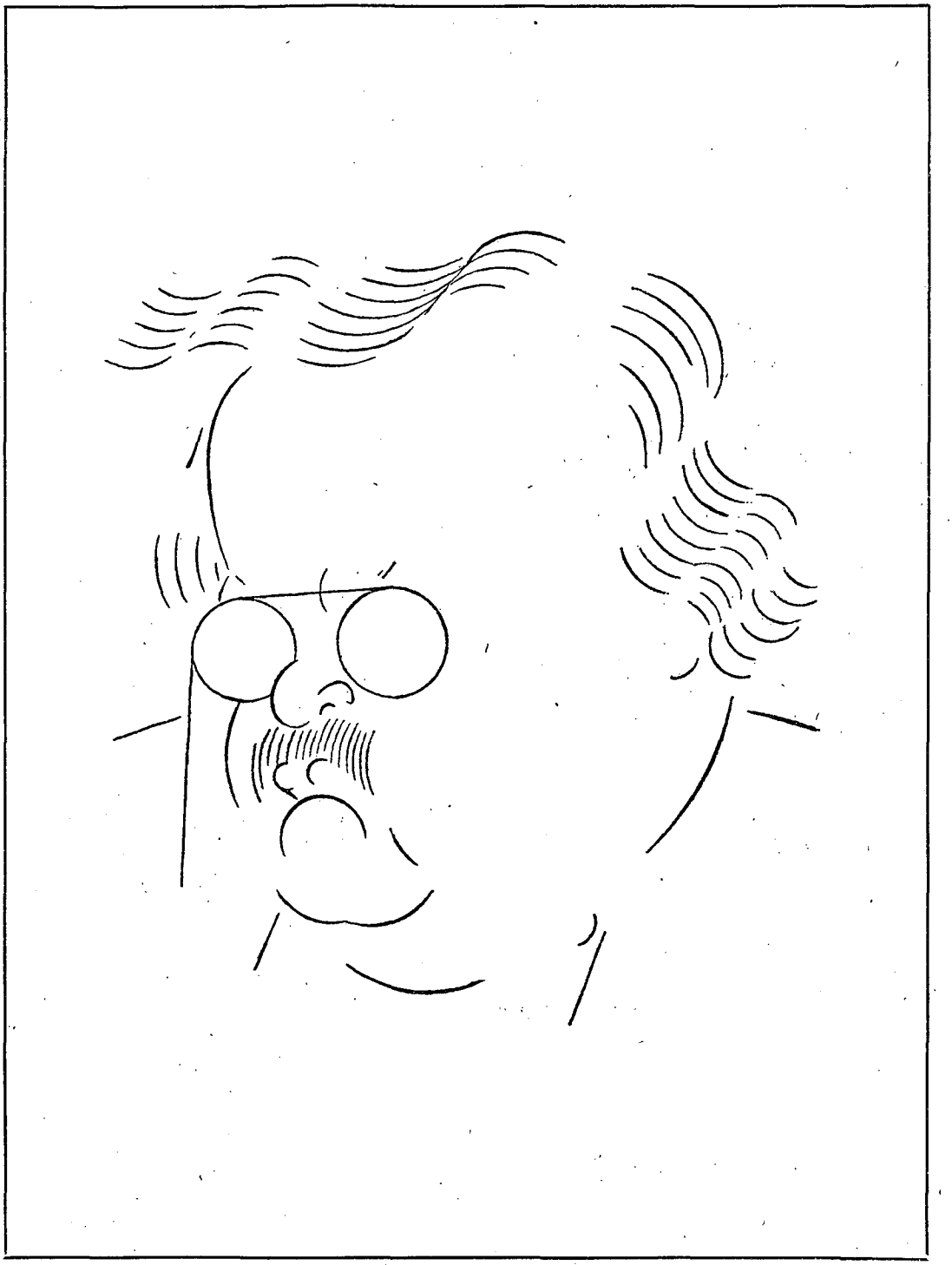

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
Caricature by Eva Herrmann

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FICTION

HUDSON-RIVER BRACKETED *by Edith Wharton* (APPLETON. $2.50)

IN *Hudson River Bracketed* Mrs. Wharton tells how an Illinois boy came to New York, saw, and was very nearly conquered. At the age of twenty-three Vance Weston is a promising writer, with one well-received novel to his credit; his fresh point of view meets with favor in the literary circles of Manhattan and he has a regular job with a recently established review. Unfortunately this review, although recently established, is endowed with the cunning of the ages, and has most devilishly got poor Vance to sign a contract which forbids him to write for any other publication for four years. Affairs are complicated by the fact that he has married and is quite unable to support his wife on his meagre salary. In spite of his growing fame, they are forced to live from hand to mouth, in cheap boarding-houses, without enough money for decent food.

One would not expect Mrs. Wharton to stay in this atmosphere for the five hundred odd pages which comprise her book, and indeed she does not. Her hero's wife is a pretty country girl who cannot understand any of her husband's thoughts or ambitions; he loves her but cannot talk about anything with her, which leaves the field open for the Other Woman. Her name is Halo Tarrant; unhappily married to the man who runs the review which employs Vance, she stands for sympathy, intellect, wealth and social position. She shows Vance a world which he never dreamed of; he is lionized in circles where his wife would never be more than tolerated, and which would, moreover, bore her to the bone. This contrast in social conditions, which runs through the book, is fairly effective, but one prefers the author's earlier books, where one could enter the houses of the wealthy without having servants, softly shaded lamps, pictures and luxurious furniture thrown at one in such obvious profusion.

Mrs. Wharton, as usual, writes fluently and with distinction; but her characters, with one exception, are shallow. Her portrayal of Mrs. Tarrant is not sufficient to account for the charm, intelligence and sympathy with which this person is supposed to be endowed. She seems rather smug and limited, however well-meaning; and one cannot understand Vance's respect for her mind after reading the hesitating and superficial criticism which she accords his work when he brings it to her for judgment. Vance himself is unconvincing in that he never grows up; responsibility, achievement and social experience do nothing to make him seem less boyish—indeed, childish. He behaves throughout like a schoolboy. His wife, Laura Lou, is the only real person in the book: the account of her short married life, with a husband whom she knows has outgrown her and death staring her in the face, has genuine pathos.

HARRIET HUME *by Rebecca West* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

Harriet Hume, like Mrs. Woolf's *Orlando,* is the kind of book that no one quite understands but that everyone thinks is awfully good. Miss West does not make quite so many historical allusions as the more erudite Mrs. Woolf, but in the field of fantasy, whimsy and clever foolishness she does quite well in her modest way. Harriet Hume has the horrible gift of being able to read the

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thoughts of the man who is in love with her, one Arnold Condorex. Condorex, born to no family and no wealth, is cursed with ambition; he must rise in the world. He looks forward to marriage as a step in this direction; for this reason Harriet cannot be for him, as she, poor fool, is a person of no particular consequence. As he thinks of his plan to marry the plain daughter of a Privy Councillor, and at the same time to keep Harriet (who is beautiful) until the last possible moment, she reads his thought.

She continues to read his thoughts throughout the book in a most embarrassing way; often he has kept doubts of his honesty to himself, but Harriet reveals them, thus taking all the pleasure out of his achievements. (These include marrying Lord Sourdeline's stupid daughter and becoming a Cabinet Minister, not to mention a peer.) Harriet is really a very pleasant little creature, full of wit, intelligence and animated by a very proper regard for truth and honesty. Condorex, although animated by no regard for truth and honesty, is also full of wit and intelligence, so that when the two get together, as they frequently do, interesting conversation is sure to follow.

Not only interesting, but sometimes quite serious, conversation. Miss West has a clear conception of men "on the make"; in Condorex, seen through Harriet's eyes, she exposes them, but with more humor than malice. The book is a *tour de force,* but not a formidable one; like Harriet herself, it may best be described as kittenish.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

THE GOOD COMPANIONS *by J. B. Priestley* (HARPERS. $2.50)

ONE CLOSES *The Good Companions* with the conviction that Priestley has written the best book of his career, and written it in happy defiance of all contemporary formulas of novel-manufacture. He has chosen to direct a large number of diverse characters through a sequence of entertaining adventures; he has treated them objectively and told his tale in a robust and satisfying manner.

The book is initially concerned with a wife-driven Yorkshire wool-worker named Oakroyd, a simple unfortunate; with Elizabeth Trant, an unattached, leisured spinster of thirty; and with Inigo Jollifant, B.A., an embryo jazz-smith and preparatory-school teacher. These three are compelled by circumstance to quit their respective spheres, and go wandering through the English countryside. By way of coincidence and accident they are brought together, and join and reorganize a group of disheartened travelling players, who then proceed to prosper under the label of "The Good Companions".

After that it is all very simple. Mr. Priestley conducts his company from one hilarious scene to another; the adventures are unimportant here. Emphasis, however, must be laid upon his quite Dickensian wealth of characters, and the detailed presentation of each of these queer, lovable people. His humor, mellowed by sympathy for those whom he portrays, is delicate and fine; it retains these qualities even when broadening to farce. His irony is not too efficient; the shafts prod gently. A word, too, may be said of the absence of ragged edges usually discoverable in lengthy, crowded books. Such exemption postulates an undeniable technical skill.

LEO KENNEDY

THE HAWBUCKS *by John Masefield* (MACMILLAN. $2.50)

READERS who have come to expect tales of the sea over John Masefield's signature will be delighted to learn that his art can visualize just as keenly for them the life and flavor of the English countryside. The people of *The Hawbucks,* and there are many of them, present varying facets of the typical English character. Masefield casts no glamour over them. To him a spade is a spade. But, though he recognizes its homeliness, its rust spots,

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perhaps, at the same time he appreciates its essential dependability and its admirable adaptation to its purpose. His people have their share of the staunch English virtues, and he presents their foibles with sympathetic humor.

But there is little humor in the situation for the nine young "hawbucks" who are suitors for the hand of Carrie Harridew. Six years before, when George Childrey had left for America because of differences with his family, she had been but a long-necked schoolgirl. Upon his return to take up his inheritance, he found her the loveliest woman in the county with a string of suitors at her heels. One sight of her added him to their number. One by one, as the tale progresses, they press their suits; one by one they are eliminated. And when the prize is ultimately rather surprisingly bestowed, we learn that fate had in store for our hero a fortune even better than he had planned for himself.

THE MIRACLE OF PEILLE *by J. L. Campbell* (DUTTON. $2.50)

AN EXQUISITE idyll laid in a mountain village of southern France just off the highways of the Riviera, an atmosphere of French peasant life heightened by juxtaposition to the world of fashion, enough adventurous action to hold the most restless taste: such, in short, is J. L. Campbell's *The Miracle of Peille.*

Thérèse Ursule is the crippled orphan daughter of a mountain shepherd and a gypsy girl, both of whom have been done to death by the suspicious and jealous villagers of Peille. Growing up alone in the ruined chapel of an ancient monastery, little Thérèse imbibes a natural love of and devotion to goodness, but is kept out of the church of her faith by her father's last words. How her body is made whole, how her townspeople come to love and venerate her, how visions cause her to devote her life to rebuilding the old monastery as a refuge for the unfortunate, how she consents to appear on a New York vaudeville stage as a means to this end, and fails, how nevertheless she learns in her last moment that her object is attained—form a story of absorbing interest. In spite of the semi-religious character of the theme, there is no austerity about the book; it pulses with the passionate life of Thérèse's contemporaries.

Mr. Campbell works with deft, sure strokes, and the result is a little masterpiece of life and color. No lovelier book has come out this year.

HARRIETTE ESCH

LAUGHING BOY *by Oliver La Farge* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $2.50)

RATHER unnecessarily, the author of this story has sought to disarm criticism by declaring in his preface that it was written "to amuse". Obviously it was, and we should never have suspected it to be an "indictment" of Americans, as he seems to fear. The story of Laughing Boy and Slim Girl is too far removed from American civilization to have any connection, other than physical proximity, with it. And the farther removed the better for the story, it appears; since the few American characters in it seem unnecessary encumbrances, often fantastically unreal.

Laughing Boy is, except for them, an almost perfect specimen of the sustained and tempered, the lyrical, romantic idyll. It moves among conceptions of life so foreign to those of our naturalistic fiction that it would seem to belong to a different kind of writing. It is filled with love, with nature; it is also filled with morals and religion. The love and nature are ours, as they are anybody's; the morals and religion are those of the Indian. We are thus transported into a strange, foreign and rather pleasant civilization. La Farge has bested some scores of writers at their own game. He has written a book about Indians that is, and that is likely to be so called ten or twenty years from now, real literature. That is a good deal for a young

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writer to accomplish with his first volume. Perhaps his next will have more to do with that other civilization which is, to us, America.

CLINTON SIMPSON

ADRIGOOLE *by Peadar O'Donnell* (PUTNAM. $2.50)

As IN his former book, *The Way It Was With Them,* Mr. O'Donnell has written a story of a group of ordinary people in Ireland that is beautiful and exciting but never obviously sentimental. It is the story of the boy, Hughie Dalach, a peasant, who grows up on the soil, marries a childhood sweetheart and, after years of fighting against poverty, sees his whole world wrecked by chance circumstances.

The story is told lucidly and straightforwardly without malice or extenuation. The author does not obtrude himself and in the tragic denouement neither expresses nor implies the slightest blame. The tragedy could have taken place only in Ireland and among the Irish, yet it is but one facet of the misery, experienced through other causes, suffered by the poor everywhere.

Yet only in Ireland can one find the particular gaiety of the idyllic scenes in the early part of the book. There is a rather brave and steadfast acceptance of life and its hardships that is unusual in novels of the soil. The people seem to work with nature instead of fighting against it. Much of the charm of the book is in the minor characters. It is a crowded canvas, but Mr. O'Donnell has filled it with real people. Even those characters who appear for just a few pages are unforgettable.

The propagandists have given us political novels, and the romantics, like Byrne, have written luscious prose poems of adulation. And in all these Ireland has been a moot subject. But Mr. O'Donnell, with artistic integrity, has placed his emphasis on the novel, of which Ireland happens to be the scene.

PAUL ALLEN

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929 *edited by Edward J. O'Brien* (DODD, MEAD. $2.50)

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1929, *edited by Blanche Colton Williams* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

THIS YEAR Mr. O'Brien's culling of short stories from American magazines celebrates the fifteenth anniversary of its birth, while the O. Henry prize volume is now eleven years old. Both Mr. O'Brien and Dr. Williams, despite their arduous labor at the task of winnowing "the best" tales from the thousands published every year, retain their optimism; Mr. O'Brien takes a look back at the first volume of his collection and declares it was full of formula stories, while Dr. Williams rejoices in the award of the first O. Henry prize of $500 to a story that first saw the light of day in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, "Big Blonde," by Dorothy Parker. Does a careful reading of the two volumes seem to justify the faith of their editors in the present and future of the American short story? Paradoxically, while neither volume appears to shelter very many stories that are likely to be read with pleasure ten years hence, the answer must be in the affirmative.

Mr. O'Brien is quite right in declaring that present-day American short-story writers have defied the Machine Age to the extent of giving both vitality and variety to a literary form that has several times in its past hardened into a formula. It is true that when we all knew what a short story should be like—remembering Poe and Brander Matthews—the task of choosing great stories was easier than it is today; the old footrules are no longer of any use.

Of the three stories awarded prizes in the O. Henry contest, it is interesting to note that two of them might once have been called "character studies", except that in the day when the characterization was used there were no such portrait painters at work as

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Dorothy Parker and Katharine Brush. "Big Blonde" is not really a story; it is the essence of biography, the direct, simple, unsentimental, and yet queerly moving study of a certain type of woman. Mrs. Parker has done what it takes a master to do. She has done a type to the life and she has also made the reader feel the individual. In "Him and Her", Miss Brush's story, we have another venture into the field of portraiture; a conversation between two servants is made to sketch swiftly and surely the master and mistress of a household. Miss Brush, whose "Night Club" has become a sort of contemporary classic, is less happily represented with another story in the O. Henry collection, the only author to win two such inclusions. Her "Speakeasy" has its poignance and its possibility, but its basic idea has been used many times.

It is interesting to note that the only story to be included in both the O. Henry and the O'Brien collections is also by a woman, and belongs quite definitely to the prevailing hard-boiled fashion. This is "Manicure", by Margaret Leech, an admirably handled slice of New York life, with a neat use of what Frances Newman called the "reversal of situation" in its ending. Ten of the tales in the O. Henry volume, out of a total of seventeen, are by women, while only four of Mr. O'Brien's twenty are credited to women. These statistics are offered for what they are worth, which is probably very little, although they may bear some relation to the sex of the respective editors.

Two authors win representation in both volumes, one the well-known Virginia newspaper editor, Sherwood Anderson, whose "Alice" appears in the O. Henry collection, and whose "The Lost Novel" is honored by Mr. O'Brien. Both are, one writes with some regret, altogether inferior to the earlier short stories of Mr. Anderson; in fact, neither is more than a slight sketch, done in the wistfully poetic Anderson manner, but with very little substance. The other author to make both volumes is Pernet Patterson, a Virginian, who apparently began writing only recently after a varied and rather long career. Mr. Patterson's "Buttin' Blood" in the O. Henry volume is an appealing story about a friendship between a white boy and a colored boy that will be quite likely to touch the Southerners who have known the pleasures of such a companionship. His "Conjur" in Mr. O'Brien's book is a good yarn of conjuration worked on a yellow butler, newly arrived upon an old plantation. The atmosphere is excellent and the study of the conjure-woman herself very good indeed, but the ending is entirely conventional, and the story as a whole hardly notable, although there is sufficient talent in the two tales to justify a suggestion that Mr. Patterson be kept under observation.

In discussing the two other winners of the O. Henry prizes, Sidney Howard's curious tale, "The Homesick Ladies", which took the second prize was passed by; it is a pleasure to come back to it here and to say that it has a decidedly haunting quality. There are overtones in plenty in this story of the affection of two women for the house they grew up in, and this reviewer feels at the present moment that it is certain to be read again and very soon. He might add that the same thing applies to a delightful story by Willa Cather in the O'Brien collection, called "Double Birthday". Miss Cather is one of the few people equally at home in the short story and the novel. It is not possible, of course, to discuss all the thirty-seven stories in the two volumes in this limited space, but it should be added that there are several light-hearted ones in this year's collections, including Walter D. Edmond's especially amusing whimsy, "Death of Red Peril".

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

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BIOGRAPHY

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE *by Thomas Boyd* (SCRIBNER'S. $3.50)

FROM the even pages of Thomas Boyd's biography Mad Anthony Wayne emerges both as a very likable human being and as the perfect military instrument. In Washington's words, he was "more active and enterprising than judicious and cautious", but he was a Barney Oldfield among the generals of the Revolution: his seemingly reckless impetuosity was under control. In Virginia, in 1781, he saved himself by driving into the troops of Cornwallis with bayonets (his favorite weapon) when, by all the known and predictable laws of cause and effect, he had got himself and his eight hundred Pennsylvanians into a trap from which safe retreat was impossible and advance unthinkable. His storming of Stony Point on the Hudson, in 1779, which is what makes his name known to every schoolboy, shines like a sun in the military history of the phase of the Revolution that stretches lugubriously between Monmouth and Yorktown. It is true that he made mistakes, for a number of his men were caught and bayoneted near his own home in Pennsylvania by night during the lull between Brandywine and Germantown; and several years later, in Georgia, he failed to provide enough sentinels to give proper warning of a surprise attack from Creek Indians in his rear; but in the tricky fluctuations of war such mistakes might be placed more charitably under the heading of mischances made inescapable by the inscrutable laws of fortune.

All through the Revolution Wayne was an invaluable instrument. His one talisman was the word "attack". He had singularly little chance to operate as a strategist of scope: the prosecution of the war was not the province of a brigadier whose affectionate title of "mad" was fairly earned. But in the post-Revolution campaigns against the Indians in the Ohio wilderness he had his opportunity to prove himself as a capable strategist, for, where Saint Clair and others had failed lamentably, he succeeded in studding the Indian country with forts and bringing Little Turtle, the Miami, and others to terms which spelled dispersal for the Red Man.

Wayne is hardly a figure to compel the imagination many days. Unlike George Rogers Clark, his predecessor in opening up the Northwest Territory to Americans, he did not conceive a vision to stagger the ordinary imagination and then proceed, almost miraculously, to make the dream a reality. But the gains made by daring men must often be consolidated by men as daring; and it was Wayne who consolidated the position of the young United States in the Ohio country which Clark's operations and the treaty of 1783 had brought under the young Republic's flag.

Mr. Boyd tells the story of Wayne from the day he left his Chester County home in Pennsylvania to join the Continentals until his death at gloomy Presque Isle on Lake Erie in December of 1796, in smooth, clear prose. The book contains a gallery of individualized portraits of Revolutionary War figures: Charles Lee (who caused the Washingtonian curses that have so shocked the hard-boiled twentieth century); the piddling Saint Clair; pompous, childish General Wilkinson; gallant Lafayette; ruddy Nathaniel Greene; and so on. Because its sub-

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ject was so essentially a man of action, the biography has no trouble in remaining continually dramatic. And because Wayne had little to do with social forces that led to Revolution, Mr. Boyd has wisely limited his biography to a succession of dramatic actions.

POLK: THE DIARY OF A PRESIDENT

edited by Allan Nevins (LONGMANS, GREEN. $5.00)

THIS selection, made by Allan Nevins from the diary of President James K. Polk covering the Mexican War, the acquisition of Oregon, and the conquest of California and the Southwest, will be invaluable to those who wish to immerse themselves in the political history of the period when Manifest Destiny was growing to be a strong and lusty child. It will not prove so interesting to those who like to savor either personality or the social flavor of an epoch. Polk, as Mr. Nevins says in an introduction, was singularly lacking in a sense of fun; he was all work and no play; and the diary reveals little beyond the day-by-day fluctuations of problems immediately confronting the administration. These in themselves are highly interesting, for Polk occupied the White House during the four years which saw our boundaries stretch to include virtually the entire territory now comprising the forty-eight states. But Polk's sense of his own period, that sense which provides the preservative salt to any diary, was practically anæsthetized: there is an allusion to a diving bell, to a manufacturers' exhibit (which Polk mentions because he is afraid its presence in Washington means lobbying for protectionist tariffs), to a visit made by Tom Thumb to the White House, to another visit made by Laura Bridgman, the remarkable deaf-mute. Such jottings, however, are woefully scarce. To Polk, it appears, the 'forties were anything but fabulous.

Polk, says Mr. Nevins, was mediocre in the sense that Rutherford B. Hayes and Calvin Coolidge may be called mediocre, "a comparative sense only". He was plodding, conscientious and not self-seeking. Again and again he said he would be president only for one term, and his circumscribing of his own ambitions gave him the privilege of attacking Calhoun (in the pages of the diary) for charting his course, in relation to the war with Mexico and the Oregon question, with an eye to the Presidency. The "passion for office" became more and more ignoble to Polk as the years in the White House went by; Calhoun was "selfish", the senators were "selfish", Douglas shouldn't aspire to a place in the army; Buchanan, the Secretary of State, was shifty when the opportunity came to "make character" for himself; and so on to the end. When Polk's criticism tends to become unfair, or monoptic, Mr. Nevins steps in with a corrective footnote.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH PENNELL

by Elizabeth Robins Pennell (LITTLE, BROWN. $10.00)

IT IS Joe Pennell as he really was who emerges from this book. The man is set before us in a straightforward recital of his life, day by day. The story is inspired by loving understanding.

During the last years of his life, Pennell, after his return to the land of his birth, came to impress the average man as being combative, disputatious, cantankerous. Those who read between the lines of what he wrote and said, who felt what lay behind it all, knew how implacable was his intellectual and artistic probity, how lovable the man was at heart. Snap judgment of Pennell on the basis of surface indications may have been caused partly by disinclination to hear unpleasant truths, partly on Pennell's manner. Always honestly outspoken, his utterance had perhaps grown more into the sharpness of an aging man, who might, besides, be supposed to be worn in a life of incessant activity. As a matter of fact he was busy to the last in varied activi-

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ties. The latter included his classes in etching and lithography at the Art Students' League, carried on almost to the day of his death, with the vision of a really useful school of the graphic arts to come. Here, too, his integrity knew no compromise. His troubles with would-be students, who lacked sufficient knowledge of drawing or seriousness of purpose, was experienced before him by the late C. F. W. Mielatz.

Three things stand out more than any other, perhaps as one reads the record of Pennell's doings in Europe: his enthusiasm for the beautiful, his frankness in criticism (not always palatable, and costing him friends) and his enormous capacity for work. We see him busy on two—sometimes even three—commissions at the same time, writing and illustrating books and articles, running from London to the continent to do drawings on the spot for the writings of others, arranging exhibitions, serving as secretary of an art association or a bicycle club, acting as art critic of a daily. It seems like a wild rush, and yet he found time to see his many friends. Beside all that he did there were "countless schemes that never came off". He had many ideas, and much of the nature of a journalist, "but the artist in him invariably triumphed". With all his rush he did not slur things over; we are told that in his attention to the making of his books, and even to the marketing, "no detail escaped him, paper, ink, type, illustrations, reproductions, copyright were passed by him, and he directed the distribution of the book, the places where it should be sold, the newspapers which should have it for review".

Life was work to him, even in playing-time, "We never took what is called a holiday; work always went along. . . . His idea of resting brain and hands was to do something equally strenuous". Nevertheless, he must have had his fun after his way; there is a delightful account of the collection he brought with him from Provence; a shooting jacket peppered with pockets, a blue cloak and beret and red woollen scarf, a hat "of disreputable angles", and a basket of peaches. Sounds a bit like a magnified boy's pocket. Then, too, dining was "one of the arts the artist he was delighted in".

The whole is the story of "the energy for which Pennell was known and the tact of which he was not suspected". The record is summarized well by Pennell's own words, quoted near the end of the book: "It has been a full life . . . a beautiful life".

F. WEITENKAMPF

FRANKLIN: THE APOSTLE OF MODERN TIMES *by Bernard Faÿ* (LITTLE, BROWN. $3.00)

BERNARD FAŸ does not belong to the school of fictional biographers. He is neither a little Ludwig nor a little Maurois. He is solid, trustworthy and painstaking, but this does not mean that he isn't readable. His *Franklin* is a really satisfying book and is worth a dozen of the current run of "brilliant" biographies. It has been taken as the December choice of The Book-of-the-Month Club and it deserves its honor, for it is scholarly without being academic, and its style is as free from fustian and fireworks as its matter is from wise-cracks. Lives of Franklin are of course as the sands of the sea, but in his preface M. Faÿ gives his reason for adding another: "In the last six years I have spent in research, I have discovered innumerable documents unknown to former biographers —between six hundred to nine hundred unpublished letters, for example, which throw new light on the Doctor's life". And M. Faÿ makes good his statement. Especially interesting are the parts devoted to Franklin's Masonic activities, and perhaps in no previous Life has the support of the Masons in the winning over of Louis XVI to America's side been so understandingly brought out. Admirably depicted, too, are Franklin's later loves, simply, and without dramatization or over-emphasis. M. Faÿ is a Frenchman, and

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therefore probably not uninterested in sex, but he is also a true historian and an honest man who realizes that, though Franklin's oldest son was illegitimate and that all through life the Philosopher wore a susceptible heart, sex after all played a very minor part in his career. Reason and common sense were Franklin's guiding stars, and neither of these qualities is prominent among the mass of sex-riddled new-school biographers. In short M. Faÿ has accomplished admirably a difficult task. He has made Franklin live without the aid of emotional spotlights or dramatic fictions.

GRENVILLE VERNON

THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY WOMAN
by Anne Ellis (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $3.50)

THE TITLE of the book is in the nature of a misnomer. The woman is far from ordinary; and the story she tells is an extraordinary one. The narrative is simple and direct. It deals with simple folk actuated by a desire to find riches without toil, and revolves about one of the great Western migrations that mark epochs in the development of America. The other side of the story has more frequently been told than this, which deals with disappointment and failure.

The author remembers the high lights of the journey made in her babyhood from Missouri to Colorado in a covered wagon drawn by a pair of oxen. Her childhood memories center about hopes built upon stories of fabulous wealth never to materialize, about towns that sprang into being almost overnight to be deserted when another bubble had burst, about the babies added to the family year by year, and about hardships which less sturdy folk than the pioneers would have found unendurable.

Girlhood passed without the fulfilment of love. The author's first marriage, unromantic and characterized by toil and poverty, ended with the young husband's death in the mines. The struggle to support two babies that led to another loveless marriage, the wandering on and on to new lands where hope glimmered for brief moments, the agony of birth, of death, and the greater agony of living are given with ruthless accuracy to detail unrelieved throughout the whole sombre picture.

In its honesty and its simplicity the book achieves epic proportions; and, in spite of its drabness, it holds the reader breathless to its conclusion and eager for the story that follows the death of the second husband when the author, again alone and penniless, sets out to fight the world for her children. Among the autobiographies that are crowding the libraries, *The Life of an Ordinary Woman* makes one of the few real contributions to the history of the American people.

EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

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ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

VISIONS AND CHIMERAS *by Prosser Hall Frye* (MARSHALL JONES. $2.50)

IN A land of sects and causes, where we become philosophers by ignoring all but one minute segment of knowledge and declare our intellectual independence by enlisting under some partisan banner, almost the only adventure left for the discursive reader, tired of the fiction of the day, is to come upon a book of criticism fresh from some anomalous mind that owes no allegiance but to the plenary intelligence itself. Pragmatist, esthete, romanticist, humanitarian, naturalist, or plain bludgeoning prejudist—roll them over and like loaded dice they come to rest a given side up. Their conclusions are foregone, and half the zest of reading is gone too.

I am moved to these remarks by reading Mr. Frye's *Visions and Chimeras*. I do not know that it is flattering to call the author's mind anomalous, and I shall hedge in a moment. I use the term in view of our tacit sense that a critic may be supposed to conform to some nationally advertised brand of opinion. And in the book that I have just read and re-read zest lies precisely in its unforeseeable destinations. It lies even more, perhaps, in the way thither, which is never so much a set journey as an exploration, and which seems, none the less, by a subtle woodcraft, to have divined an available route through the wilderness.

The adventure of the book is the greater that the subjects are all old acquaintances—Sheridan, Sterne, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Calderon, Montaigne, Pascal, Sir Thomas Browne, Huxley, Renan, Pater, De Quincey, Ibsen. We come to them, as the Athenians came to the theatre, familiar with the theme and alert for the interpretation. There is little or no clutter of information; the decks are already clear for the critical action; the adventures are adventures of the mind. One may demur at some of the judgments, rebel at some of the strictures, gasp at some of the leniencies. So much the better. For the manner of the book is at the other extreme from dogmatism, and its significance lies in the stuff and texture of its reflections.

The stuff lies in that fringe of ideas which any piece of literature touches by implication, and the texture, as befits the stuff, is characteristically intricate and deft. Deft it has need to be, for in most of his studies Mr. Frye has, consciously or unconsciously, set himself to keeping three balls in the air—some gist or essence of the author under his scrutiny, the broad principle which he has exemplified (or, alas, traversed) and the drift of the present in relation to both. This triplicity is not a set pattern, but we rarely emerge without some glimpse of the Platonic idea under which, clearly or vaguely, in affection or defection, his subject has steered his course, or without some implication of our own bearings under the same constellation. Of Pascal, for instance:

> Whatever is doubtful about the execution and details of his design, the leading motive, the pivot on which it turns, is clear. It centers inevitably, as every such attempt must center, upon the fundamental duality of human nature, the glory and abjection of man. Denuded of its mythological and theological trappings, in what else does the religious sentiment consist than in this ambiguity or duplicity of feeling, a profound conviction of human impotence and misery on the one hand and on the other an equally profound conviction of human grandeur and ele-

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vation? Retrench one of these factors and religion ceases to exist. Grant that man is all of a piece, all one thing or the other; and together with the split in his nature there disappears also the conflict of good and evil, the sense of duty and sin. His vices and virtues become merely civic and social. The whole history of the inner life, that record of dissension and strife, becomes unintelligible. Man is no longer a religious but an economic and scientific creature.

Naturally such a polarity of consciousness, founded though it may be in the dualism of our being and supported by the common-sense distinctions of mind and matter, spirit and flesh, soul and body, is intolerable to the vanity of reason. It is a mystery. But while religion, frankly accepting the evidence, undertakes to produce a kind of temporal order, if not unity, by repressing the lower instincts and desires and encouraging the higher, metaphysics and science, on the contrary, attempt to evade the dilemma altogether by ignoring one or the other of its terms. . . .

Pascal's originality, however, consists, not in the mere affirmation of this religious commonplace, but rather in the vividness and immediacy with which he has succeeded in realizing the fatal dissension so that he seems in the end only to be confirming our own sinister suspicions. Protest as vigorously as we may—and we shall protest vociferously or not at all—the very vigor of our protestation is a kind of confession. Even Voltaire's sonorous challenge—"I venture to take the part of humanity against this misanthrope sublime; I dare assert that we are neither so wicked nor so wretched as he declares"—even such high language fails wholly to drown the disheartening echoes that Pascal has raised in the recesses of our conscience.

Visions and Chimeras is criticism, and in the same breath I add, is humanism, of the authentic breed. Whether or not man is the measure of all things, he is unquestionably the measure of all values; and criticism is his overt act of mensuration. Wherefore its rectitude hangs upon the rectitude of the standard. For this reason I am inclined to say that humanistic criticism is the only criticism worth reading—which is simply to say that a balanced mind is a better companion in serious moments than a lopsided one, and immeasurably more profound in its value to mankind.

For any sort of superiority (I quote from the "Ibsen") above the dull and dead level of inanimate matter nature cherishes an implacable hatred. While condemned, by some imperative law of becoming, to the conception of higher and higher forms of existence, yet on the whole spontaneous side of her activity she seems, in revenge for the anguish of her enforced travail, to contrive for the extinction of her offspring, so initiating the eternal contradiction of growth and decay. Wasteful, faithless, and cunning, she has sown in every aggregation of organized matter the germ of dissolution, rooted deep in the constitution of the protoplasmic jelly and spreading up into consciousness in a thousand suicidal impulses of license and revolt. Not content with this act of perfidy she has arrayed one individual, one society, one civilization against another in an endless war of extermination from the lowest instinct of brute rivalry to the most subtle refinement of modern competition so that the very condition of existence for one is extinction of others and the single indispensable institution of society is the slaughter-house. For the species, as a matter of fact, she cares as little as for the individual, for what is paleontology but a record of her cancellations? The higher the form just so much the more does she begrudge it being that may surpass her own, so that the type of greatest instability and impermanence is exactly that rarest and most precious of all, the human spirit with the fruit it has produced—even when as here man has set himself against the great leveller for his own preservation and protection.

The penner of these elegiac lines is at all events another champion of the human spirit with the fruit it has produced—one whom M. Mercier may well add to his further studies of humanism in America.

Yet just here is a danger; and this is the point upon which I would pause. In spite of much abuse of the term and much current misconception, humanism is not a dogma

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and not a cult, and humanists not a party. The humanist is, it is true, identified with a special discipline, but it is with the one discipline, in contrast with all the rest, that is limited to no special field or method and inculcates no special doctrine, but looks only to the strength and balance of the mind and its freedom to think its own thoughts. What those thoughts shall be, or be about, is precisely the point of the humanist's disinterested unconcern. If this discipline is chiefly in humane letters it is because humane letters are whatever letters do represent the play of the mind in its balanced fulness. And if that discipline is limited to the classic tradition it is because what is classic is what has proved its balanced humanity by the persistent suffrage of mankind.

As for himself, the humanist is a lone hand, looking out on life from the equilibrium of his own faculties in full array. Equilibrium is, of course, a disciplined conception. But in view of the variety and complexity of the human mind, its tempered balance is conceivable in no set formula. What each humanist reveals, if he is a writer, is, over and above and through his commentary on life and letters, one more balance of authentic human nature—for what it is worth.

I say authentic human nature because the mind he reveals is not foresworn, its substance not mortgaged, its judgments not pledged. It is under no contract to see life everywhere thus or so—an economic struggle, a chemical reaction, an esthetic adventure, an orgy of sex or sense. His allegiance is, simply, to the truth of his disciplined perceptions and responses, and to that reason that is at once the rectifier of his own judgments and his link of community with mankind at large. His allegiance is to intelligence, that is, unshorn of any of its attributes, unbent to any advocacy, unconfined to any method. Change the venue from manners to mind and the Gallic definition of a gentleman will come home to him—*un homme qui ne se pique de rien.*

This is the character that the authentic humanist aims at, and of course, being human, fails of. But here can be no close corporation. On the contrary I am inclined to say that in the measure of our cultivation we are all humanists except as we have yielded to some distorting pressure—of circumstance, of vanity, of sloth, of passion, of discipline. And hence the rarity of the breed.

To read a book of criticism by a humanist will be, as a consequence, a sort of adventure. We do not know what we are in for. We are, indeed, in for offence if we have yielded up our autonomy for some easier partisanship—for humanitarian sympathy, or romantic sentiment, or estheticism, or the monism of science, or some pedantry of the schools. And since most of us are partisans of one sort or another, the humanist is not often a popular figure.

Yet he sticks in our craw. No one in the nineteenth century has been quite so execrated as Matthew Arnold. We have so often said of him that he is not worth considering that it might be supposed at this time of day that we could leave him alone. But no; if he crosses our path we must stop and bowl him over, and if he does not we must go out of our way to take a shy at him. Others more remote from our current biasses, however, re-emerge in our affections, exemplars of that full humanity which can never go out of fashion and to which we would all fain be allied—Doctor Johnson, Swift, Ben Jonson, Sir Thomas More. They stay by us, scarcely less interesting, sometimes more interesting, in themselves than in their writings, by virtue of a certain centrality which has left them outstanding while the jack o' lanterns of contemporary enthusiasms have lured most of their coëvals into oblivion.

Humanism has been lifting up its head again. Can it be that balance and sanity are returning after a long stay from home? If they do they will not find their sojourn an easy one. By an inveteracy of language they

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have already acquired a label; *humanism* is again heard on men's tongues. And since balance and sanity reside in individual minds a personnel is bound to accrue under the identifying label. By another inveteracy even catholicity seems sectarian to the sects. Willy-nilly it takes on the aspect of a party in the very measure of its vitality. As for humanism, however, there is one comfort in the face of these dangers. If something under that name should harden into a dogma, the humanists will not belong. They will remain, as now and ever, lone hands, united in sympathy by a common discipline whose very object is freedom, and by their community in championship of the human spirit in its plenary development.

SHERLOCK BRONSON GASS

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A VARIED SHELF

FIGURES OF THE REVOLUTION *by Louis Madelin* (MACAULAY. $3.00)

RESTORATION OF THE MONARCHY *by J. Lucas-Dubreton* (PUTNAM. $4.50)

WHATEVER M. Louis Madelin has to say about the French Revolution is always both well said and worth saying. He is one of those rare historians who can make history fascinating without taking liberties with it, and the same thing holds true when he becomes a biographer. In the present book he gives us eight biographical monographs, and he gives them in such a fashion that when one has read the book one has obtained a very vivid picture of the whole revolutionary period. Lafayette, Mirabeau, Talleyrand, the Constituent Assembly, the Girondins and Madame Roland, Danton, Robespierre and his Friends, the Soldiers of the Revolution, the Thermidorians, the Abbé Sieyès, are treated so compactly and incisively that though the book is a comparatively short one the reader gets the impression that he has lived throughout the period. M. Madelin is in these pages at once the historian, the psychologist and the dramatist.

The Restoration of the Monarchy is of course lacking in the drama and color of the *Revolution,* yet it is altogether probable that if M. Madelin had been writing about it he would have made a more interesting book than has M. Lucas-Dubreton. M. Lucas-Dubreton is a careful chronicler but little else; a good text-book historian, but academic and uninspired. He knows his facts but he lacks charm and color in his stating of them. He is a historian but scarcely an artist.

GRENVILLE VERNON

THE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH, VOL. III (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $7.50)

THIS last volume of Van Gogh's letters opens with a note written to his brother Theo on Van Gogh's return to Paris from Antwerp in the spring of 1886. It closes with an unfinished letter found on him when he tried to kill himself in the summer of 1890. The bulk of the book is taken up with the letters written during the three rich years at Arles, and the harassed time that followed until his death on July 29, 1890. When one looks back to the preceding volumes, crowded as both of them were with lunging shadows, one hesitates to declare this one of more terrible import. And yet, partly because these pages contrast the enchantment of his first months at Arles with the horror of the madness that seized upon him there, partly because one reads here the tragic culmination of a life that forever strove toward serenity and found almost unremitting pain, this book has a dark force even beyond that of the first two books.

Whoever touches these letters in very truth touches a man—touches, indeed, two men, for the curious strength of the bond between Vincent and Theo is one of the chief interests of the letters, and Theo, as well as Vincent, was an extraordinary personality. Throughout, Vincent insists that his brother, the art dealer, was no ordinary middleman between the painter and the public. He considered him the first "dealer-apostle". In a hundred ways he repeats not merely his acknowledgment of indebtedness to the brother who, at such heavy sacrifice, supported him during the years of hard and apparently fruitless work (recognition came to Vincent only

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when both brothers were dead), but also his sense of Theo's personal participation in his own labors. "At present, I do not think my pictures are worthy of the goodness I have had from you. But once they are worthy I swear that you will have created them as much as I, and that we are fashioning them together." He says the same thing with renewed emphasis in the last letter he ever wrote.

This last third of the record brings home to one forcibly that Vincent's relation to Theo, like everything else in his history, good or evil, was rooted in his faith in life itself, and, in all literalness, the brotherhood of man. "People matter more than things": this is the constant refrain. Paint was his poor substitute for flesh and blood. He valued his work only insofar as it expressed his immense and helpless love. His hopeless efforts to establish an association of artists had its origin in the same feeling. And I think that his madness may well have grown out of the balked force of his will to realize for all men the relation he had miraculously achieved with his brother in the flesh.

To Vincent, to Theo, to Theo's widow, who so stubbornly refused to let Vincent die, and finally to her son, who, if I am not mistaken, concluded her task with piety and wisdom, we are indebted for something more than art and letters—for giving us a man as Vincent himself desired to paint men: "with that something of the eternal which the halo used to symbolize, and which we seek to give by the actual radiance and vibration of our colourings".

BABETTE DEUTSCH

SELECTIONS, AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND IMAGINATIVE, FROM THE WORKS OF GEORGE GISSING *by A. C. Gissing, with an Introduction by Virginia Woolf* (CAPE & SMITH. $3.00)

ABOUT George Gissing there usually hangs a certain dreariness, arising out of the things that he lacked, just as the wretchedness of his London arose out of the things that it was not. The present book of selections, however pleasantly edited and printed, does not dispel that dreariness, but rather intensifies it, deepens the gloom, drifts more smoke on a citizen already unwillingly begrimed. No wonder that in the Introduction the delicate attention of Virginia Woolf is half-hearted. The selections supplement the autobiographical *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft;* and in doing so they darken the equable and Roman atmosphere of Ryecroft's reflections. Only the passages from "Charles Dickens" and "By the Ionian Sea", centered beyond Gissing's own fortunes yet still in reality, show flashes of the improvement that he sought with so much earnestness. How excellent are his criticisms of Mrs. Gummidge, and his description of the villainous inn in southern Italy!

JOHN KEMMERER

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS *by Harriet Connor Brown* (LITTLE, BROWN. $3.00)

IT SEEMS to be the new theory that economic changes and battles are the result of the everyday life of the people. What has hitherto been considered background and source material now takes its place as genuine history. If that can be accepted this is a most important book. In any case, it is an interesting one.

Grandmother Brown, who was born in 1827, lived a comparatively uneventful life of a hundred years of surprising change and development. She was of pioneer stock and spent her girlhood among primitive conditions in Ohio. During that time she did not meet statesmen nor had she personally any important effect on her country. But, like millions of other women, she kept a home, bore children and reared them, and did the things near at hand that had to be done. Her story is that "of the backbone of the nation", the man in the street, the woman in the home. Though this is all true and emphasis

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is laid on it in the foreword by Charles G. Dawes, the general reader will find a more human interest in it than that. Symbolical and typical as she may be, Grandmother Brown stands out in this book as a very real and genuine character. Her daughter-in-law, the author, took copious notes of her conversation through the last years of the old lady's life.

From these notes, from old letters, and from much original research, she has produced an unusual biography of a woman with individual foibles and strength. Though she was born by the light of a homemade candle and they turned off an electric bulb over her bed when she died, Grandmother Brown was too independent for her story to be merely historical background. It well merits the five-thousand-dollar prize awarded to it by the *Atlantic Monthly*.

PAUL ALLEN

LINCOLN AND HIS WIFE'S HOME TOWN *by William H. Townsend* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $5.00)

How and why did Abraham Lincoln develop his hostility toward the institution of negro slavery? Did it have its beginning and its chief motivating force in a single and more or less legendary encounter with a slave auction after a flatboat excursion to New Orleans or was it the inevitable result of his natural sympathies? These are the questions Mr. Townsend has undertaken to answer in this, the bulkiest and most original of his studies of the Civil War executive. His answer is that it was in Lexington, the home of Mary Todd, that Lincoln came face to face with such unpleasant, sometimes brutal aspects of slavery as must have obliged him to determine that it was an evil to be uprooted. The author supports this point of view with a quietly dramatic assembling of persuasive facts. Several obstinate doubts, however, make one hesitate to accept this thesis as proved: Lincoln was, as everyone knows, very slow in deciding to oppose the slave-holding power, he was not invariably influenced by sentiment in making his political alignments, and contemporary newspaper accounts—often relied upon by Mr. Townsend—are unstable support for a case in history. The latter part of the book is given over to the spectacular career of Cassius M. Clay and the less sanguinary agitation of Robert J. Breckenridge. However, what is thus lost in unity is more than regained in the vividness with which the life of the Bluegrass capital of the 'sixties is recorded.

GRANT C. KNIGHT

THEATRE: THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF DRAMA, ACTING AND STAGECRAFT *by Sheldon Cheney* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $10.00)

SINCE it first became a constant manifestation, professionally practised, art in the social scene has had a history that can be viewed in several different ways, like politics, or any other special function. Academically, the history of painting is at bottom a classification, chronologically, of the accepted painters and their most famous paintings, with an occasional recognition of a patron and a fairly consistent avoidance of the essential questions of form. Histories of literature are quite apt to be histories of points of style presented in conjunction with a series of biographical notes; and similarly with music.

Strangely enough, histories of the theatre are generally of the same pattern.

Drama does not lend itself to intimate conditions, not even to those in which chamber music may be performed with complete success. Certainly it is the form of art where people at large come closest to participating in the functions of genius. Because theatre is not alone writing but is performance as well, the crowd down in front, at the playhouse, is in a sense present at a moment of creative realization when a climax is reached in a great play. If historians of the other

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arts are to be criticized for unnecessarily narrowing and delimiting their material, as if it had little significance outside the catalogues, the conventional historians of the theatre are still more at fault.

Sheldon Cheney in his comprehensive book about the theatre and its first three thousand years has written a book that is expansive in its spirit as well as in its bulk.

And may the gods be with Mr. Cheney for telling his story of the theatre in his own way. He has presented many facts, with their corresponding names and dates, so that his story has its chronology according to the Christian calendar. But he has also written a history of the spirit of the theatre, recognizing the crowd as well as the dramatist.

With an enthusiasm for the theatre of today that is hearty as well as sensitive, and keeping his attitude fresh while looking backward, Mr. Cheney has discovered why things happened as they did, at the same time that he was discovering how and when. Quite naturally Mr. Cheney's interests are somewhat variable yet his most stimulating chapters are perhaps those in which he discusses the classic stage of Greek tragedy and comedy, the Elizabethan period and the stormy and otherwise amazing Italian period associated with the *Commedia dell' Arte*.

In the contemporary theatre it is the rise of production as an art, as distinguished from the writing or acting of plays, which interests him most of all, and this subject, which is of peculiar importance in the modern theatre, has been in the back of his mind in his investigations of the older technics. And it is only in his treatment of the contemporary theatre, somewhat from the inside, that his book begins to suffer from the enthusiasm that has enlivened his argument up to this point. Here he is hardly detached enough. The question whether an art of the theatre exists before it is brought to completion before an audience, he dismisses as "metaphysical". But for him to dismiss any question merely because it may be metaphysical seems puzzling, and serves as an illustration of the way in which inexactness interferes a little with his effectiveness. For a metaphysical element enters conspicuously from the beginning into Mr. Cheney's conception of theatre art. In later chapters, dealing with the place of the artist-director in the modern theatre, in relation to the playwright, actor, designer, dancer and musician, Mr. Cheney's tendency to laxity in choice of words becomes more pronounced, though it is here that he should be particularly precise.

Apparently a little less severe in his thought and feeling than Gordon Craig, Mr. Cheney nevertheless shares the opinion that the writer, actor and designer, to mention only three of the factors, are constantly in a relation of competition for control of the theatre and that the director, as a new kind of creative artist, is about to take possession, and at the same time reconcile the differences between those other collaborators in dramatic art. He predicts that we are building at present toward a new era, in which the realistic and social-photographic theatre will disappear in a recapturing of the theatre spirit of the great periods, the classic Athenian and the Elizabethan.

STIRLING BOWEN

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE, LIFE MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, IN COÖPERATION WITH THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF AMERICA

Considering the pages of reviews of new books which appear every week in the Sunday papers and every month in the library magazines, one wonders who reads them all. Certainly not the patrons of the public libraries. In a month in which not fewer than three hundred new books were regarded as of sufficient merit to warrant serious reviews, the total number of titles reported as being in any degree of demand at the libraries was not more than forty, and more than half of those were old stand-bys.

This month two new books of the "sure-fire hit" variety make the score. Temple Bailey and Martha Ostenso can't write anything, apparently, without starting a nation-wide rush to the circulation desks.

—F. P. S.

NOVELS

1. ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT	*Erich Maria Remarque*	LITTLE, BROWN
2. ROPER'S ROW	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
3. THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY	*Ellen Glasgow*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
4. BURNING BEAUTY *	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5. THE GALAXY	*Susan Ertz*	APPLETON
6. RED SILENCE	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
7. WHITEOAKS OF JALNA	*Mazo de la Roche*	LITTLE, BROWN
8. SCARLET SISTER MARY	*Julia Peterkin*	BOBBS-MERRILL
9. YOUNG MAY MOON *	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD, MEAD
10. DODSWORTH	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT, BRACE
11. THE DARK JOURNEY	*Julian Green*	HARPERS
12. BLAIR'S ATTIC	*Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln*	COWARD-MCCANN

GENERAL

1. HENRY THE EIGHTH	*Francis Hackett*	LIVERIGHT
2. THE ART OF THINKING	*Ernest Dimnet*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
3. A PREFACE TO MORALS	*Walter Lippmann*	MACMILLAN
4. THE TRAGIC ERA	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
5. THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP	*Joan Lowell*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
6. ELIZABETH AND ESSEX	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT, BRACE
7. THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY	*Will Durant*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
8. SALT WATER TAFFY	*Corey Ford*	PUTNAM
9. STRANGE INTERLUDE	*Eugene O'Neill*	LIVERIGHT
10. MID-CHANNEL	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	HARPERS
11. JOHN BROWN'S BODY	*Stephen Vincent Benét*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
12. LION	*Martin Johnson*	PUTNAM

* *This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.*

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BON VOYAGE

Travel Snobs and Scenes of Sunshine

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

IF THACKERAY were alive today and writing his *The Book of Snobs,* what a rich variety of new subjects he would find in our modern world. There would be at least two or three chapters dealing with the Travel Snob. Snobocracy is independent of purse and previous condition of servitude. The genus snob on shipboard would be found equally at home in the *suite de luxe* on the promenade deck, and holding an upper berth in an inner cabin of the tourist class. The crossing might be his first or his fortieth; he might know nothing of the lands to be visited, or he might know too much for his own peace of mind and the comfort of his fellow travellers.

Here in uniform edition are two books by Seth K. Humphrey, *Loafing Through the Pacific* (Penn. $5.00), and *Loafing Through Africa* (Penn. $5.00); the first a reissue, the second new. Both fit in with the full title of this paper. As a descriptive traveller Mr. Humphrey sees much and writes well and entertainingly. Place that to the credit side. But there is a debit side. In his approach to *Loafing Through Africa* Mr. Humphrey travelled on a "globe-girdling" cruise vessel from New York to Cape Town via stops at South American ports. On this leg of the journey he seems to suffer from the knowledge that he is not as other men are, and in his narrative he leaves the ship with the comment: "When I get so I cannot travel I am going on a cruise *de luxe* around the world".

There, to adopt the Thackerayan tone, we come upon a rich vein of snob ore. Mr. Humphrey's contempt for his fellow passengers, whom he describes as cultivating "the nonchalant mental habit of the moron", is not wise, nor fair, nor kindly. At his disposal were months to be devoted to the five-thousand-mile journey, "on my own", through the interior of Africa. To many of these fellow passengers those months represented the travel chance of a lifetime. To wish to make the widest possible use of that opportunity, to wish to crowd the memory with impressions, however superficial, of the Acropolis at Athens, of the Pyramids, of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, of the Taj Mahal, of the sacred Torii of Nikko and the great Diabutsus, and to wish to do so in a state of relative comfort, is hardly conclusive evidence of moronic tendencies.

It is as a brother travel snob, with a conscience heavy with the memory of many superior smiles in many lands, that the writer ventures to administer the rebuke to Mr. Humphrey. Probably snob consciousness is needed to detect the snobbishness. At least a little of that vein of snob ore is in most of us. The way of penitence is also the way of common sense. The native Parisian, or native Londoner, or native New Yorker, if there is such a person as a native New Yorker, smiles and will continue to smile in derision at the spectacle of what we once called the "rubberneck wagon" and its human freight. Suppose you are the native New Yorker. Ask yourself how often, if ever, you have visited the Statue of Liberty, the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Natural History, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and the Hall of Fame.

But to turn to the credit side of Mr. Humphrey's books. That African trip in particular justifies a little cockiness. From Cape

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Town north through the interior, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, the Rhodesias, the Belgian Congo, and on to Uganda; then southeast to Mombasa, and thence skirting the African coast with Zanzibar, Beira, Lorenzo Marques, Durban, East London, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, and Walvis Bay as ports of call. That was Mr. Humphrey's route. His "Americanism" is wisely tempered. For example, in the Belgian Congo, travelling by the Chemin de Fer des Grands Lacs, his comfortable stateroom with its running water and its perfect spring-bed moves him to highly commendable excoriation of the indecent instrument of torture known as the Pullman, which came into existence when an enterprising American "knocked four car cushions into a row, hung up a curtain, and charged extra for going inside".

From the sophistication of Mr. Humphrey, turn for contrast to the bucolic innocence of Margaret Yates's *Miss Morrow Sees the Mediterranean* (Penn. $3.00). Here is the thousand-and-first variation of the old story of Cinderella and the Silver Slipper. The new Cinderella, inferentially a maiden lady of uncertain years, finds the fairy prince in various incarnations; in the polite young foreign clerk in the tourist agency; in the suave ship's purser who remedied a booking error by assigning her to what is euphoniously called "Mrs. Vincent Astor's room". The wandering Cinderella, setting her alarm clock for six in the morning to be certain to catch a vessel sailing a few blocks away at eleven, mystified by the intricacies of deck shuffleboard, carries the freshness of her enthusiasms with her from the Madeiras to Palestine. Never does she lose touch with the one dominant ambition; which is "to tell it *all* to Aunt Emma".

Somewhere between the point of view of Mr. Humphrey and that of "Miss Morrow" is the point of view of Agnes Rothery in *Central America and the Spanish Main* (Houghton Mifflin. $3.00). The one indispensable gift of the writer of travel narrative is the ability to forget entirely that the story to be told and the information to be imparted have ever before appeared in print. Recall the delightful travel books that Richard Harding Davis used to write some thirty-odd years ago. When he told his readers that Paris was the capital of France, or that Great Britain was a limited monarchy, it was with an ingenuous gravity that made the information seem like the revelation of the whereabouts of the lost Atlantis. Miss Rothery has something of this gift. Reversing the accustomed order of travel, she journeys from West to East; begining at San Francisco, working down the West Coast of Mexico and Central America; through the Canal; and home by way of the Spanish Main.

Miss Rothery's point of view is substantially the point of view of Anne Merriman Peck in *A Vagabond's Provence* (Dodd, Mead. $3.50). In the figurative knapsack that Miss Peck carries as she wanders through the sunshine—also at times figurative—of Southern France, are the works of Alphonse Daudet, Frederic Mistral, and the songs of the Troubadours. She is first of all a literary pilgrim. She sees the Rhône as Mistral saw it and as Daudet saw it. Here the reader finds very little of the garish Côte d'Azur of the "coque-tail", the jazz band and the *gigolo*. The Esterel is not merely a view to be languidly surveyed from a window of one of the great hotels that line the Promenade de la Croisette at Cannes; it is a magic mountain rich with legend and romance.

A happy feature of many modern travel books is the great map, to be found backing the covers, with the traveller's itinerary marked in a red line. That feature, illuminating Dorothy Giles's *The Road Through Spain* (Penn. $5.00), shows the pilgrim beginning the journey at Barcelona, working down the Mediterranean coast to beyond Valencia; then across inland to Malaga; to Sevilla; northward in an odd western sweep to

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Toledo and Madrid; and zigzagging north and west through Avila, Segovia, Valladolid to Vigo. There were many side journeys; to Montserrat from Barcelona; to the Balearic Islands from Valencia; to Cadiz from Sevilla; to La Granja from Segovia; to Burgos from Valladolid. As Miss Peck in Provence carried Mistral and Daudet in her figurative knapsack, Miss Giles in Spain carries in hers the memory of the immortal Don Quixote de la Mancha.

The narrative is sprightly of the new Spain which though clinging to the traditional bullfight is adapting itself enthusiastically to soccer football, and has even heard of Ernest Hemingway; but the author also finds time to dream of the past.

Women seem to be the world travellers of today. Suppose we turn to Eastern scenes of sunshine with another book by a woman, Anna Louise Strong's *Red Star in Samarkand* (Coward-McCann. $3.50). Hear what she has to say about what air travel means to the East. In Europe and America, where plane routes parallel the railways, air travel cuts time in half; in the undeveloped regions of the world, where it competes with horses and camels, it reduces the time to one-tenth. In Samarkand, for example, travellers may go to the renowned capital, Khiva, in two weeks by road in winter weather, or in five hours by air. There is a two-day airplane route from Tashkent to Kabul, the capital of the Afghans. In the saddle the journey calls for three hard and weary weeks through a bandit-ridden country.

Miss Strong is an experienced traveller in the East. One way of presenting her latest book in a nutshell is to recall the India of the young Kipling in such a tale as "The Man Who Was", or such a poem as "The Truce of the Bear". Red has replaced the imperial purple in the garb of "the bear who walks like a man", but to England's India the menace from the North still exists; the age-long struggle of Britain and Russia for control is still the key-note of Asiatic politics.

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LEVELLING DIALECTS

by Janet Rankin Aiken

A NOBLE Englishman laboring under financial difficulties once found himself in Minneapolis, in urgent need of minor repairs for his nether garments. Rather than hire a seamstress, he determined to make the repairs himself. But his efforts were balked. For as he put it, "I went into a haberdasher's shop and inquired for a reel of cotton. And no one understood me!"

Perhaps it was the same Englishman who later observed two darkies talking together. The first said "Wahée?" (Where he?) and the second countered with "Wahóo?" Again the dialect barrier was insurmountable.

But we may assume too easily that such dialect barriers exist only between all of England and all of these United States. They don't. The speech of cultivated Englishmen is far more akin to that of well-educated Americans than either is to the talk of Yorkshire, or of the Gullah negroes of South Carolina. Not only an American would find difficulty in interpreting true Cambridgeshire speech; the Londoner would be just as puzzled. And cracker dialect and Creole patois will stump New Yorkers as often as they will Englishmen.

England and America, like all or most other countries, are divided into dialect areas, areas differing from one another with regard to sounds, words, inflections, intonations—indeed, every aspect of speech. These dialect areas may overlap bewilderingly, or they may run along exactly defined lines. There is that street in France, for example. On one side of it the residents pronounce the *er* ending of the French verb as is the custom in the *langue d'oïl;* while on the other they pronounce it after the fashion of the *langue d'oc.* In America the Ohio River constitutes roughly such a linguistic boundary between the South and the North, the r-less and the r-full.

The Father of English Poetry was one of the first Englishmen to recognize and utilize dialect. Not only in his famous "rum, ram, ruf" complaint, but in more extensive use, Chaucer's quick ear caught and reported local speech differences. "The Reeve's Tale", one of the more scandalous of those told by the Canterbury Pilgrims, is a good example. The Reeve, himself a Norfolk man, puts into the mouth of a Cambridge student from the north of England the phrase "need has na peer". This phrase a Londoner would inevitably have written "need hath no peer". The same tale uses the northern *ham* (Scottish *hame*) for *home,* and in the phrase "I is as ille a miller as are ye", we find not only the northern verb forms which were destined to conquer English speech, but an unmistakable American negro flavor in the first two words.

Caxton, the Father of English Printing, complained bitterly of the vagaries of English dialects, which hampered him considerably in his trade. Shakespeare, like Chaucer, used dialect now and then for humorous effect, Fluellen, an officer in the army of Henry V, being an instance. And following Shake-

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speare we have a long line of writers of dialect in English, including, besides Scott and Burns, Tennyson, William Barnes of Dorset, the Irish school of poets and playwrights and, finally, George Bernard Shaw.

In addition to this literary recognition of the claims of dialects, English scholars have been busy in recording, charting, mapping, classifying and reporting local speech peculiarities, until in England there are few more dialect secrets to be yielded up. Even place-names have a learned society devoted to their study, with many bulky tomes of facts and inferences as its literary offspring.

Perhaps it is a pure passion for scientific research. Perhaps it is a desire to show the English that we have got dialects too, despite H. G. Wells (who, it is said, travelled for a week on a train over here without ever finding one). Perhaps it is a final grab at the tail of dialects vanishing before the mellow tones of radio pronunciation, as a headline in the New York *Times* implies. But whatever the reason, we too, like the English, are going to get our dialects mapped! The Linguistic Institute of the Linguistic Society of America is under way with a five-year program of dialect-mapping, which is calculated to lay our linguistic secrets as bare as are those of Britain. In this project the Institute is abetted by the Present-Day English Section of the Modern Language Association of America, and also by the American Dialect Society.

It never rains but it pours. Even before the Linguistic Institute got under way, two members of the faculty of Columbia University had conceived the notion of making phonograph records of local dialects, and had actually recorded some two dozen of the clearest-marked patois of our South, North, East and West. If you wish to know how New Hampshire talks, in comparison with Virginia, all you have to do is to buy a set of these records, which are available for general sale, and try them on your phonograph.

The human specimens selected for this study are all men, chosen for the most part from among the students in the regular and summer sessions of Columbia University. They were all asked to read the same selection, a classic devised in England with a wicked eye to bringing out the salient points of dialect divergence. The story itself is a good and moral story, by no means lacking in human interest. Would you like to try it yourself? Here it is.

Nameless, we may entitle it

THE SHIRKER RAT

"Once there was a young rat who could not make up his mind. Whenever the other rats asked him if he would like to come out with them, he would answer, 'I don't know'; and when they said, 'Would you like to stay at home?' he would not say 'yes' or 'no' either. He would always shirk making a choice.

"One day his aunt said to him, 'Now, look here! No one will ever care for you if you carry on like this. You have no more mind than a blade of grass. It may be good to give up your own way sometimes, but it is not good to have no way of your own at all'. The young rat coughed and looked wise, as usually, but said nothing. 'Don't you think so?' said his aunt stamping with her foot, for she could not bear to see the young rat so cold-blooded. 'I don't know,' was all the young rat ever answered, and then he would walk off to think for an hour whether he should stay in his hole in the ground or go out in the loft.

"One night the rats heard a great noise in the loft. It was a very dreary old loft. The roof let in the rain, the beams and rafters were all rotten, so that the place was rather unsafe. At last one of the joists gave way and the beams fell with one end on the floor. The walls shook and all the rats' hair stood on end with fear and horror. 'This won't do,' said the chief. 'We must leave our home.' So they sent out scouts to search for a new place.

"In the night the scouts came back and said they had found an old coop of a barn where there would be room for them all. At once the chief gave the order: 'Form in line!'

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The rats hurried out of their holes and stood on the floor in a long line. 'Are you all here?' said the old rat, 'and have you all decided to go? Make up your minds at once!' 'Yes! Yes!' said all the rats in the line. Just then the old rat caught sight of young Grip—that was the name of the shirker. He was not in the line and he was not exactly outside it; he stood just by it. 'Why don't you say something?' said the old rat. 'Of course you are coming.' 'I don't know,' said Grip calmly. 'The idea of it! Why, you don't think it's safe, do you?' 'I am not certain,' said Grip. 'The roof may not fall down yet.' 'If it does it will serve you right,' said another rat. 'I don't know that I'll stay,' said Grip without varying his voice. 'The roof might come down soon.' 'Well,' said the old rat, 'we can't wait for you to join us. Right about face! March!' And the long line marched out of the loft while the young rat watched them.

" 'I think I'll go tomorrow,' he said to himself, 'but then again I don't know; it's so nice and snug here. If I only knew what to do!' The tail of the last rat was barely lost to sight as he spoke. 'I think I'll go back to my hole under the log for a bit, just to make up my mind.'

"That night there was a big crash. Down came beams, rafters, joists—the whole roof.

"Next morning—it was a foggy day—some men came to look at the loft. They thought it odd that it was not haunted by rats. But at last one of them happened to move a board, and he caught sight of a young rat, quite dead, half in and half out of his hole. Thus the shirker had his due."

And as the Columbia investigators added, "The rat had no horse sense".

This story deserves a medal. If "shibboleth" all by itself was a test to distinguish Ephraimite from Gileadite (you will find that story in the twelfth chapter of Judges) how much more will this innocent childish narrative separate Alabama from Mississippi, New York from Albany? Just cast your eyes over the words *shirk, grass, choice, care, foggy, march, stamp, horse,* amid a hundred others. These alone are enough to divide between husband and wife, or daughter-in-law and mother-in-law. Do you say "look here" or "looka eer" or "luk yah?" Do you put an r between *idea* and *of?* In "I don't know", do you stress *I, don't,* or *know*? In any event, the Linguistic Institute will know where to place you. Your dialect ancestry will out.

And for that matter, why should it not out? It is no disgrace to say, as most of us must, *hawss* or *hoss* or *horrse*. *Wen* is as respectable as *when,* and indeed, occupies an even higher place in British linguistic society. It is not today the correct attitude toward speech localisms to condemn them out of hand. There is no social or moral turpitude in *haant* for *haunt*. If we come to that, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes*? Who shall guard the guards themselves? Every one of these linguistic investigators has his own little speech peculiarities. Who are they to assume a condemnatory attitude toward other persons with individual eccentricities of dialect? I am certain that such an idea has never entered their heads.

Indeed, the New York *Times* headline before alluded to, conveys a distinct impression of regret at the possible or probable disappearance of local dialects from American speech. It says, "Our Few Major and Many Minor Differences Will Be Charted by Experts Before the Radio Levels Out All Our Peculiarities", and I submit to you that the experts should take account of the capitalization in that very headline. But that is a digression.

Many people seem to believe that the more local dialects, even the more local languages, the better. They bemoan the lost Cornish tongue, applaud the recrudescence of Irish, and love to hear even the harshest voice if it will but teach them a new fashion of pronouncing "r". I cannot see eye to eye with them. The American Indians had or have some one hundred and eighty dialect families, and look how they were always killing each other off. The continent of Africa is

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said to contain so many languages that an explorer had to change interpreters every twenty miles, and see how they war among themselves. Henry Ford's recipe for world peace, "Make everybody speak English", is a good one; and the English I, if I were a Mussolini, would make everybody speak, would be one particular dialect of English—probably my own, which I cannot help regarding as the nicest there is.

I should say to all persons whose patois differed from the good Middle-West American standard, "I do not condemn you. I can even enjoy hearing you talk if you speak with friendly intent. But it will not do! For the good of the whole world we are all going to speak one language, and as I happen to be in a position to decide, it is going to be mine!"

Nevertheless I should be fair about it. If Fate determined that not I, but my Louisiana brother-in-law, were called to the reins of government, I would conform to his dialect. I would do my best to remember to substitute *gallery* for *porch, evening* for *afternoon,* and *I guess só,* for *I guéss so.* I would even, if Mussolini were an Englishmen, be willing to speak of a *reel of cotton.* Thus you must admit that although convinced that my own dialect is the prettiest, I am not snobbish, but subordinate the choice of a particular speech standard to the desirability of having such a standard at all.

Not the radio alone, but many forces, are contributing toward the breakdown of localisms in speech. Education helps. Let twenty thousand young things from all over the United States get together in a big university, and dialect edges are bound to get dulled. The automobile is a force of the same sort. On a country highway in Connecticut I recently counted thirty-five out-of-state licenses in a total of fifty-five cars. Will not Connecticut leave some linguistic impress on these, perhaps one hundred, visitors? (In some ways I rather hope not, for Connecticut talk, with its *ayyah* for *yes,* does not strike me as admirable in all its details.)

But we were speaking of forces tending to level dialect barriers. The train, the telephone, the airplane, all play their part. Even the shouties, which many people call the talkies, may conceivably have a levelling influence. Certainly they have already succeeded in striking terror to the hearts of many Englishmen, who see in them an influence to undermine the good old English English of England herself, in favor of an American jargon. Read any issue of *Punch,* and you will hear the wail that is going up.

Undoubtedly the talkies may yet help make the world speak American. But thus far the radio is a greater force toward linguistic unity. Those mellifluous, subtly soothing voices—how can one help wanting to imitate them?

I once saw a radio aristocrat in action. It was dusk along the Hudson River just opposite Poughkeepsie, and he was sitting like Polly Flinders among the cinders of the West Shore Railroad track waiting for racing boat-crews to swing into sight around the river bend, at which time he would take up the tale of the race for a waiting world. Meanwhile he was gossiping of his world to a little knot of miscellaneous individuals who hung upon his every word.

Finally a pair of sharp eyes might discern some gray blobs upon the dancing gray waves, and he "stood by". "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he cooed. "This is —— —— of the —— Studios, reporting the All-American University Boat-racing Regatta at Poughkeepsie." Anyone could have fallen in love with that voice. But he was rather fat, and in shirtsleeves. On came the boats, utterly indistinguishable in the gathering dark. "Here they come, ladies and gentlemen. I can just catch the glint of brown skins against the foam. I should say that ——" a dramatic pause—"Navy is in the lead!" The man was an unconscionable prevaricator, and I walked on. But his voice was calculated to level any dialect you please.

Beyond the radio, there is a force which, if it ever gets into action, will do more than

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even the radio to level dialects. That is the scientific alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Just think of an alphabet which will automatically give the correctly levelled pronunciation of each word! In a short time we should be as fortunate as the Russians, who with a phonetic spelling can learn to read and to write in about six weeks. The Russian alphabet, having been designed only about five centuries ago, has not had time to get so out of touch with its original as has the Roman alphabet with English.

Much of the dialect divergence of English has been permitted, if not actually fostered, by our ridiculous alphabet. Figure it out for yourself. We possess twenty-six letters, of which twenty represent single sounds, and three, double sounds; while three are superfluous, representing sounds which already have symbols to represent them. Thus all we have is twenty letters with which to express our thirty-eight or more speech sounds. No wonder one may pronounce a given word in any number of different ways.

The big advantage of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association is that it has one symbol and only one, for each sound. If it says [s], it means s, and not z as in *dogs,* sh as in *sure,* or zh as in *usual.* If you read a transcript in this alphabet you will be aware immediately whether you are speaking Connecticut, New York, San Francisco, or London. All but minute personal idiosyncrasies of enunciation may be expressed in this phonetic alphabet.

But whether or not we ever read and write phonetically, it is of world-wide advantage that dialects should be levelled out of existence. And hence, were I advising the Linguistic Institute, I should say, "The very best of luck to your dialect study. But when you have completed your tale of twenty thousand phonograph records: when the five years are over and all the charts are made: when you rest—and faith, you will need it!—then give several thoughts toward means of levelling all those dialects you have mapped so industriously. For we all need that".

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NOTES ON NEW BOOKS—(*continued*)

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CRIME IN INK *by Claire Carvalho and Boyden Sparks* (SCRIBNER'S. $2.50)

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THE SILENT MURDERS *by Neil Gordon* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

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CLUES OF THE CARIBBEES *by T. S. Stribling* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

IN THE course of a voyage through the West Indies, Professor Henry Poggioli, Ph.D., finds opportunity to exercise his criminologistic mind to his heart's content. Mr. Stribling has displayed in his previous books a knowledge of these superstitious people that inhabit the shores of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico, and brings his readers a sympathetic understanding of their short-comings.

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THE BOOK MART

In spite of the fears of many book dealers that the combination of the American Art Galleries and the Anderson Galleries would result in a harmful monopoly of the book auction business in New York, the sales of the first part of the season appear to have given pretty general satisfaction. Probably no severer test could be given of the book mart than to have two important sales scheduled while the values of stocks in Wall Street were crumbling by millions every hour. Yet in the two sales of last November when this was happening, new record prices for rare books were made. So far as purchases for stock were concerned the dealers seemed to be naturally conservative, and some of the cheaper books both in Americana and in English literature went at prices which will allow the dealer to hold them for a rise. An important sale of English literature of the present season was that of the library of John C. Williams of Morristown, N. J., which contained many rare items. The 1,228 lots sold brought a total of $89,257, which, added to the total of $14,921.50 for the one hundred and seventy-one lots of Americana from the Williams library sold previously, made the sum of $104,178.50—and hundred-thousand-dollar sales are not common in any season. The star item sold was what is considered the finest copy known (one of ten) of Henry Holland's *Baziliologia. A Book of Kings,* 1618. A copy had previously been sold for $3,000, but that at the Williams sale (the Brooke copy) went to Dr. A. W. S. Rosenbach for the new record price of $13,000. Many of the books sold this season have previous records, which afford illuminating comparisons. For instance, in Charles F. Heartman's sale, held during the financial storm period in November, several new record prices were paid for the rarest books offered. A copy of the first edition, 1649, of William Bullock's *Virginia Impartially Examined,* printed for prospective settlers, went for the record price of $810. The previous record was $700, paid for the fine Christie-Miller copy sold with the Huntington library duplicates in 1917. Undoubtedly in the Williams sale the books generally would have brought better prices had they been in better condition, but as a whole the market for rare books bore out the statement made by Winston H. Hagen, who when advised to put his money into bonds rather than books replied: "My books are worth more than your bonds", which proved to be the fact when the fine Hagen library was sold eleven years ago. Today that library would make an even better showing.

It was not to be expected, however, that any auction house could have it all its own way in New York. There should be room for a book auction house which can dispose of books sought by collectors at prices from ten dollars up to a thousand. The Plaza Art Galleries has instituted a book department in charge of Mr. Kennard McClees, formerly with the book department of the American Art Association. The first sale of this new outlet was held late in November, and while the catalogue contained no great rarities, the prices for medium-cost items appeared to be very satisfactory, the sale being largely of modern first editions. James P. Silo, the New York auctioneer, has also opened a department for the sale of books, prints, autographs, manuscripts and other literary properties, in charge of Mr. Edwin H. Wendell. The competition of these houses with their towering rival probably will be less than might be expected, as each will have a field of its own. Meanwhile there is the interesting announce-

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ment that Charles F. Heartman of Metuchen, N. J., who has for years specialized in Americana and held some important sales, has at last succumbed to temptation and held his first sale of modern first editions, in which the writings of American authors occupy a prominent place. Among them, at his first sale, a *Fanshawe* and an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were outstanding items. Thus it appears that there will still be competition in the New York auction field, but it will not be destructive.

The book auction season of 1929-30 is divided into two sections by the holidays, when the auctioneers are busy getting ready for the sales of the new year, which generally are of more importance than those held earlier. The outlook appears to be unusually good, and there are rumors of two outstanding sales later in the season, one comprising a fine lot of rare volumes from old English country houses, where they have been undisturbed for a century or more. Just now the attention of dealers is focused on first editions of the writings of American authors, and dealers are going over shelves untouched for years to find what treasures have been hidden. One fortunate find is reported from Chicago, where Frank Rosengren discovered a copy of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Murders in the Rue Morgue,* the fourth known copy. It was in a volume of collected pamphlets marked at $20. It came from an old library which had not been disturbed for thirty years, and when it arrived Mr. Rosengren did not have time to examine each volume separately. The item has already passed into a private collector's hands at an unannounced price. Unfortunately it lacked the wrappers, but the Frank Maier copy, with a similar de-

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fect, brought $3,800 in 1909. There must be other copies about, and the rare-book scouts are watching for them. And in this connection it is odd to note how often those who dispose of the contents of old houses place all the value on the obvious heirlooms, paintings, rare furniture and silver, overlooking those dusty volumes which, brought to light, would make a real collector act like a forty-niner who had just struck gold.

Colonel Ralph Isham, owner of the Malahide Castle papers of James Boswell, announces that Professor Frederick A. Pottle of Yale has undertaken the completion of the editing of these papers left unfinished at the sudden death of that brilliant genius, Geoffrey Scott. Professor Pottle's attainments as a Johnsonian and Boswellian scholar had attracted Colonel Isham. The selection was practically forced, however, when an unsent letter to Professor Pottle was found in one of Mr. Scott's pockets after his death. In this Mr. Scott expressed such admiration for Professor Pottle's work on Boswell that it seemed like a direct message to Colonel Isham. Mr. Pottle has already taken up the work, which is being published by Rudge.

The Johnsonians have been having a gala time in London. A. Edward Newton sailed on the *Olympic* the last of November to attend a dinner given by Sir Cecil Harmsworth at which the Johnson House in Gough Square will be turned over to a board of trustees, of whom Mr. Newton is one. Mr. Newton said that he not only felt it his duty to be present, but it would be a relief from watching investments appear as if they had been made by an imbecile on the advice of an idiot.

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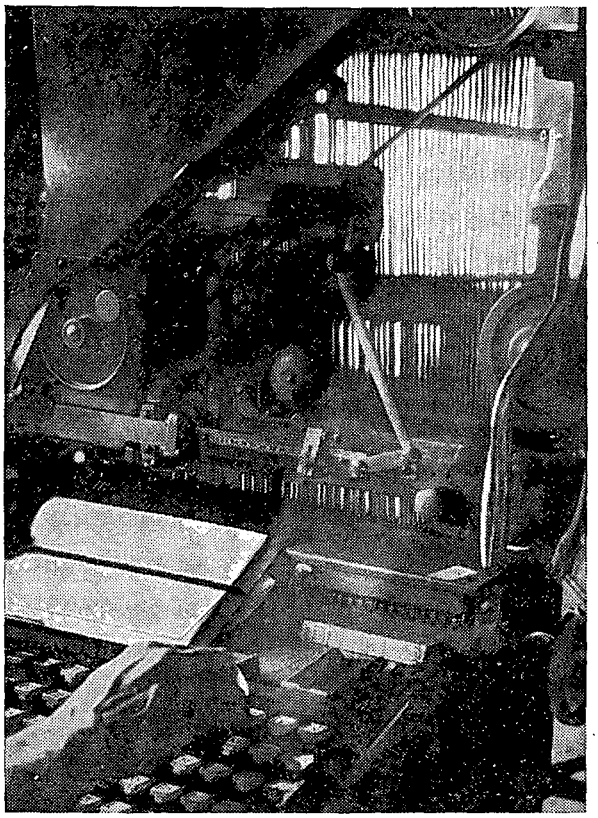

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